

**EIGHT ACRES - 1974**





S. 11  
I hope your  
revolution does take  
place. I & would like  
interesting to see you out  
dinner around. I know you  
enjoy this year and college.  
Have fun. Maybe well even  
be able to have a spaghetti dinner.  
L. Luigi  
(Rene & Jack)

HARRIETT

[illegible]



10<sup>00</sup>  
Sun

Jim,  
So far you've  
made it through some  
of life's strangest experiences:  
Mrs. Oliver, the rest of  
your life should be uncomplicated.  
Good luck this year.

Mark  
Taylor

Jimmy,  
It was  
the good  
all because  
of your mind  
It's a Saturday  
Word in the Day  
National Language  
I was talking of a  
great number of things  
Don't forget  
your friend's friends!

Bob  
O'Brien  
Dillon

The  
NOT  
revolution will  
be televised,  
Let's have a revolution  
of our own. !!!

Dear Jim,  
I really don't know how to say  
about this off I have alot to say  
because you mean alot to me.  
I've been there during the last  
years when I've been upset and your  
"dry wit" has really cheered me up. I  
really want to thank you for that. you  
are really a great person and words can't  
really express that. Oh well! I know  
that you and I will have a great  
time in the future. I thought at first that  
those clothes were going to be going  
but now I know that they are  
going to be fantastic. I hope  
that you will be giving  
to you deserve the best  
much love,  
Michelle  
(the mother)  
I hope that  
mom-mom!





**THE WAY THINGS GO**

**1974  
EIGHT ACRES**

**HOLLAND HALL  
TULSA, OKLAHOMA**

VOL. NO. XXXIV  
HUNTER PUBLISHING CO.






**things go better**

**8**

**things go fast 46**

**things go together**



80

It didn't really start in September. It's more like a continuation from May. But, even those three short summer months were part of the whole process. With school, you start, you advance a grade, and you continue on. Only the pace quickens. This year is not a new beginning. It's just part of the way things go. From the first tinkle of Mr. Moore's announcement bell to the last seconds of the last two hour final exam, the crank keeps on grinding.





## As every year,

Below every style of design appeared grew the high stepping, back-swinging platform shoe. But while the lady of the girth could wear lifting heels to new heights, the old standard, female shoes, were here to stay, and the underground was something with the low-heeled, high-topped earth shoe. Kidnapping, if it could be called a

fact, for the U.S. big. But with the exception of the still hot SLA capture of Rudolf Heister, violence returned and the stories became old.

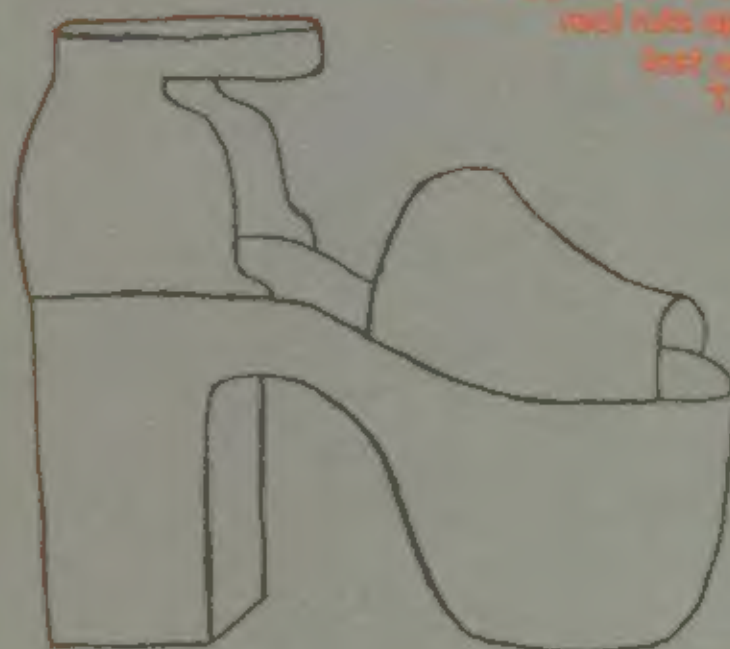
There appeared ruts in the never ending road. As the road ruts appeared on the way to school, the last night appeared on the roadside.

Townhouses and skyscrapers were replacing our beautiful wooded

view, but we in our little cars just kept going. Our cars

became sluggish when gas was scarce, but we managed to squeeze enough out of the pumps to make that last turn into the FBI driveway (even if it was on a bicycle.) The year had its fade. Kohoutek came and went, though some would debate on its coming at all.

Stretching came quickly and dressed to kill, but faded blue jeans seemed to cover the fleeting cross.







The movie industry seemed to have another successful year, at least at the box office. High budget and big publicity characterized films such as **The Exorcist**, **The Great Gatsby**, **The Sting**, **Mama**, and **The Way We Were**. **The Exorcist**, movie that took green pea soup off the menus in all American homes and threw it up all over the movie screen, reinstated the fear of the devil into the people, where it remains to be exorcised. **The Sting**, **The Great Gatsby** and **The Way We Were** proved that the star was not dead. And the star was

Robert Redford. Playing opposite Paul Newman, Mia Farrow, and Barbra Streisand, Redford found his home in the past and women throughout the country found a home for Robert in their snow covered hearts. As the pornographers, once again, found their way into the film business in the 2-rated **Lost Tango in Paris**, Tatum O'Neal, with her debut in **Paper Moon**, carried her way with the help of daddy Ryan into the film business. Al Pacino denounced his Godfather origin for the many outfits of officer **Serpico**, and Woody Allen was back with **Shampoo**, a film fantasy into the future. While **American Graffiti** took us back to the streets in a jaunty humorous montage starring little Cole of Andy Griffith. **Blazing Saddles** took us back farther in a farce western that tried

unsuccessfully to prove that the crude was good. The formula for a successful film seems to be a nostalgic look back to the bad guy who used Kung Fu to fight the devil, starring Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford, Tatum O'Neal as the little girl, and Woody Allen as the devil.



Opposite page: Dust off forgotten promises of the First Great office campaign on Yale Avenue. Above: Spring brings not only flowers, but bicycles to the Star campus. Already Adams Blue jeans and tennis shoes are popular attire for the Coe's game. Right: Robert Redford stole himself on the cover of *Maxim* for his role in the highly publicized movie of "Scar" Rogers's, *The Great Gatsby*.





## The year's story was Watergate.

But Watergate is just a part of the history of Nixon's (or more properly the country's) crises. Watergate, since September, meant the investigation and the cover-up. It meant Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Dean, Stans, McGruder, Colson, all lending their names and stories to our front pages. It meant the formation of special committees, reformation of the FBI, prosecutors here and there, and it went on. As the original break-in mushroomed into a national scandal that had everyone wondering if the president was a common crook, the milk deal, Bebe Rebozo, Vesco, ITT, and the puster of the Vice President all fell under the heading of Watergate. But Watergate's roots go much farther back than September, and the Rodino committee will keep on digging past May. As Watergate takes its toll, replacements will be made. Nothing will stop the ominous wheel from turning and things will keep on going.



Above: Striking truckers show their outrage. Upper Right: Downtown Tulsa dims its usually bright lights to save electricity. Right: Cars line up to buy limited gasoline. Far Right: President Nixon finds himself in the middle of the Watergate scandal. Opposite page: Speed limits were reduced as gasoline supplies dwindled.





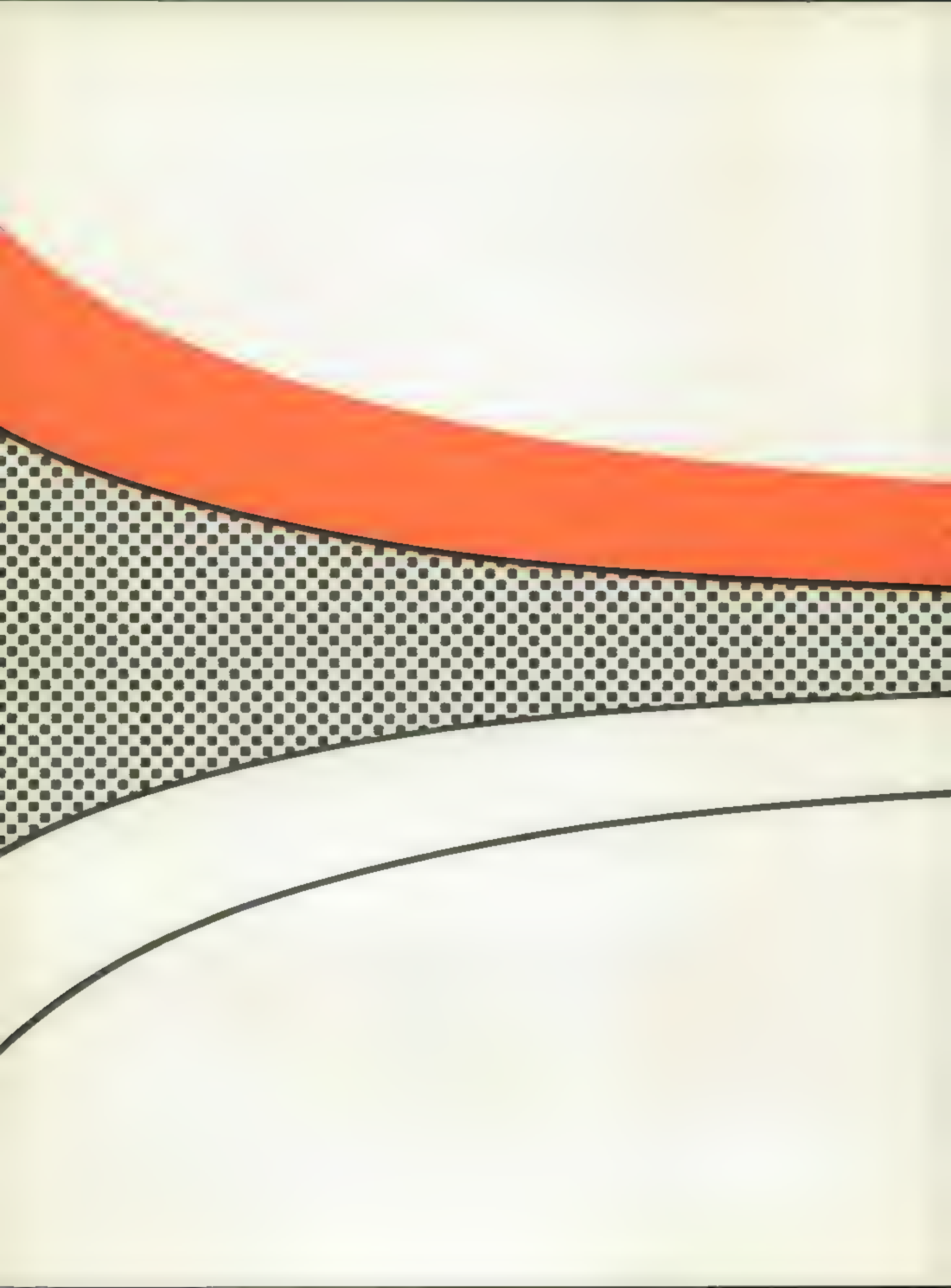
SPEED  
LIMIT  
55

MINIMUM  
40



It's people that  
get the way through go.







THINGS GO BETTER





'It's a cycle  
you go round  
and round . . .'

The cycle of school is always the same. It goes through stages, from one extreme to another. By the time school starts, you are ready and waiting to begin in new endeavors. Time goes by fast, you turn around and find yourself face to face with exams. It's all gone so fast. Then, the whole process is thrown upside down. Time grows, expands until a week seems like a month, and everyone is at each others throats. Friendships seem to dissolve and deteriorate, and a vacation seems like an exit from everything. I'm going crazy. Exams

Freedom and  
Goodbye.

It is vowed never to go back to that school. But halfway through the summer, you get lonely, wanting to talk to someone you once knew well. You miss school, and when September returns, you are ready to accept a new challenge. It's all so strange. You never get off the mobious strip.



# THE NIXON PAPERS

Special Section



## WATERGATE BUGGED US

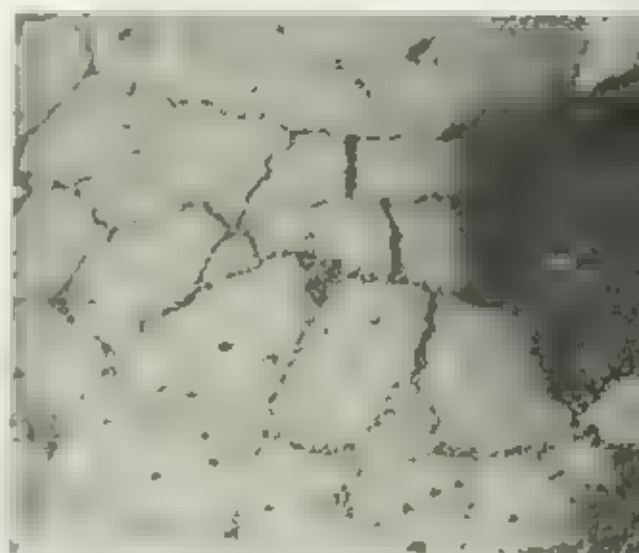
It seems like everyone has got the bug with Watergate and everything Nixon just can't stay out of hot water. After the hearings, H. R. Halderman became a household word.

Novelty companies are cashing in with POW (Prisoner of Watergate) bracelets, The Watergate Game, and bumper stickers with "Enjoy San Clemente, you paid for it." Yoga lessons have become popular too, I mean, look what Rose Mary Woods could do after three easy lessons.

Confidence in the president seems on the decline. Impeachment hearings have started, and things look grim for the president. Whatever a person thinks about Nixon and Watergate, there is one thing that should be kept in mind. The Democrats were doing the same thing, only they weren't stupid enough to get caught.

## 'Could it have changed so? . . .'

In walking through the lower school, I felt like crying. My old kindergarten room is now a huge classroom that was made by knocking down a wall. The stairs leading to the old upper school always seemed so big, they're really small. My old science room, which held a lot of memories about nearly flunking, is now an art room. And there's carpeting in the study hall! It's changed too much in four years.



## 'Nothing is lost forever . . .'

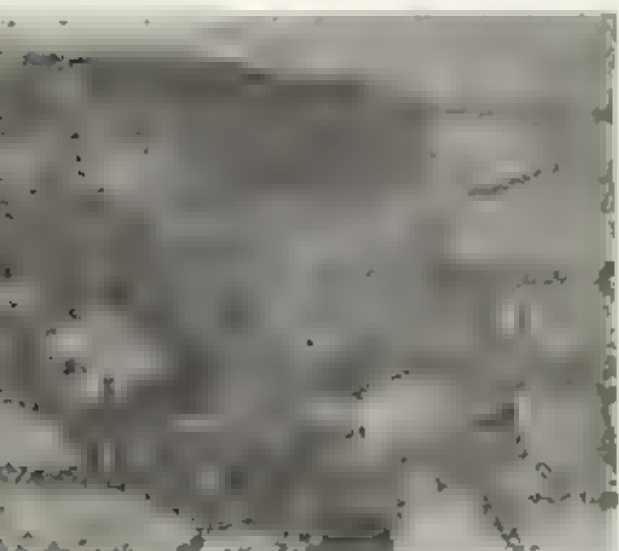
Here is autumn. Summer's heat has left the air, a great gray cloud blots out the sun and the wind whips about the top of the building crying for the prey which it will not find here for the building has no venerable entrance through which it can force its freezing breath. The first frost has come and gone and killed the grass and turned the oak leaves brown and cracked the sidewalk. You can always tell when the seasons are changing for the chuckholes appear in the road.

Summer is in the past. It no longer exists. It is time for our minds to resurface. It is time to unearth that which has been buried deep in our subconscious. It is a time to think, for though we are physically retained within the walls of a building our minds are free to wander. And it is the time to remember the past for nothing is ever really lost forever.



# HOLES HOLD WHOLE ROAD

The peaceful countrylike ride from 65th and Yale to the school used to be real nice. But now, where trees and grass used to be, is now barren expanses of dirt. What used to be pleasing to the eye is now a dreaded sight. Not only is the grass disappearing, but little holes are growing in the road. Little ones at first, but as they grow and mature their depth increases and as mature adult holes their hunger grows. They try to steal tires from



cars. When they are dodged, they recruit new holes to take positions that will not allow for maneuvering. And then when the city fears these creatures might spread to the city and over power other vehicles, they come and fill them with asphalt until they are full. But soon, once they've consumed their fill of asphalt, they start once again on tires. It's a vicious cycle, shhh (They're getting those, too!)



# YALE SEES NEW BREED OF TREES

"They paved paradise, put a parking lot." Joni Mitchell never drove that last mile, from 71st to 81st on Yale, to Holland Hall, but her lyrics have begun to strike closer to home. What used to be a massive, beautiful oak forest, disturbed only by the too-narrowly paved passage, has given way to overnight apartment houses. It seems ironic that the developers turn to the trees they destroy for the names of their constructions. Elaborate signs indicate the opening of Silver Oaks and Copper Oaks developments. Maybe science can perfect a copper acorn that will grow into an office building. Holland Hall should get into the act by subdividing our playing fields and building Platinum Oaks . . . town houses with cesspool side views for a small additional cost.

# Silver Oaks

WOODED HOMESITES

MOBLEY LUMBER CO. 663-4926

# BOYS FAULT TO GIRLS ADVANTAGE

The feminist movement's cliché name, woman's lib, stepped aside as a new name came to the forefront — the name of the enemy, the male chauvinist pig. The most kicked around of all these 'swine' was Bobby Riggs. As the sex game took to the tennis courts, the woman won. Billy Jean King demonstrating better ball placement as well as a younger frame put the old pro down in the most popularized tennis match in history. To most, the antics and commercialization of the match overshadowed the supposed importance of it.

There will come to pass, at Holland Hall, a time when the overpowering and long due trend toward equality of the sexes will combine with the peculiar trend toward better girls' sports teams and worse boys' teams. And when this time comes, Holland Hall will take a lesson from BJK and field girls against our opposition. What the boys will do, I don't know.

# NEVER ON A SUNDAY

Though Sunday had always been called the day of rest in the Bible, it never had meaning until the government indirectly proclaimed it so. With gas stations being required to close on Sundays (to conserve the gas for its more important uses than driving to the lake), few dared to venture from their driveways for fear the old needle might favor the "E" (which could then stand for exercise). Exercise is at the expense of energy, which thereby caused a need for food, which thereby caused a need for paper towels and Eureka! The shortage crises mounted. While shoppers were boycotting beef buying to fight high prices, cattlemen were boycotting cattle sales because prices were too low. With the inflation rate soaring, it was cheaper to eat money. Perhaps the best solution was to take Uncle Sam's advice on Sunday, stay home and sabbath.



**Below:** Unbelieving Susan Appleman watches while Coach Tameny puts away another pizza. **Right:** Headmaster Moore takes a break from heavy canoe paddling to sip a Fresca.



## Things go better with — HOT PIZZA & COLD WATER

Cold, fog, even rain . . . wouldn't you know it — on the day of our float trip. We kept asking ourselves, "Whose big idea was this anyway to get up at the crack of dawn to float down the Illinois River?" But as we stepped into our canoes, the sun gradually began peeking through the clouds. By the time evil oar-snatchers and sneaky canoe-tippers began to strike, the sun made no difference once you (and probably your sack lunch) were under the sub-zero water. For some, the day's climax was a jump off The Bridge; for others it might have been a cigarette when the faculty wasn't looking. Once back home, in dry clothes, the day's statistics still stood: to dunk Mr. Bizjack — one boy; to dunk Margaret Martin — six boys.

Roy Johnson, Pete Morley, and Charlotte Thornton try to calm the impatient dancers while awaiting Doug Disler's band.





September had come, and a new school year had hit. Yes, girls, it was time for those unies again. Round up your knee socks, air out your midies, and track down those saddle shoes. Mr. Elmer is really cracking down this year.

A whole year ahead of us — we had two choices. Choice No. 1 — follow the apparent current trend of apathy, or Choice No. 2 — get on the shck and try new things, get back some spirit, and, in general, try to make things better. Choice No. 2 prevailed as the fall proved to be a time for trying new and innovative ideas.

The Magnificent Mozzarella Mash — that HAD to be a new idea. Eighty pizzas found their way to the Barnard Commons as over 200 students found their way there to eat them. It was advertised by the sponsoring seniors as "all you can eat for \$2.00." For those who didn't get much, after the pizza had vanished, the crowd stayed to jive (or at least try to jive) to the live music of Doug Disier's Whistlers. The added attraction of a raffle was won by Jim Deck, who, for better or for worse, now owned two tickets to the Roberta Flack concert. The night proved to be definitely different, and for most — Great.



**Above Left:** Insisting that  
sauce pizza is best,  
John H. how tips to  
olive paper over  
pizza. — Christopher  
**Above Right:** Bobby Lee  
works on his courage as  
he jumps, whether to  
sauce pizza or the  
water. **Left:** After  
dying her name faded,  
Mystic's M. and pages  
were well and the  
s. praised

## 'Falling bodies . . .'

I wondered if THE Bridge was what the veteran canoers said it was. There were three other canoe groups overpopulating the small shoreline, so there were plenty of spectators. All my friends were sitting and merely watching the falling bodies. I needed more action. I ran the hairpin course to get up to the bridge and just stared down at the water, holding on to the rail for dear life. Real action. Oh well, here goes! I did it about six times afterwards, but couldn't muster up enough courage for a flip. That Bridge was what they said it was, only better.

# 81st HOSTS GOBLINS AS BIRMINGHAM HOSTS CYCLISTS

X-Day?! What will Mr. Elmer think of next? There was no doubt the idea would go over with us kids — a "free dress day" had to be good. An endless selection of activities for the day began at the home of Ted Sloan (alias Julia Childs) where the aromas of Monsieur Poulet's French pastries abounded. Elsewhere in the city Mrs. Carmack escorted students through art galleries while Mr. Benton tried to get some extra fishing in by taking a group to the Zebco Plant. Back at school a poetry class was in session along with less cultured activities such as games in the gym, cards in the Commons, or \_\_\_\_\_.



(Fill in the blank — what did YOU do?) The day's goal — to turn the 81st street campus into a haunted house for the Halloween Party that night. Each class chose a room to decorate . . . but by the end of the day none of them looked too good. The party was sure to be a flop. But we had forgotten what it was like to be six years old . . . to see strings as cobwebs and sheets as ghosts. The evening was delightful . . . perhaps even more so for the older students who screeched and screamed as the little ones shuddered in horror.



**Above Left:** Kathleen B. . . . **Above:** Kate M. . . . **Directly Above:** Eric Kneekhaus and a moustached friend look on with great aspiration as Chrs Poulet bobs for an apple.



Below: Racing against the  
Right: Mike Ne san breath

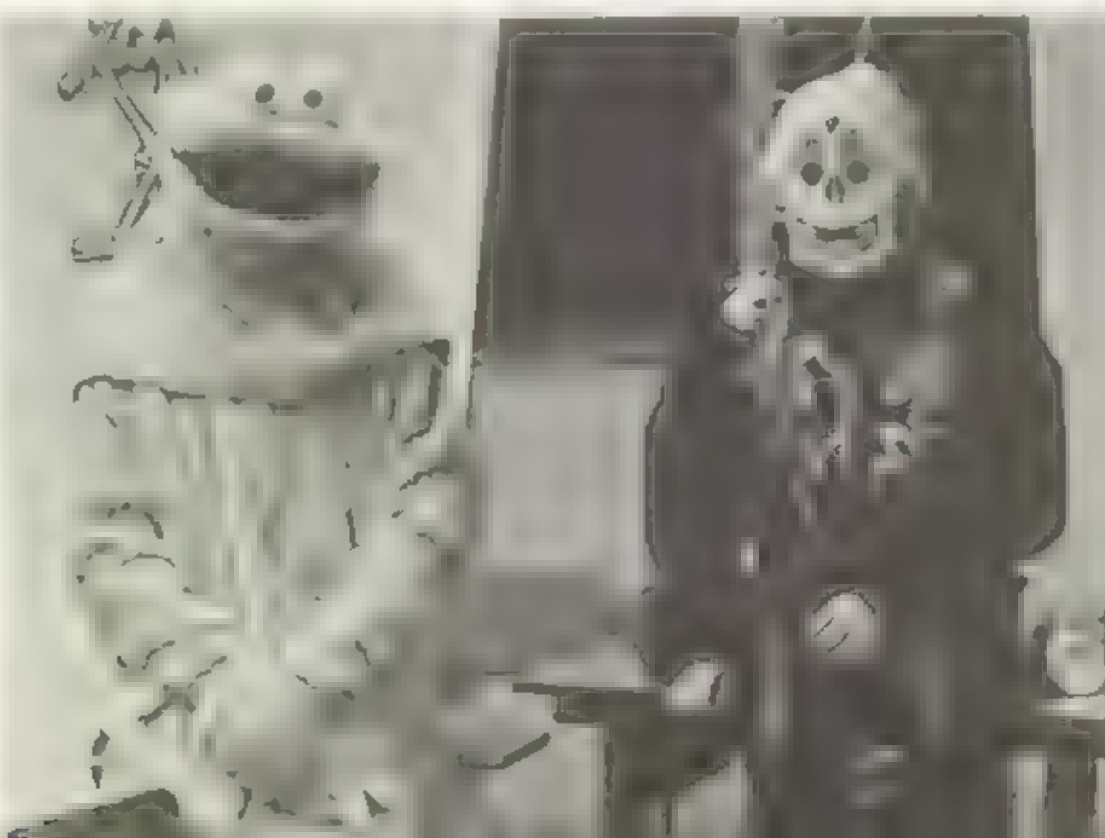


'Everyone should  
see one . . .'



Another new event — The Great Bicycle Race. We thought Mr. Kriekhaus would never stop telling us about it at announcements. Our opponents were coming from St. Mark's, but who besides our national champion Steve Jennings wanted to spend Saturday morning riding 20 laps circling the Birmingham Campus? The production was to be big though. Road blocks were set up, timers were found, and crowds formed (Mr. Paulet even served lemonade). The gun sounded — some raced hard, some raced and some just rode their bikes.

I went to The Great Bicycle Race. Everyone should see one — just one. Although the race was somewhat grueling (I've never seen so many leg muscles work so hard), it began to tire me after about the fifth lap. I felt sorry for the man driving the pace car. I also learned all about Sargent Somebody-or-Other of the TPD who did his civic duty guarding barriers with me. The race didn't exactly captivate me, but it was nice to see Steve win.



Left: Cookie Man Chris Taylor discusses skeletons with Jane Friedrich

# WE WERE AT OUR BEST

S-P — I-R — I-T GOT SPIRIT?? LET'S HEAR IT! The ole' school spirit seemed to replace apathy as fall sports began. Whether our teams had improved, or our opponents had not, our increased competitiveness aroused much emotion and pride within the student body. EMOTION — take the 13-12 loss to our rivals Cascia. Not only was it our best game physically, but it was also evident from the pep rally that we were closer to being a single unit with a common goal than we

Below: Anticipating a "tulip" victory over Cascia, upper school students find themselves in a lot of spirit in the Bernard Commons. Right: Emotion reaches its peak as Sarah Rizlev and Kathleen Barry show their excitement as the Dutchmen score against Cascia.



had been for a long while. With what is more commonly known as school spirit, we invaded Commando Stadium and thoroughly defeated the "opponent" in what Coach Charles Brawn called the "other competition." The scoreboard showed a difference of only one point, but that point caused more emotion than most of us would like to admit.

S-P — I-R — I-T GOT SPIRIT?? LET'S HEAR IT! Our emotions did not cease, but progressed onward towards pride. PRIDE — take our hockey team's SPC championship. Not only was it history for Holland Hall, but we beat our rivals, Casady. Now we knew what it was like to experience real victory. No more agony of defeat — this time we were WINNERS, BABY, WINNERS.

Right: Debbie Jenkins voices her support at Bixby as Charlie Moore ponders the action. Far Right: Overwhelmed by their team's success, Coaches Cindy Bryant and Linda Foster find themselves releasing that ole' school spirit.







**Left:** Steve Sambl, Steve Camp, Chuck Gibbs, Jim Ryan, Scott Hines and Timmy Morley heave a newly donated spirit bell into the stadium. **Lower Left:** Long awaited cake is finally enjoyed by hockey team members and Coach Armstrong (with a little help from Coach Chris). **Below:** Hockey players were elevated, but Barbie Edwards, (with a little help from Dave Armstrong and Rick Chadsey) when Holland Hall took hockey conference.



## 'I went home and cried . . .

The Cascia game — I'll never forget it. We built our spirit up day by day. Cakes for football players, popsicles for football players, pillows for football players — everyone wanted to win so badly we had thought of everything that might help. Tension had built to an all-time

high and was finally let loose at the pep rally. It was incredible. After twenty minutes of uncontrolled cheering, the commons had turned into an African rain dance. We were all actually dancing hand in hand in circles in order to beat Cascia. The circles transformed to lines as everybody screamed endlessly from the Commando bleachers, "KILL CAS-CIA!" We did it too — all except for one point. I'll have to admit — I just went home and cried.

Right: Laura Shomas and Br  
 ...  
 ...



Below: Bryan Camp  
 rushes to tape the  
 Balloon Man of the  
 day, Jerris Rush  
 more Right: Under  
 a mask of polka dots  
 and white paint Don  
 Hall tries to sell  
 candy



'Nothing was  
 missing, not  
 even — Glen.'

Field Day this year was the best  
 Field Day in all the years I've  
 been at Holland Hall. I was sure  
 glad to be a part of it. The at-  
 mosphere was fantastic and

everybody had a great time

The aroma of the senior cook  
 out along with all the noise put  
 Field Day in contention with the  
 Tulsa State Fair. Nothing was  
 missing, not even our photo-  
 grapher, Glen. Field Day went  
 well for everyone, even those in  
 the booths. The only disappoint-  
 ment was to see that the Key  
 Club ran the bean guess instead  
 of Mrs. Walters' fifth grade



Connie Lockwood, making the rounds at the cake walk, did her best  
 to dress up for the fun



# FIELD DAY ACCENTS LAUGHTER AND BALLOONS



Overflowing money boxes are stationed on every foot of the tennis courts and playground. Coins are given in exchange for balloons, caramels, apples, hamburgers, and cokes. Fingers frantically scramble, bringing the totals up to date. Money, money, money, wait! Field Day is more than a yearly class treasury drive. It's a time for enjoyment . . . to fish in a pond . . . to throw a beanbag . . . to be with friends, or to merely watch the people passing by.

After the year is over, it's hard to recall which class compiled the largest profit or exactly what the money was spent for.

These are soon forgotten. What remains are the memories of the first bite of that huge caramelized apple, and those three beanbags thrown like a pro, and the big, red balloons pulling you up toward the sky.



**Above:** Crowded into solitude, a child finds a friend above. **Above Right:** Glen Nelson, alias Lick Your Lips makes the scene on the Birmingham Campus. **Below Right:** Jill Jewell tries to please everybody while working on the senior octopus throw.

# FALL SEES ITS UPS AND DOWNS IN PRODUCTIONS

Fall was time for the finer things at Holland Hall. Fine art productions included a drama, **Edwin Booth**, and a concert at St. John's Episcopal Church. Reviews of the concert were great. It couldn't have been better (unless maybe the organist had flipped only one page instead of two during the last song.) Tuxes and formals seemed awkward for a mere concert, but added all the more to its quality (and costs too!) After the time and work that went into the concert, all that was lacking was a larger crowd.



## 'What is there to say?'

Everything was the same. Same actors, some star, some type of scenes. It was like **The Night Thoreau Spent In Jail** all over again. It was a play I just couldn't get very excited over, but everyone seemed to like it.

Above Right: *Chorus*  
 Above Left: *Edwin Booth*  
 Right: *Edwin Booth*  
 Below: *Edwin Booth*







Left: Kate White, with Lisa Hor  
w... Below Right: ...  
Below Left: ...



Hour after hour was spent — learning lines, practicing lines, and acting lines. By opening night of **Edwin Booth**, the lines were so familiar — how could any one forget them? But this night was different. It was for real. Robin couldn't ough during her dead scene, Rosalie had to be "home with mother in Philadelphia" instead of "chained in the attic," and Mat's flask should have been filled with water. The spotlights were on the crowd hushed. We asked ourselves, "Could we real y do it?" Lines were forgotten, boo boos were made, but we DID do it!



## SPIRO FALLS TO I.R.S.

The claim "Spiro is my hero" died into wry irony. The vice president was forced to resign after pleading 'no contest' to income tax evasion. Agnew had exalted ancient American values and fallen into ancient American crimes, graft, and bribery. His impassioned pleas on morality, law, and order will be remembered with Chamberlain's "Peace in our time" pronouncement in Munich, and Westmoreland's 1967 declaration, "Victory is just around the corner!" Agnew's appeal to the gut was loved by Millions. He was an American that had seemingly been destroyed by a computerized society and an ever expanding army of bureaucrats. That he fell because of a shabby little crime does not diminish the power of his appeal.

## 'Can't think . . . !

Sometimes I feel like a machine, computerized to complete inequalities, make sense of mixed up letters, make sure I have support development under a topic sentence — I never have time to think or feel. I wonder if machines ever become conditioned.

## KOHOUTEK FIZZLES OUT

Comet Kohoutek was billed as the greatest interstellar event since a supernova lit up the skies and freaked out Chinese astronomers in the fourth century B.C. Kohoutek was hailed as the herald of the New Age by some, as an omen of impending doom by others.

A wave of comet madness momentarily overtook we earth-beings. There was a mad rush on telescopes and binoculars, and a few flamboyant souls went as far as to sign up for a special "Kohoutek Cruise" on an ocean liner.

The culmination of this build up, the cherry in the martini, so to speak, was peculiarly ironic: the physical mass of the comet was not vaporized and ionized as it was expected it would, and Kohoutek turned up in the evening sky as a dull speck (to the naked eye) moving slowly in an arc.

A cosmic flop? Some angry comet gazers cried fraud, and motioned to sue God or something. But it was our own fault, not his. In one peculiar sense, though, Kohoutek is a symbol for mankind: its dim luster in the twilight sky showing the twilight of an era, and its submerged brilliance indicating the still latent human potential which is just now dawning in the rosy sky of Mankind.



## SLEET AND SNOW WIPE OUT HILLS AND DALES

The temperature drops. Yes, kids, it's winter. With winter comes the sleet and with the sleet the school, surrounded by hills, becomes unreachable. You leave school with sleet bombarding the streets — and sliding home breaks the routine of normal driving. Next morning you wake up extra early, turn on the old Sony portable, turn to trusty old KAKC or KELI, and listen to news and weather, compliments of Joe's Wrecker Service — remember . . . when your car gets to slidin', call Joe and he'll get you ndin'. Sleet covers the city causing the closing of many schools. You cross your fingers.

"Sperry, Poteau, and Potawatomee County School . . ."

Yes, Yes uh huh, Yes

"Steigler, Chateau, Delaware "

Yes, uh huh.

"Mayes, Olton, Carney Valley . . ."

Yes!?

"Tulsa Public Schools, Monte Cassino, Cascia . . ."

Yes, Yea!

"Oh yeah, Holland Hall too."

Yeaaaa Hooo.

You jump back into the bed, snuggle under your covers, . . . and remember you have to get out of your uniform. Oh! #@&\*%!





## DEATH TAKES IT'S TOLL

The living (especially in contemporary America) usually choose to ignore the dead, out of fear, and a total lack of concern, the mainstream of life just goes by. Yet we all subtly feel the loss of a great person, even if we didn't know him personally. A void has been left by the death of Jim Croce. His poetic and acoustical sensitivity can not be replaced. T.R.R. Tolkien has gone back to Middle Earth, to the sorrow and regret of many. The sudden absence of great leaders like Salvador Allende and Ben Gurion shakes the entire world. Still, dying is as natural as being born. He who celebrates life must celebrate death as well.

## 'It's a three ring circus . . .'

What would we do without announcements every morning? They are kind of like a three ring circus with Mr. Moore as the ring leader. Every morning he emerges from his pit, rings his bell, tells a pun, (which is usually a bad mystery), and returns from whence he came. There are all the side shows . . . Laura Harlow and her band of circulation staff "RIGHT HERE after announcements" . . . Mr. Tameny hiding behind his perplexing pair of permanent sunglasses, giving a 15 minute speech on the importance of a paddleball tournament. There is also Mr. Elmer with his mysterious "detention red" dyed hands, plus an assortment of lost books, coats, and eyeglasses. Announcements have put one over on Barnum and Bailey.

## 'It's a first . . .'

I got to sit in one of the yellow chairs in the library yesterday for the first time this year. You can walk through the whole library without finding a place to sit down. 219 is overgrown with people 19 mods a day and the commons are never without occupants. I think it's growing pains.



## 'I've been daydreaming by night . . .'

Now I am on my way to school. It is dark due to Daylight Savings Time. Suddenly, Dracula sweeps down upon my car, swings the door open and his teeth twinkle . . . twinkle. And then he comes closer, closer . . . a horn honks. I've been daydreaming by night . . . in the day. Dracula and his vamps weren't real, but the night and the energy crisis are real. I continue onward to 81st and pitch black (once known as Holland Hall School). Another car is coming in the opposite direction. Its headlights twinkle, like the stars above me. Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder why you are . . . shining while I'm on the way to school.



## KISSINGER WINS PEACE

Henry Kissinger, the Houdini of diplomacy and German born man-about-town, revised the game of world relations with his single handed tackling of all sides of international disputes. Tension between the West and the Communists began to slack under his pressure. In a time when the memory of two consecutive world wars and unended conflicts in Southeast Asia are still fresh, Kissinger appears as a novelty, a man who believes in resolutions and ended conflicts. The irony of his appearance is compounded by his seemingly clean record and universal support while being tied to a corrupt administration marred by internal problems and political scandal.



'My mother  
said she  
liked it . . .'

She said it was nice and how  
cute we were. I had fun being in  
the program because Christmas  
is a fun time for me. I liked work-  
ing a puppet like Fran does with  
Kukla and Ollie. The program  
was about what to do for the  
Christ Child. It took a long time  
to get the program right. We

took two months. It was fun  
though playing with the bells  
and singing. We never got tired  
of all the fun we had. Christmas  
just makes me happy.



Lower Schoolers present their tableau scene in their program.

Below: Singing "The Dradle Song" are (first row) Suzanne Hale, Robert Franden, Shannon Doenges, Paul Lhevine, Kim Magowan, Maggie Kirkpatrick, Michelle Rolley, Dawn Strilwell, (second row) Rhea Raptau, Chris Lieberman, Damin Lile, Kirven Speed, Tyson Tuttle, Eric Mulendore, Susan Pray, Christy Norton, (third row) Kendall Pitcock, Richard Winters, Jay Pat Casey, Tucker Orvald, Matthew Langenkamp, Alexandra Heyman, Greg Maney. Below Bottom: Working the puppets in "The Friendly Beasts" are Michelle Rolley, Suzanne Hale, Katy Sturdivant, and Chris Lieberman. Left: Dancing to "The Dradle Song" are Francy Lollar, John Joyce, and Lisa Gaddard. Opposite Page: Mrs. Kaboth reads Breck Noiley, Leto Jo Bell, Greg Lambert, Michelle Forbes, Justin Teenor, and Laurie Clark before their act.







## CHILDREN BRING JOY AT CHRISTMAS SHOW

Primarily consisting of music, the Lower School Christmas Program put on emphasis on children. The theme "What Shall We Give to the Child" had a two fold meaning. First, the program was concerned with what tributes could be given to the child, Jesus. With the aid of song and puppets, the Lower

Schoolers paid tribute to the babe in the manger. Having watched the program, another meaning comes to mind. Here were these children giving their all to make us happy. Without children at Christmas to make us happy and to spread joy, what would Christmas be?



**Above:** Brigitte Brilings, Jennifer Lane, and Francie Lollar play their accompaniment to "A Belle Noel" as Keely Kerlin, Jeff Sniderman, Julie Winkler, and Jane Smith. Mike Turner and Kim Davis wait for their part. **Left:** Kids with their parents and teachers. Justin Teenor, Laurie Kimm, and a boy play their part. Mike Turner, Julie Smith, and Greg Lambert.

# NEW CONTESTS JAZZ UP D-MEN WEEKEND

Lots of laughs, plenty of pies, and good music . . . they were all there at Dutchmen Weekend. The fun started early for those who played volleyball. The faculty team won (but how coincidental that Mr. Brown was the referee.) The next match was close, the competition was, well — not so close. The FFBM (Female Faculty Basketball Members) and their coach, Headmaster Moore, went down by only one point to the girls' varsity team. (Thanks to their disguised secret weapons, Ms. Tameny and Ms. Murphy.) Outside the driveway was seeing its first tricycles as trike riders stubbed their toes and bruised their knees to make record time around the drive. The slurp slurp in the commons . . . what could it be? It was the pie eating contestants slurping their way through pie after pie. Coach Tameny made a decisive win with his two apple pies. Amy Brechin finished second eating one and a half lemon meringues. All the contestants did a great job as was told by their moaning and groaning afterwards. Alka seltzer anyone?

Recuperation from the day's activities didn't last long. Snowflakes floated around the commons as we danced to "Collection" that night. We saw Theo-



dore in something other than overalls as he served cake and punch in a coat and bow tie. (Rumors said that the punch was spiked, but surely it was just the intoxicating evening atmosphere.) The day's climax . . . the sound of the smack as John Ashley kissed our all

sports queen Amy Brechin. (Nice kiss John. We all know you waited a long time for that.) A special congrats to Pete Morley (receiver of the most write-in votes) and attendant Jill Jones (for making it back inside at least before the dance was finished.)



**Above:** Pie eating contestants Amy Brechin and Jill Jewell lap it up, while cleanfaced onlookers Charlotte Thornton, Susan Dunlap and Nancy Jenkins laugh with amazement. **Upper Right:** The queen and her court: junior attendant Connie Lockwood, senior attendant Cheryl Anderson, All Sports Queen Amy Brechin, sophomore attendant Jill Jones, and freshman attendant Ann Hooker. **Right:** David Brown checks the steering bars in an attempt to race ahead of determined opponent Connie Lockwood.







'What fools . . .'

The pie eating contest found several eager contestants anxious to devour the appetizing pastries. There were pecan pies, apple pies, cherry pies, chocolate pies, pies with soft sugary swirls of whip cream, golden crust and sugar topping. The very sight sent spectators drooling. When the go-ahead was given, the six participants dove in. Seconds later, Margaret had a milk chocolate moustache and Jill a cherried chin. They were off to a quick start with some lapping and some chomping. Later, the lapping changed to laughing and the chomping to choking. Still later, the laughing changed to grinning and the choking to mere munching. Things were really slowing down as the munching and grinning changed to moaning and groaning. It was no longer fun or funny. Their only goal was to make it to the bathroom — OOOOOHHHHH!



Right: Setting up in the refectory, Mrs. Haus hangs paintings of Tulsa artists. Below: Jimmy Johnson volunteers his time to carry books at The Book and Art Fair. Below Right: After buying books, Brett Franklin consumes a hot dog, beer and refreshments.



## 'PEANUTS' ENHANCES THE B&A FAIR



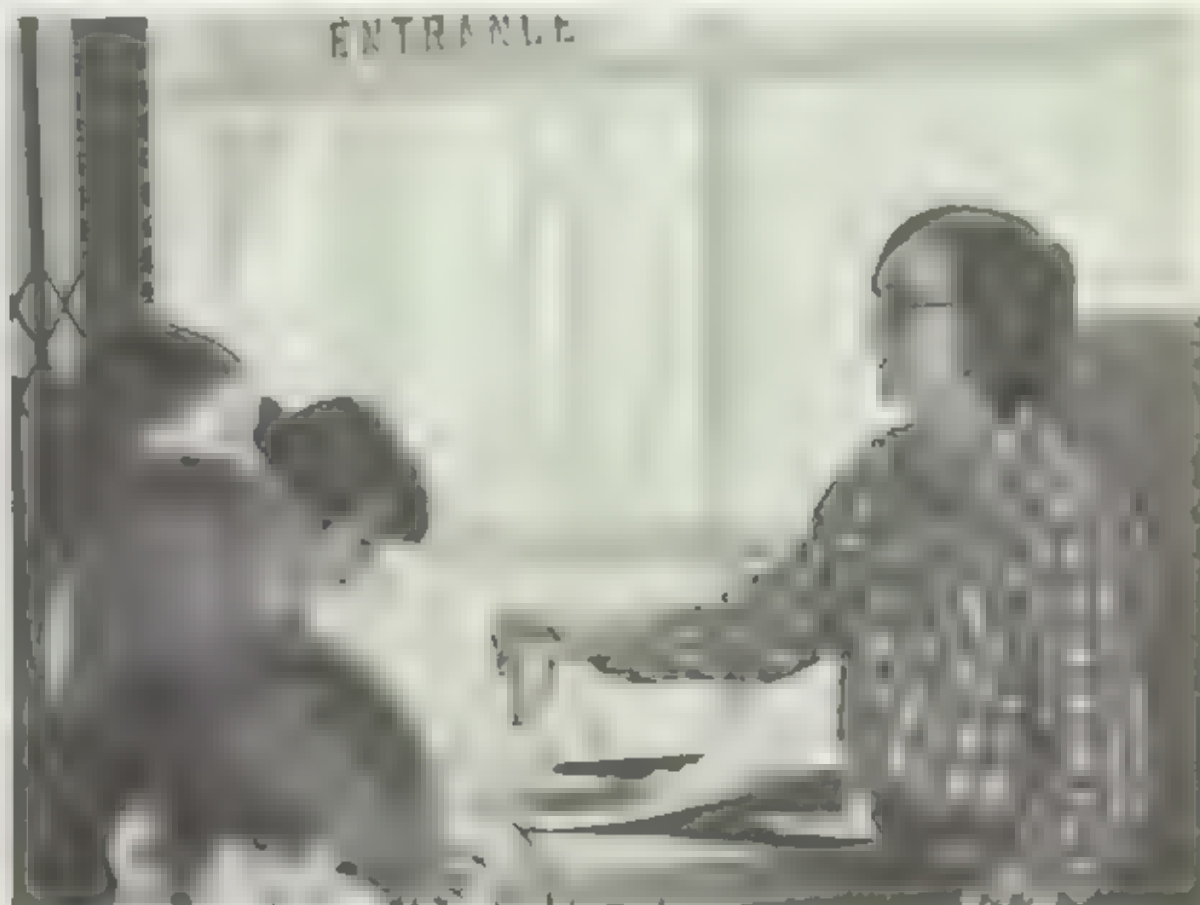
'Unique' is the shortest way to describe the Book and Art Fair. In detail, though, there was the Flower Market where you could find every plant for sale (except marijuana), the Dutchmarket where a silent auction offered items ranging from electric blenders to fine wines, the Linus Library which admitted only children, with the exception of Dr. Suess, and the Art display where you could find cookies and coffee besides nice jewelry, pottery, and paintings. The success was told by the few scattered rejected books which had begun in neatly stacked piles totaling over 42,000.







**Left:** Hordes of people crowd the gymnasium to get first pick of the books. **Below Left:** Taking leave of her duties, Mrs. Davies stops to chat with a customer. **Below Right:** Peter Jackson mans the Student Council refreshment booth, serving drinks.



'You would think HH was trying to give their own show of the Exorcist . . .'

After parking the car four blocks from my destination, waiting in a line two blocks long crawling under a table, and climbing over a rope, I finally reached The Book and Art Fair. First I went to the record department. The sight of six people diving for the same record at the same time was somewhat discouraging, but after a few unsuccessful attempts at being polite, I began to dive myself.

The atmosphere at The Book

and Art Fair is vibrant and exciting. People are talking, eating, playing with kids, and of course rummaging through stacks of books. Friendly greetings and book recommendations fly through the air. Kids guard piles of carefully selected books. Lively conversations get started while waiting in the checkout lines. I always look forward to The Book and Art Fair, not for the 29 books I get for \$3.74, but for its memorable atmosphere.

# KIDNAPPINGS CAPTURE PUBLIC EYE

Last year was the year of the postage bomb. This year was the year of the kidnap. But few will remember the businessmen and ambassadors held in South America. Maybe a couple more will remember the editor of the Atlanta paper who was held by some reactionary freak. And J. Paul Getty's grandson, the golden hippie, will jog the memory of at least the Van Gogy fans, (both lost an ear.) The biggie, the kidnapping that competes with films in Hollywood party conversations, was Patricia Hearst and the Symbianese Liberation Army. The SLA took her, demanded a ransom of food for the poor, and from here only psychiatrists and police investigators can guess. Some think that the poor girl was brainwashed and will snap out of her desire to help her abductors. Others have said all along that Patty was in on the thing, a member of the SLA. Anyway, sympathy for Patty quickly diminished with her appearance in a bank robbery, and to the few surviving supporters, a tape of her voice calling her parents "the pig Hearsts" was enough to convince them. To some, the only victims were her fiancé and the peaceful liberal tradition, whose calm but meaningful pleas were lost in the SLA's torrid roar.



## 'Where's the spirit? . . .'

There's something about sports I flat don't understand. Football is a really popular sport around here. So is basketball and people will even go out in the cold to watch a soccer game. And everybody shouts and stomps at the pep rallies in the fall and winter. But what the heck happens to the spring sports? The cheerleaders seem to mysteriously disappear. Softball and baseball work their heads off just as much as the other sports. If you think not, try throwing somebody out at second from a squatting position at home. It's not so easy as you think.

## 'Puff goes the draggin' . . .'

A lot of people don't really know that much about the smoke hole. It is one of the most functional places in the school. It is very shady and has enough seats for everybody. You get a great view of the school (and anybody who's coming.) However, on the second to the last day of school, this nicotine haven was mercilessly plowed over by a bulldozer. Now the sunlight basks in, the seats are gone. Well, it seems the bathrooms will be cloudy again.

# FLASH FLESH FINDS FAME

Streakin' — a very touchy subject if you know what I mean — livened up the college scene. It started with single male specimens darting quickly across campuses. Then, it spread to the other sex, and group streaks became the craze. The streaker began to leave his pants on the campus and dart daringly through more public places. Sporting events had their quota of streaks, as did libraries and downtown areas. Two notable streaks were through a police station and across the stage of the academy awards, where Liz Taylor remarked, "I think I'm jealous. That was too good of an act to follow." To me, a modest high school student at a very modest high school, the fad seemed distant and passed before it ever really blossomed.

# THE RECORD BREAKERS TAKE SPORT

While the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat seem to characterize every event in any sport, the record book will only remember those major events, the events that meant new records or toppled old ones. This year's record books will remember the crash of Hank Aaron's bat as Babe Ruth's homerun record fell into the cheering Atlanta stand. The books will recount the North Carolina State Pack as they outplayed the UCLA basketball team and beat them in a game that ended an era in college basketball history. In football, or rather probation football, OU's second place rating in spite of an undefeated record will fade from recollection. So too will the Miami Dolphin's power at the hands of the new World Football League. And HH record books will mark our one point loss to that other school. But next year will have its games of the decade, its big losses and big victories . . . the record books will, as with everything else, continue in spite of its changes.







## TWISTERS KILL

Far out! Really amazing! Tulsa, one Saturday in June, saw the worst disaster in its history. Damage to the tune of 30 million dollars ravaged the city, taking a toll of 14 lives statewide. Brookside fell to tornadoes as did Drumright. The city was literally razed by the weather. Flash flooding indiscriminately covered the city of Tulsa. Electricity, in some areas, was out for days. Crews from Kansas and Texas were called into redesign totally destroyed systems. But, in the light of the power of the storm and the number of funnels sighted, we were lucky. Warnings and rescue efforts saved much of the would-be damage and much more importantly, many lives.

## EVIL KNIEVEL HITS TULSA

"Before I do the jump, I need some practice. Would it be alright if I did some wheelies?" In so saying, Evil Knievel threw off his cape, layed aside his cane, and started his motor. The Tulsa crowds went wild. And finally, after about three miles of one wheeled antics, Evil easily did what everyone had come to see him do; he jumped nine mock trucks. To all the fans, half mumbling 'do it', half thinking 'splat', the jump seemed too easy. But as his back wheel hit the top of the ramp and the front wheel smoothly slid down, only one thought was on the mind of the crowd — Snake River Canyon. Could the folk hero of a mechanized society jump a canyon too wide for Paul Bunyan to step across? Who knows? Who really cares?

## 'It's a shock . . .'

After April first, the juniors are really seniors, and that is a shock. For all these years you have been looking up to the classes above you, then suddenly, bang, you are the top class, the leaders of the school. But the most amazing fact is that you don't feel like a senior. When younger, the seniors were always grown ups, so now, you must be a grown up. It's almost depressing . . . you wonder, "Where has all that time gone?"



## FIRE ENDANGERS CAMPUS

As X-Day, scheduled with exciting events and lots of time to loaf, seemed to be entering a lull, and event demanding the attention of every student and faculty member was discovered. The event was a grass fire on the west hill south of the school buildings. The brave, dressed in free dress day attire of jeans and T-shirts, grabbed hoses and shovels and under the

## 'Will the new replace the old . . .'

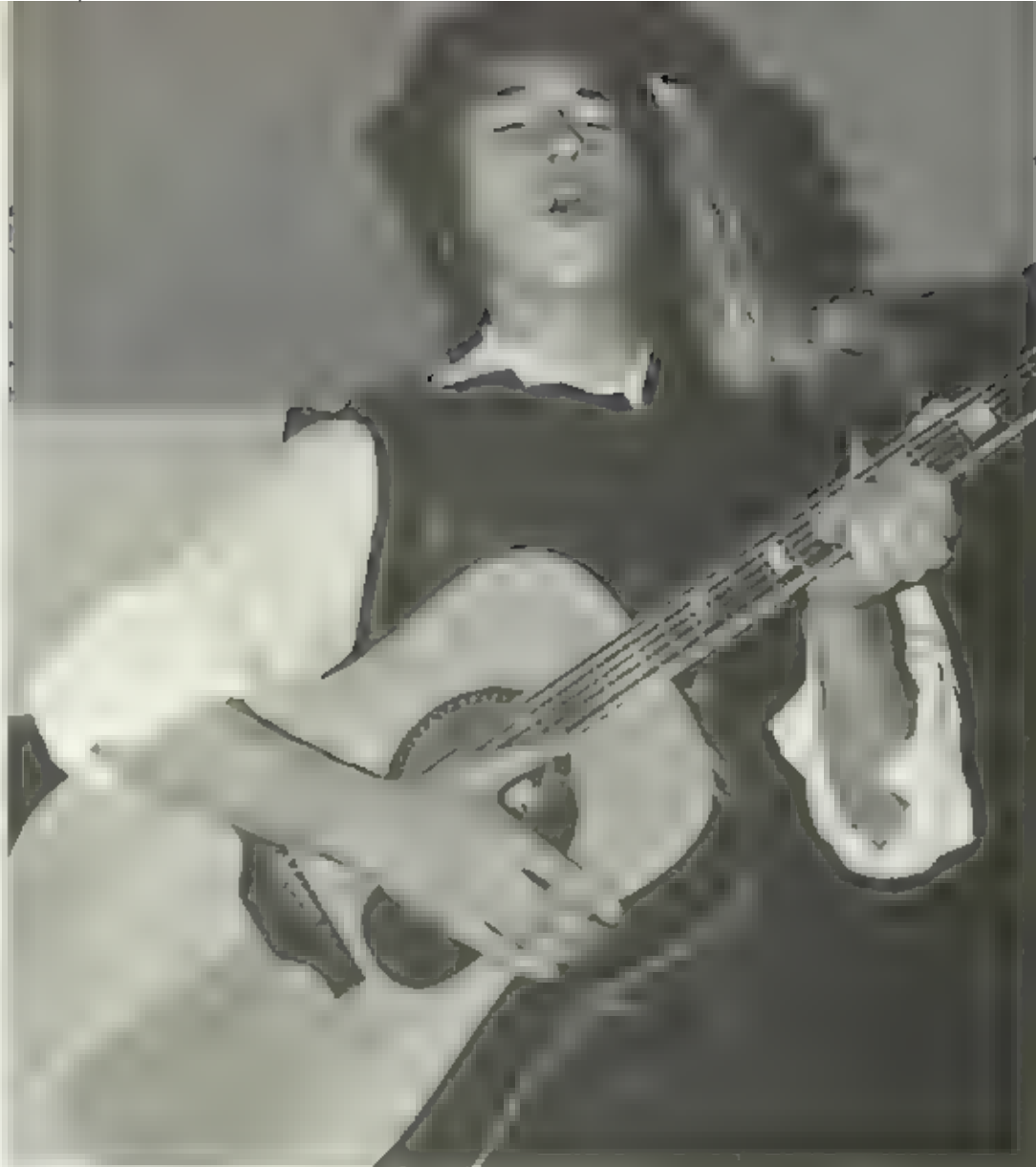
The year marks the largest graduating class in Holland Hall history. But the exodus is not restricted to the gang receiving those sheapskin diplomas. The Upper School is also losing about one out of five teachers, administrators, and coaches. To the student body, this upheaval comes as a shock. Will the new faculty be able to replace the old? The question itself shows a unique confidence in the school itself. Though the seniors may return to school only to find a few old faces, all those returning students will quickly accustom themselves to the new teachers and administration. A fresh confidence in a fresh faculty should develop easily. And as with everything else, new changes will have little effect on the basic continuity.

# MUSICAL IS SUCCESSFUL DESPITE ODDS AGAINST IT

Boy, were we mad, especially the seniors many felt cheated, rooked. But we stayed anyway. They were all so young . . . inexperienced but talented. We had our troubles . . . the first

Matamoros . . . apathy . . . Barbara how could you!" No stage . . . no lights . . . and those costumes! (The boys actually had to wear panty hose.) The music was heard . . . the orchestra well, they tried too. (There were a lot of tough parts, but with Peggy O'Connor hanging the ivories, they pulled through all right.)

Funny, though . . . on opening night, we were ready. Everyone wanted, truly wanted, to do well. We were excited . . . scared . . . petrified. "Hope I remember my lines!" . . . "What was that note!?" It happened . . . "Passionella, How I love you!" . . . But what is more human than a faulty note or more touching than a beautiful song that ends well? Boy, were we good!



**Above Right:** During rehearsals, the seniors learned the songs with his parodies, but many kept their own secrets in the performances. **Right:** Kelly McCullough, singing, shows the audience that she's got what they want. **Above:** The Tiger Man (McCarthy) promptly devours . . .





Left: The mighty, Sauron (Farell Christopher) sings his love for Bitch (Beth Night) song "King Arik's" Below: Snake (Peter Athens) with Eve (Beth Night) with the fruit of the forbidden tree



Pame Stowell portrays Eilo, the chimney sweep, dreaming of being G-O-R-G-E-O-U-S

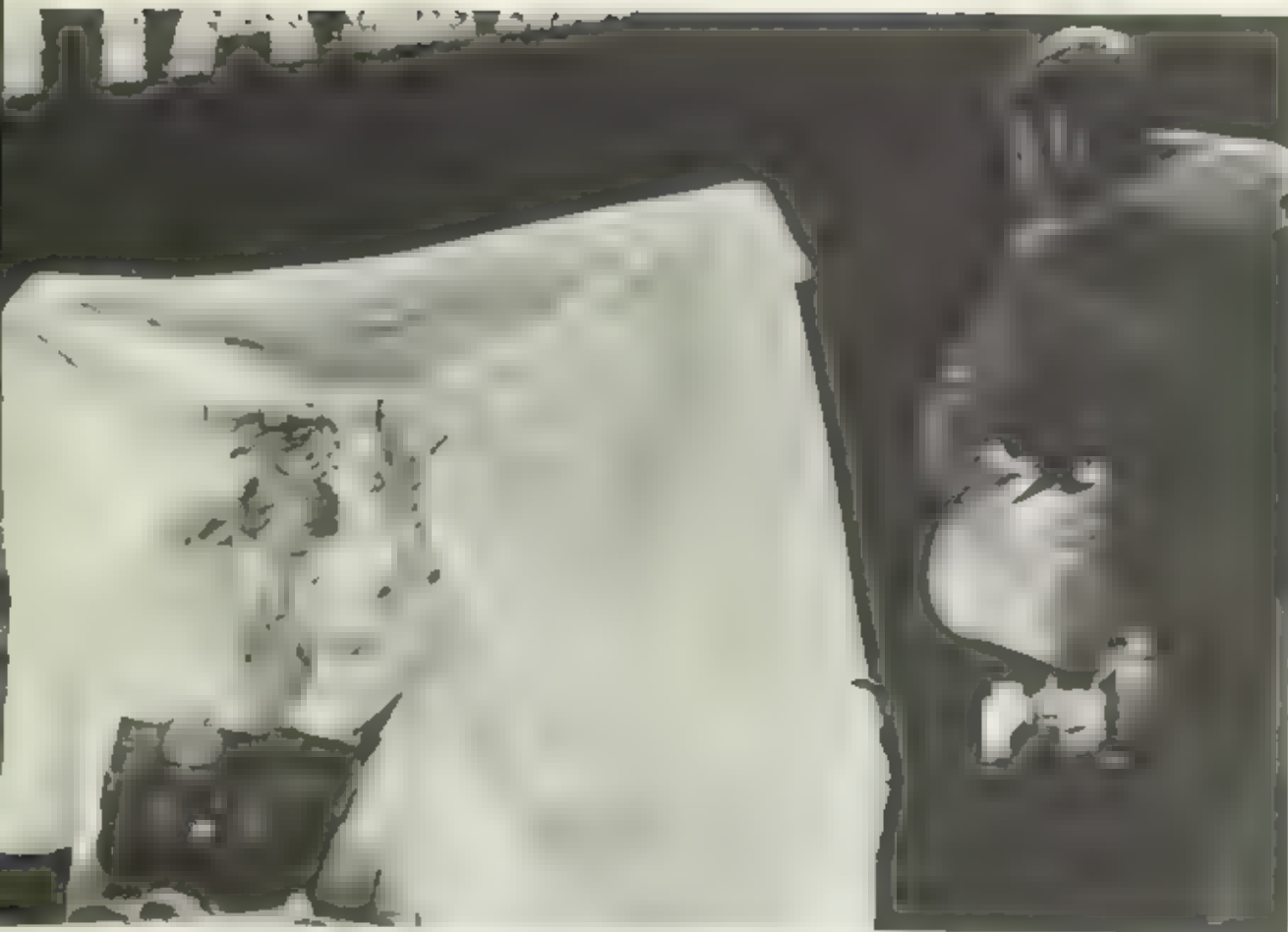
## 'Full rehearsals were impossible . . .'

"Four weeks, you rehearse and rehearse, three weeks, it couldn't be worse, one week, will it ever be right? Then out of the hat, it's that first big night." Familiar lyrics from a familiar song . . . it couldn't fit the musical any better.

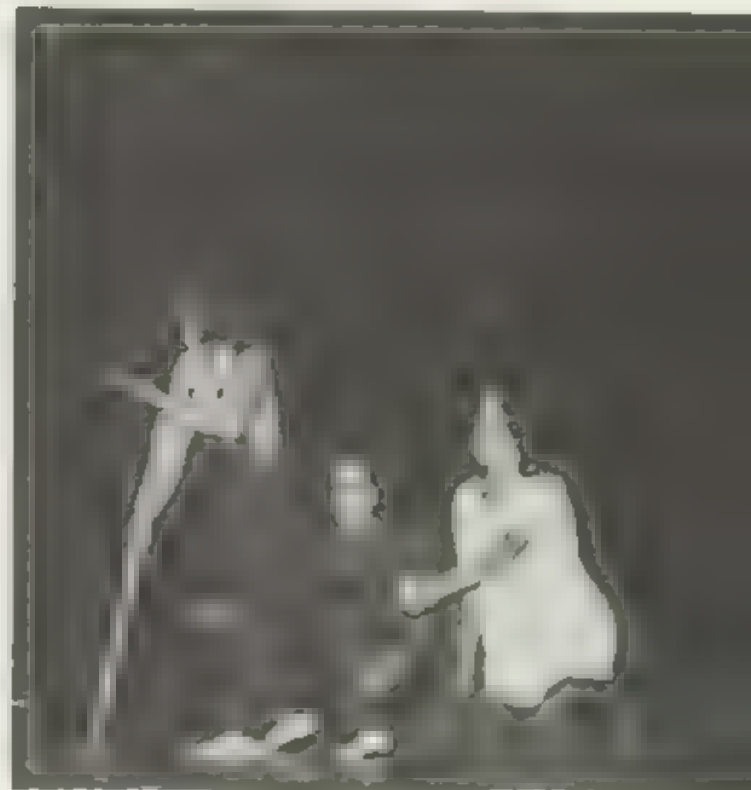
Hetic could not begin to settle the rehearsals. Due to the flu bug and the trip to Matamoros, we were missing two leads and a pianist for a week. This plus a fair amount of playing around led to several disastrous run throughs.

Nothing seemed to go right at the final dress rehearsal. The guys could never remember which of the phrases in the King Arik song came first, so, Friday morning we were memorizing the words to the song. No one had worked harder than Jeff Thurston, but somehow, our Prince Charming could not begin on key. Despite the chaotic rehearsals, we went home determined to have a flawless show.

As the minutes became seconds before showtime, you could feel the enthusiasm running through everyone. As the lights went out, the audience became captivated. The performance went great and everyone knew they had done their best.



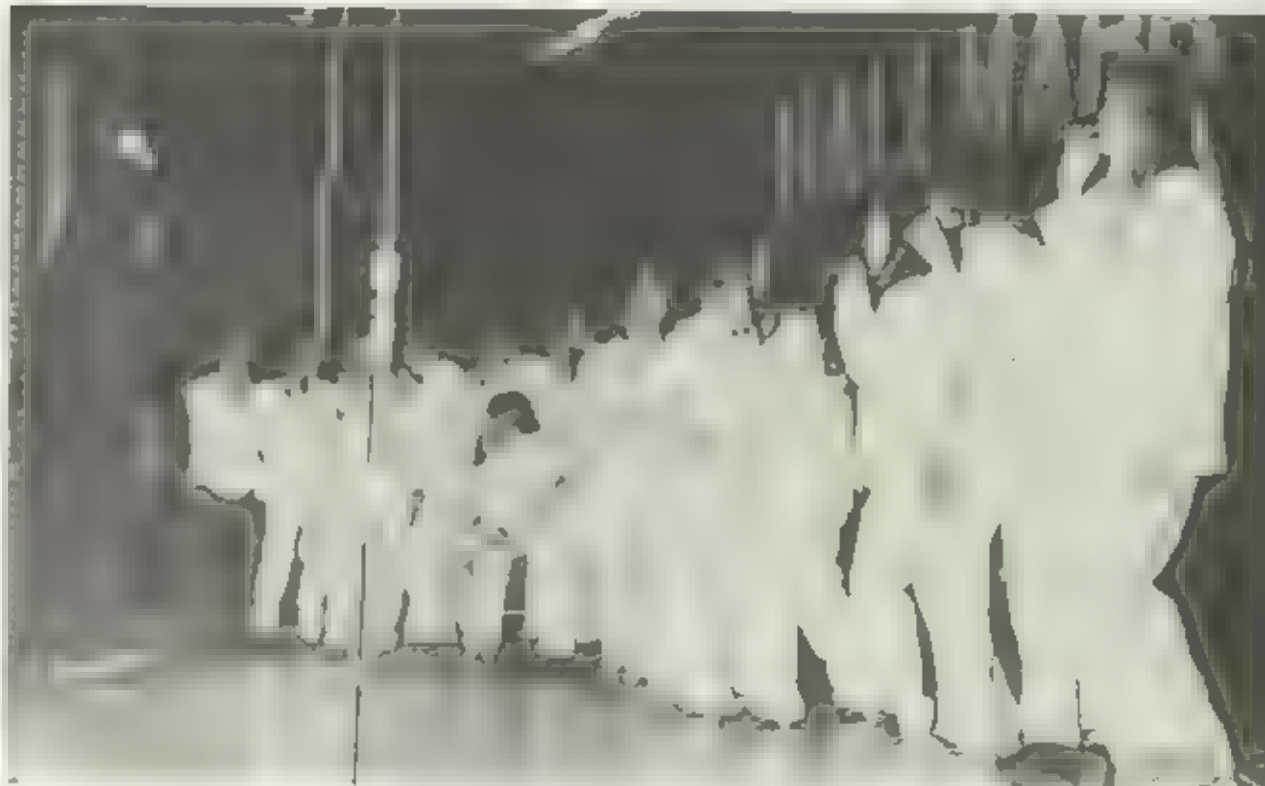
Left: The newest faculty member, Herbert Fuddlebert, portrayed by Mr. Tunnel and Mr. Stickney, receives a bath from a friend, Mr. McCullough



## EVEN YEAR SEES RETURN OF HALLMARK

Boasting a star studded cast of thousands, (actually 168), Hallmark '74 braved an opening that even Ziegfeld would envy. Featuring such acts as "Hallmark Follies" with a dozen curviciously porportioned beauties, and the girls with the yellow ribbons tying up the stage instead of the oak tree Hallmark came off despite eardrum breaking shrills due to a smashing performance onto the sound system console. Pame Stowell sang "The Way We Were" and left more water on stage than Herbert Fuddlebert. Tim Nelson "reyally" "sowold" himself as John F. Lawhon (warehouse direct), elephants Nimbo, Zimbo, and Bimbo finally brought Ward Camp's head down to size with their fancy footwork.

Certain thanks must be given. First to our producers, Ted Sloan and Romping Rollo who spent countless hours, (count 'em), and second, to our student director Maggie Martin who learned the show must go on with or without upper school acts. A special thanks goes to the Tulsa Linen Service for providing clean towels for the dirty little boys who did the stroweling. (Streaking with a towel)





**Below:** Jane Simcoe, Patty Jenkins, Robin Lorton, Anne Lambert, Jean Ann Horwitz, Stacy Schusterman, and Tracy Simpson convey their various desires in their act "If I Were Not In School Today"



# 'I looked at it this way . . .'

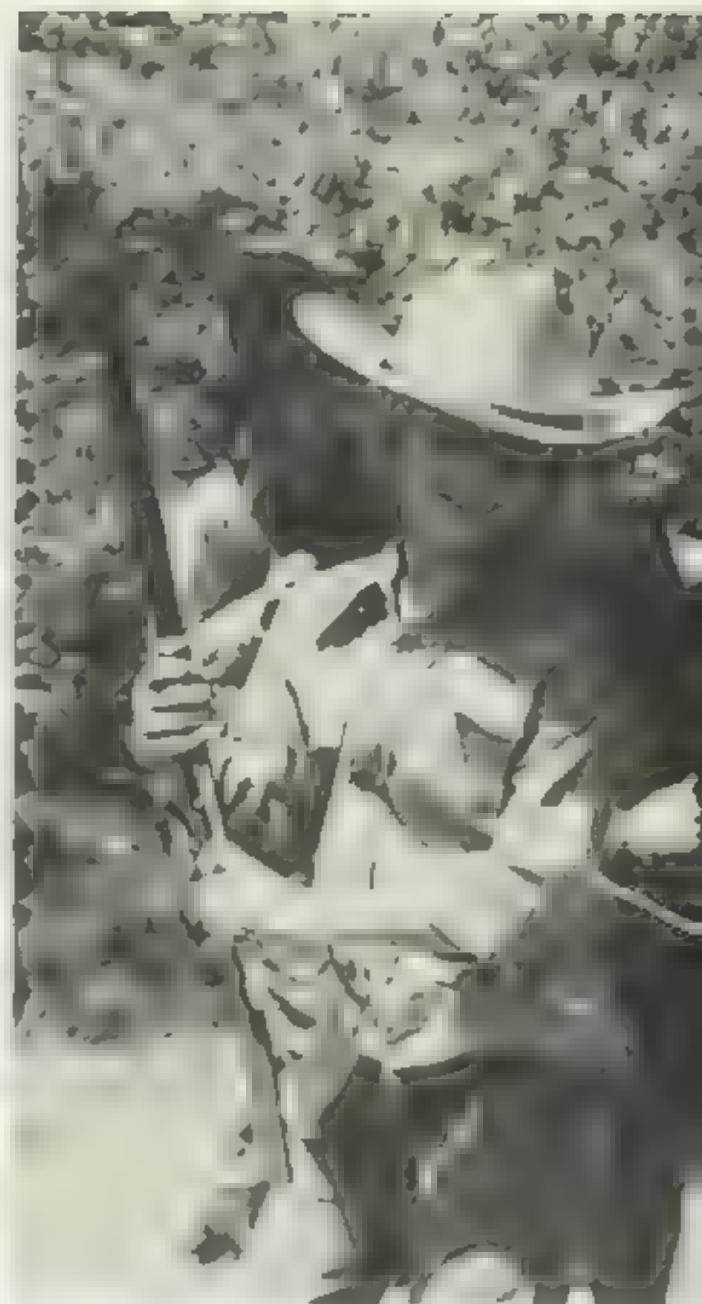
A show that starts with "Oklahoma" sung by the second Grade, has to be amazing, one way or another. Everyone come through, from the Kindergarten to the Senior Class; from the Lower School Follies to Ensemble '74; from "Wouldn't it Be Lovely" sung by a young girl to "I Wish You Love" sung by a young woman. Yes, Hallmark was a nice place to be for two nights in early March



**Above:** Cindy and Sam Miller with the production "Talk to the Animals"  
**Above Right:** Backstage chaos aboard before the eleventh act of "Hallmark Follies."  
**Right:** Charlie Moore, Saxon Moore, and Jimmy Kincaid as the true "playmates" they really are.  
**Opposite Middle:** Talent, an asset of the Class of '74, was definitely illuminated in their lively version of Glenn Miller's classic "Pennsylvania 65000!"  
**Opposite Bottom:** Nimba, Zimba, and Bimba, better known as Hans Heiler, Heller, Morley, and Mitch Adwon, perform their smashing circus act with "The Word Camp"



Right: "Don't shoot me, I'm the photographer!" Jimmy Barnard, Clark Smith and Jimmy Craft don't listen. Far Right: Tony Davis, Scott Brooks, Clay Horton and John Koontz fight to maintain their homesteads. Below: Steve Simcoe and Cristy Duncan dos-a-dos along with Elizabeth Lawson and partner close behind. Below Right: Diana Dietrich wraps things up (especially herself), before the square dance begins.



## BOOMER SOONERS STAKE OUT THE FOOTBALL FIELD

April 22, 1974 — the excitement was notous. The third grade became "sooners" as they staged their own Oklahoma land run on the football field. Even though they were only racing for a plot of grass to eat their peanut butter sandwiches, Hershey bars, and Cokes, it all seemed so real to them. Smashed fingers, hurt feelings, and broken wagons resulted from

pounding claim stakes into the dirt and fighting for their temporary homesteads. On the tennis courts, square dancers tried to allemande left and form Texas stars under the direction of Mrs. Kaboth. Even though some dos-a-dosed instead, it really didn't make any difference to them. They were Boomer Sooners for a day and that's all that really mattered.







'The wild wild west will never be the same . . .'

Mr. Noldt fired his gun, and what seemed like hundreds of kids stampeded down the football field and

erected homesites. Why couldn't I be in the third grade? Everyone was screaming and hollering and having a good time. There must have been six times as much land than kids, yet they were all settled in the center of the field, with only a few, scattered, lone cowpokes. Covered wagons ran wild through onlookers, striking terror in the hearts of mothers and KOTV reporters. It was their day and the third grade had the run of the land



**Above:** Lizzy Horton, Josh Dutton, Tim Davis, and Mary Grace as seers race to stake out their lunch claims. **Left:** Lizzy Brown and Michael McKinney anxious to claim some men. **Direct Above:** Ingrid Featherston emerges from her covered wagon after being pushed over by her "boyfriends."

# BROADWAY THEME PROVES NOSTALGIC

Concert Chorus' theme, "A Broadway Revue", can best be described as a broad horizon of musical memories. Memories, beautiful memories, was the goal of their performance. From "Porgy and Bess" to "Purlie", "Fiddler on the Roof" to "West Side Story", many nostalgic notes resounded through the Commons, bringing tears to some and smiles to others. It was a perfect culmination of an evening of art. Preceding the concert was the Art Show in which talents were unveiled in another medium. Various photographs, lithographs, paintings, drawings and ceramics combined to produce a potpourri of talent (There was no grand prize given, though, because Mrs. Carmack needed it in case the hard work for yearbook didn't get an award)



**Above:** Marty Newman attempts to tell a joke before the concert, Beth Nash laughs, Jeff Thurston doesn't. **Upper Right:** Ricky Andelman's award winning photography portfolio adds to the variety of the Annual Spring Concert and Art Show. **Right:** Director David Rolfe and a bit of last minute rehearsing.







'Our shrill  
outdid  
Rollo's . . .'

It seems almost impossible that the total success of the Annual Spring Concert could be contributed to the shrilly sounds that emerged from a man's lips . . . but that's the way it was. To be more specific, because of a lack of organization, the choir was forced to learn about 30 pages of music in the final week before the show. It was kind of like having to read "Gone With the Wind" two hours before going to see the movie. If Rollo didn't have that ridiculous high pitched whistle of his, the Spring Concert might never have been. When it rolled around Chorus time during the day, the people flooded in and began talking about some new gossip or about Rollo's new coats. Mr. Rollo might just as well not even have been there, (at times he wasn't), but this is where the whistle comes in. In the midst of all this talking, there comes this sound comparable to the Queen Mary's foghorn. The windows crack, Rollo's glasses shatter, and the piano abruptly falls apart. The students are quiet — "Open your music to rehearsal mark 31 and let's begin!" — Another Opnin', Another Show!



Left Sheet: E. H. Smith  
Above First Row  
Second Row  
Third Row  
Fourth Row  
Upper Left  
Upper Right  
Lower Left  
Lower Right



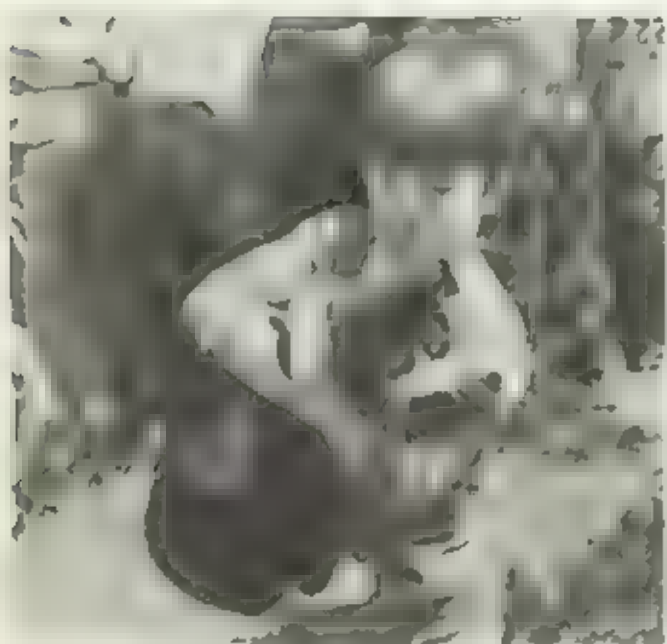
## 'Get set Go! . . .'

May 16 was the day everyone was waiting for. The few days before the meet, all the girls were trying to get their muscles in shape, and were trying to impress Mr Ivors, Miss Douth and any boys who just happened to be around. Many of the girls were trying to psyche their opponents by running all hour and secretly passing out in the locker room.

On a hot, humid May 15, the 5th and 6th graders held their track meet. Then the 7th and 8th track meet came. At first everyone sat around wondering what they

were doing there. When the races began, everyone started to show signs of nervousness and tactful thinking. The races were hard and fast and a few people even finished. The softball throwers threw farther than ever (probably aiming for the refectory window). The people who jumped in the broad jump leaped farther and farther till they may have to enlarge the sandpit next year.

Everyone cheered each other on to victory and the next day no one could walk without a few groans. The track and field meet was a success and it's a wonder Mrs Kaboth doesn't have laryngitis.



**Directly Above:** Robert Hughes fumbles with his kitty before entering the pet in the show. **Above Center:** Kent Dunlap leads Tiff Gerow and David Sneed and two unknown travellers in the 5th and 6th grade meets. **Above Top:** Mr Bippus has his head into everything, here it's in the 8th grade art show by Jason Starr.



Mrs. Manering conducts the 4th grade in "Happiness" as Charlie and the gang play along.

## THE SHOW MUST GO ON

The SHOWS did go on at the Birmingham Campus. From second grade through eighth, talents and prized possessions were displayed. The second grade pet show featured animals categorized by size, color, prettiest tail, etc. No one went home without

a reward of some kind because of some kind because everyone, through his care, received a ribbon for best loved pet.

Art and music shows unveiled both lower and middle school talents. Prizes were given to out-

standing works in the different mediums.

The final outcome of all the shows was an appreciation of other's talents. The shows served their purpose in that the students were able to show and tell without showing off.





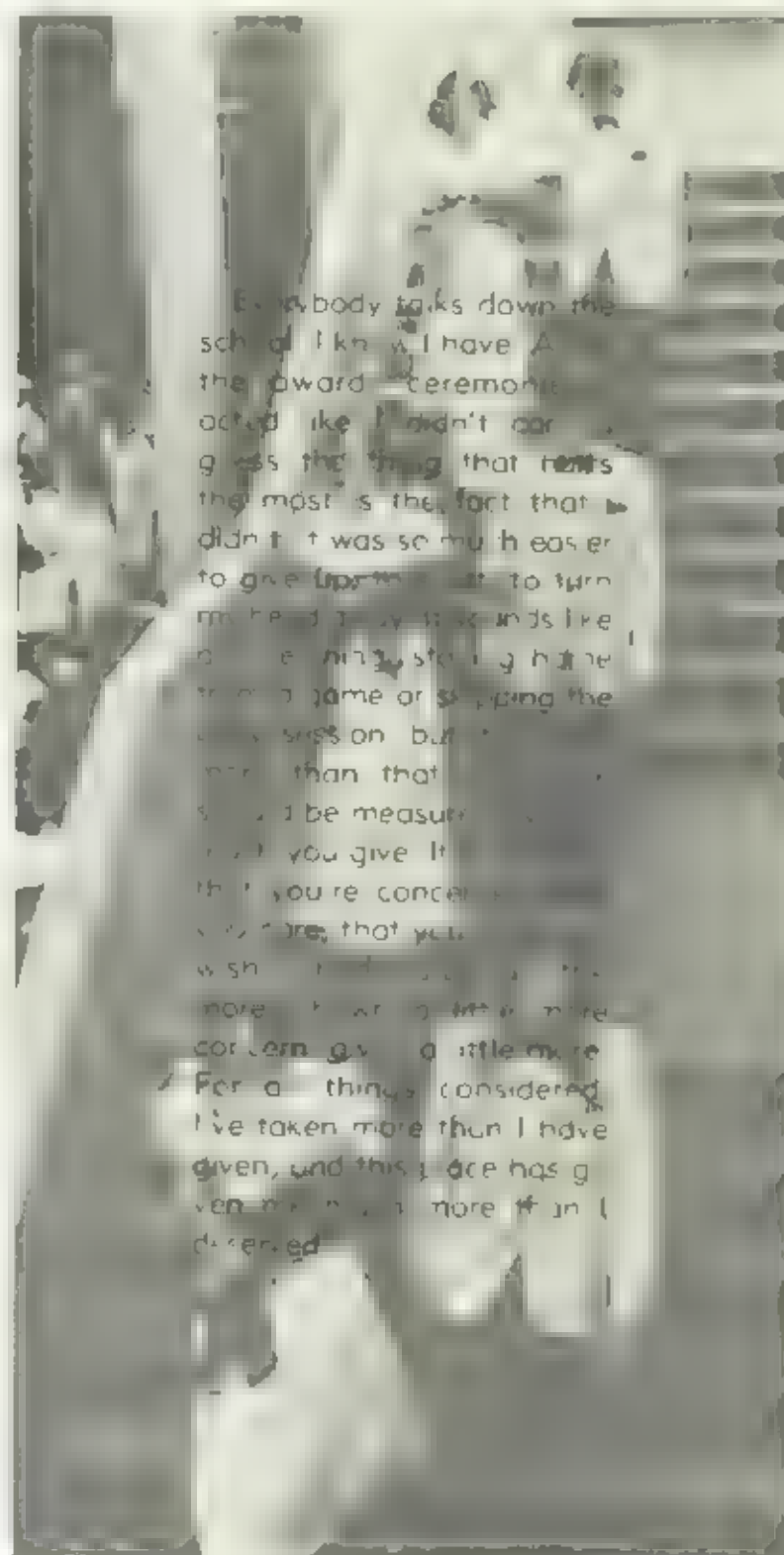
NOT ONCE IN 12 YEARS, DID  
ONE HOUR MEAN SO MUCH

Graduation Day! That was all that we had heard all week. The radios were ferociously exploiting our graduation day. It all seemed funny at first . . . "Get your SPECIAL graduation gift from The Farm!" . . . so on and so forth. The fact was though, that we were all special. We tried not to show our emotions, but it was all there . . . in our faces . . . our voices. It only took an hour. After twelve years only an hour ended our high school days . . . twelve years of memories . . . good and bad . . . passe.

After witnessing some of the other schools' graduation ceremonies, there seemed something very special close . . . about our own. After vetoing the gym for the commencement, it was a close fit in the commons. Then it rained and rained, stopped and started. We all crammed together for the traditional picture . . . in a good mood . . . jovial. Then it all got quiet. We all seemed to begin to think . . . behind us . . . ahead of us . . . no one was quite sure. It all went so quickly

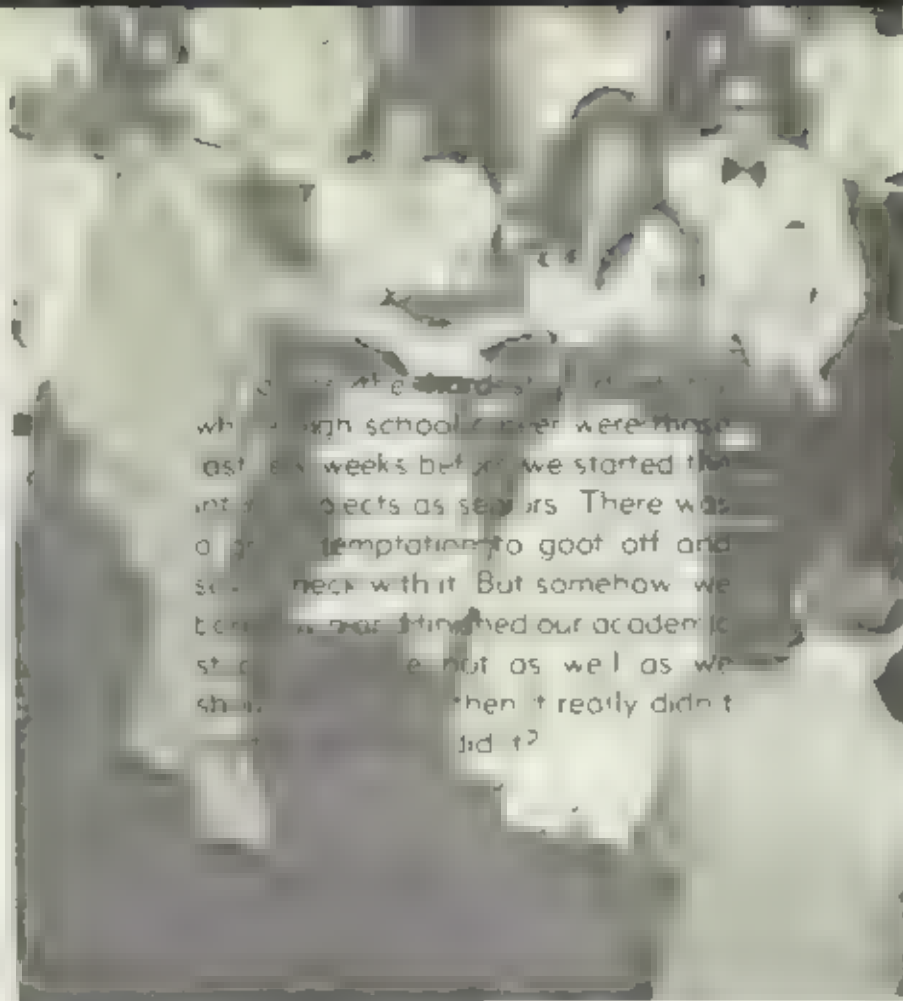


**Above:** Withheld emotion finally breaks through as Pat Hallet is congratulated by Mr. Moore following the solemn ceremony. **Right:** Nancy Jenkins and Fred Watson, Lucia Gary and John Ashley, and Candy Conley and David Deier take the final walk down the hallowed stairs of Holland Hall. **Above Right:** Mr. Elmer is caught looking somewhat like Charlie Chaplin as Glenn Nelson arranges HH's largest graduating class for their picture. **Above** (opposite page): While Mr. Moore reads the roster, Mr. Williams awards a diploma to Jill Jewell. **Center** (opposite page): Robin Rainey and Barbie Edwards appear serious as Betsy York and Amy Brechin consider the outcome of tripping down the stairs. **Below** (opposite page): While preparing to dine at Southern Hills during the prom, memories of Betty and Joyce seep in.

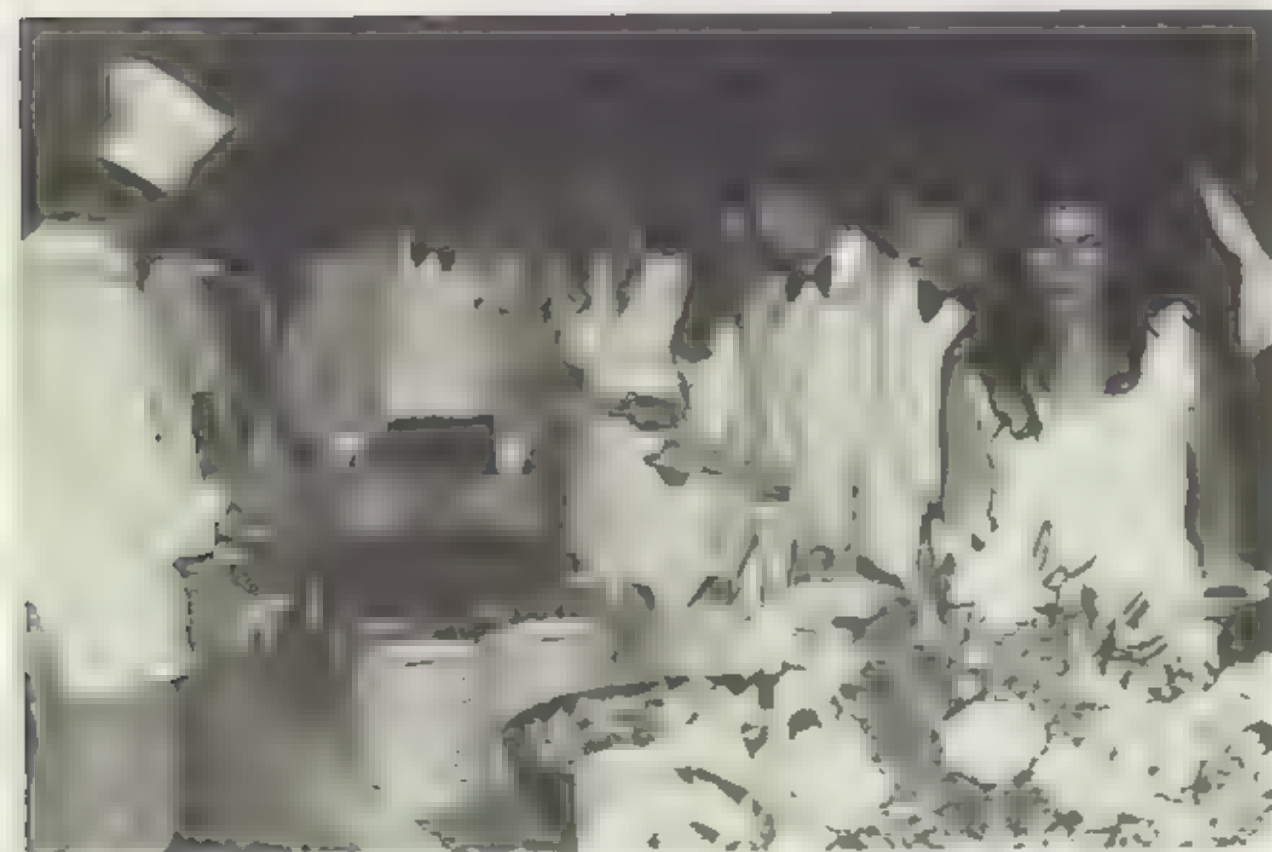


Everybody talks down the school like I know I have. At the award ceremony, I acted like I didn't care. Guess the thing that hurts the most is the fact that I didn't. It was so much easier to give lip to it than to turn my head away. It sounds like a little thing, but it's like turning a game or skipping the class session, but it's more than that. It should be measured. But you give it that you're concerned. You're, that yet, wish that you could be more. You're a little more concerned. Give a little more. For a thing, considered, I've taken more than I have given, and this place has given me more than I've deserved.





...the hard part was when high school senior were those last six weeks before we started the interjects as seniors. There was a great temptation to goof off and screw back with it. But somehow we took it and finished our academic studies. We put as well as we should. Then it really didn't did it?



'There is a finality to all activities, which makes them sweeter...'

Being a senior in high school is reaching one of life's turning points. It is less catastrophic than marriage, but as definite as death. Certainly it is unique. When else do you see eighteen year olds mourning their last youth. There is a finality to all activities, which makes them sweeter, more sentimental. At the start of the year, we were driven to euphoric closeness. We were determined to be the best class at Holland Hall. I suppose each class before us felt the same way. We became concerned about our immortality at Holland Hall, making a banner, giving not one but three class gifts. In five years, no one will know the names on that flag, but we don't like to think of that. I would rather think of my senior year as the last beautifully nostalgic moment with old friends, living in our parents houses, before destroying the world of our childhoods so that we might become ourselves.



# THE MACHINE GOES SQUASH...



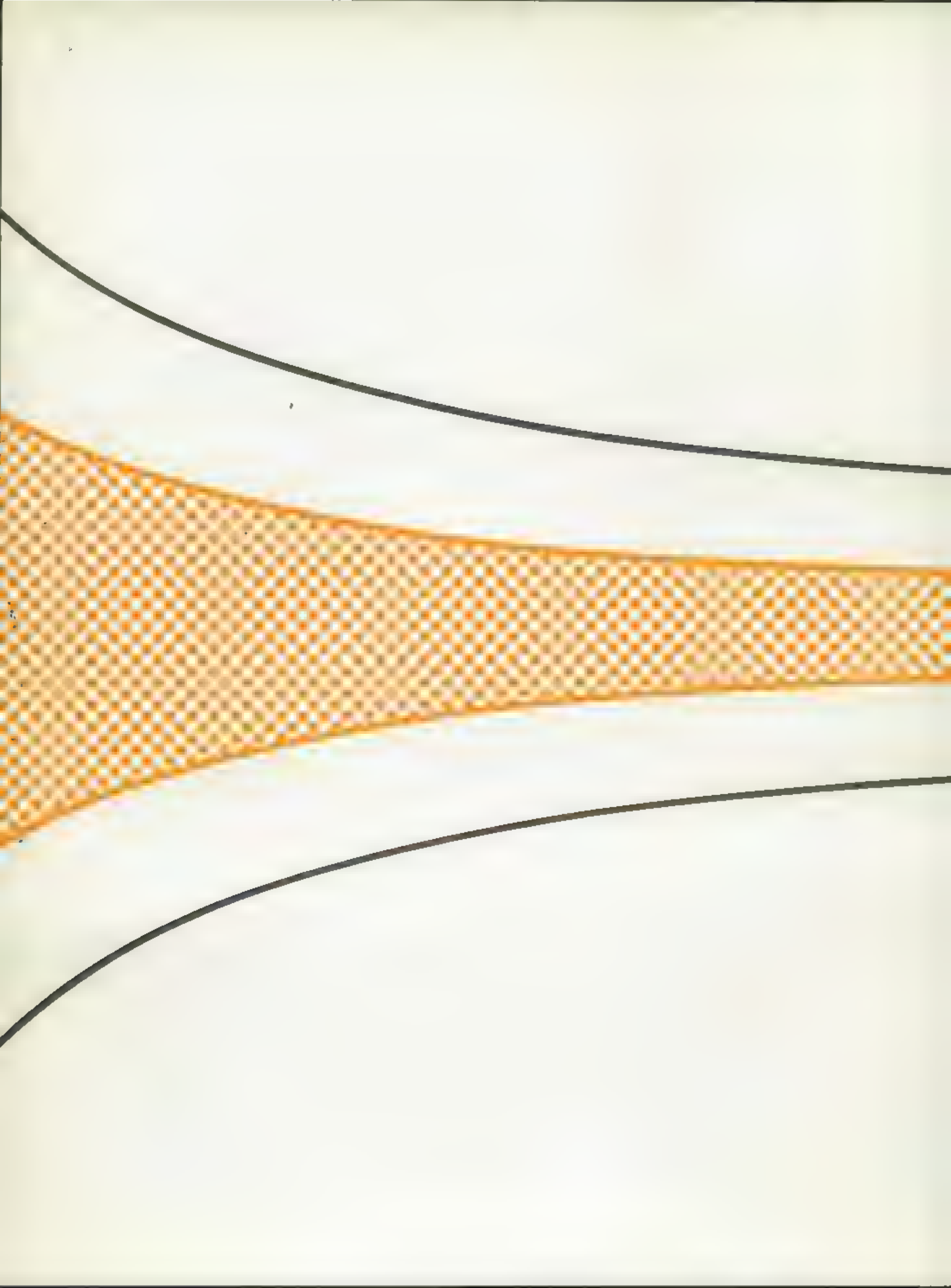


# PTOOEY. . .



and another lot of prefabricated human beings are sent into the heart of the enemy, the world, with the machine's storm of approval raising 12 year's clouds of dust from the seat of their pants.

By some freak of nature, though, the people who go through Brand Hall seem to come out as people, retaining their individuality, but hopefully something added to their little heads. Never the less they are tripping through the portals, embraced by pomp and ceremony, under the auspices of Mom, and apple pie, and I.T.&T.





# THINGS GO FAST

Jimmy Cricket,

Things really do fast, especially high school. There were times when I thought chemistry would never end and you just reassured me that it would. At that moment, how at 5:00 your beaming face really gave me a good start on a day that might have otherwise been bad. You really have a dry sense of humor that has brightened many sad days. I'm really glad that it's just to know you because your attitude about life has made a deep impression on me and I

thank you. You are really a wonderful person and deserve the best things that life has to offer. You have brought me a lot of happiness and I wish even more happiness for you and your family. Good luck in the years to come. Much love, Jimmy

# DETERMINATION FOR VICTORY NEVER DIES

It was awfully hot. The hottest it's ever been. Coach Brown gave his usual first of the season thirty minute dissertation and no one fell asleep this time. Tension built from that day on, we had a team. Everybody was quick and had lots of hustle. Coach said that we were his most dedicated bunch.

We scored first, 6-0, against big and bad Bristow. We got to see Chaney run over somebody besides Blair Barber and James Irby. We were tough. (Well, almost tough.)

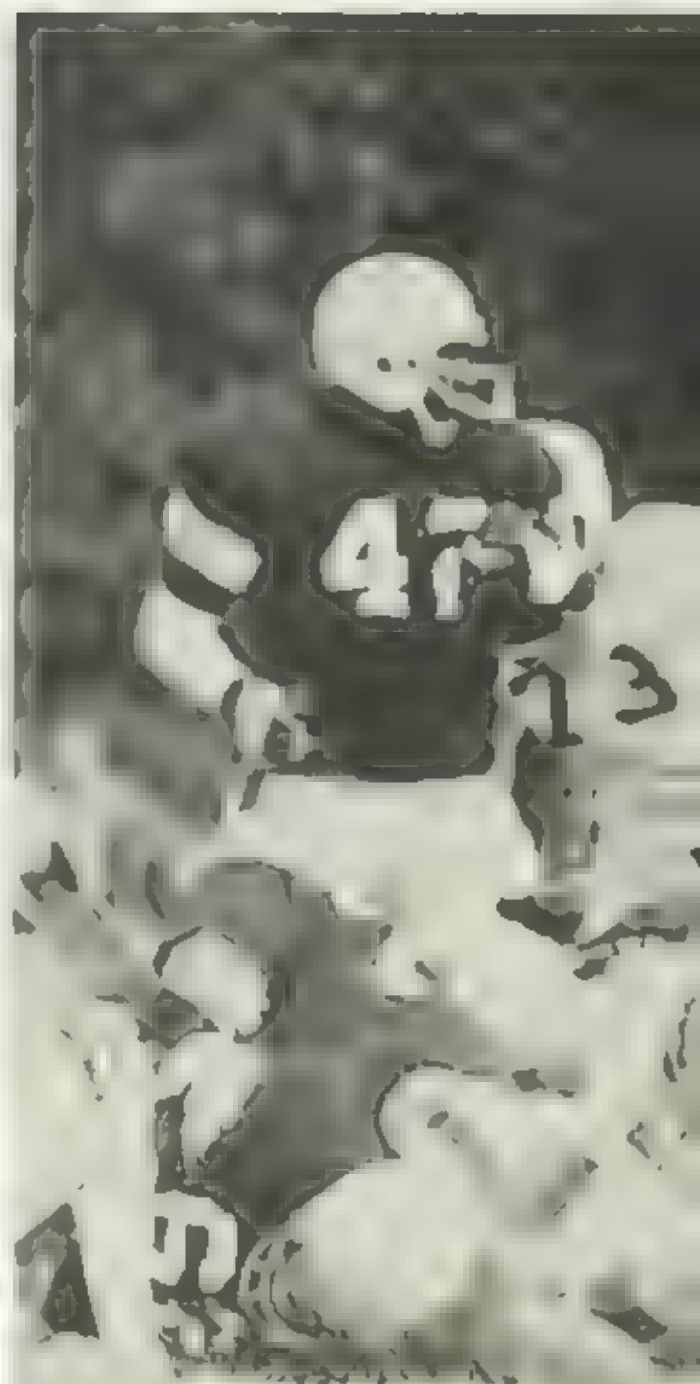
Fesperman was a mad man — tenacious defense, powerful offense. We were psyched. Beat 'em — MASH, bust 'em — CASCIA. We were ready to play. You couldn't hit hard enough. You couldn't run fast enough. There was no holding back. Run, Russell, run. Touchdown! — but still one point off. Disappointment wasn't big enough to express the way we felt.

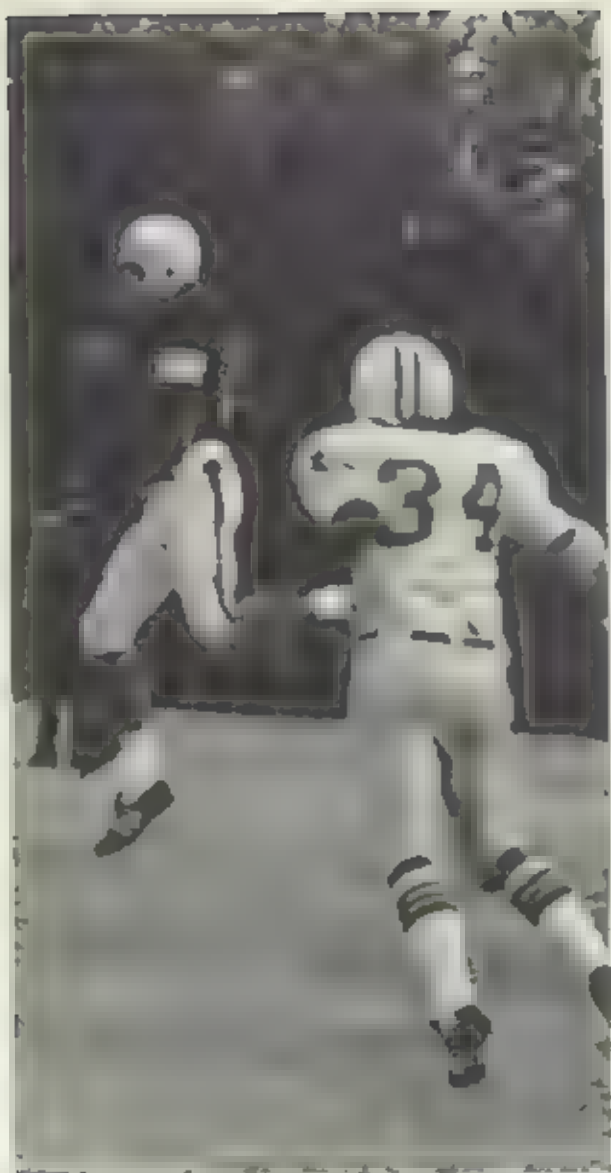
One more game . . . the seniors' last. We played hard, we hit hard . . . but they were better. There were smiles and laughter in the locker room and jokes about the season. "Steve Herrin, you good lookin' son-of-a-gun." It was over for some, but for most there would be another year.

Lyron Fesperman, Charlie Chaney, and David Armstrong sweep to the left while quarterback Wally Nunn falls back.



Above: David Ware stretches to put down the opponent, giving the safeties time to catch up. Right: After an onslaught of unsuccessful tackles, Charlie Chaney stands alone, awaiting more.





Left: To the amazement of a spectator, Brad Meyer takes a flying leap for a clean reception. Below: First Row: Lynn Hesperman, Henry Finch, Bobby Lee, Robb Glendening, Woody Nunn, David Ware, Rick Chadsey, Russell LaCour, Roger Thurmond, Kyle Terry, Blair Barber; Second Row: Darrell Christopher, Ward Camp, Mike Cavert, Steve Hemin, David Nickle, Andy Allen, Jeff Maher, Keith Cressman, Charlie Chaney, Brad Meyer, David Armstrong; Third Row: John Brechin, Brock Lantz, Scot Harvey, Richard Lee, David Bruce, Tom Harjo, Jimmy Johnson, John Coates, Phil McNeill



## 'If you haven't been grabbed . . .'

If you haven't been in the sun and tasted the bitter sweet taste of the sweat that rolls down your face stinging your eyes and salting your mouth, and haven't been in the cool summer wind that freezes that sweat and makes you wish you were hot again, if you haven't crawled and wallowed and drug your body through the freshly cut grass, and if you haven't run until your legs ache with the pain of conditioning, and if you haven't been grabbed for, lunged for, haven't been crumbled to the ground by Charles Chaney or Haden Haworth, or had Mike Cavert or Rick Chadsey drive his helmeted head through your chest, and if you haven't loved it all so much that you came back for more the next day, then you haven't experienced football!

HH	Bistow	12-42
HH	Jenks	6-35
HH	Wichita	27-10
HH	Bixby	9-20
HH	St. Mark's	6-30
HH	Sperry	0-0
HH	St. Mary's	35-19
HH	Cascia Holy	12-13
HH	Casady	7-20

Steve Hemin sprints to the goal line after making an interception against Wichita Collegiate



# JV SCORES AN UNDEFEATED SEASON

**First Row:** Doug Biswell, Chris Hughes, Hark G. . . . . **Second Row:** . . . . . **Third Row:** . . . . .



We ran and sweated so much our uniforms stuck to us. We were dizzy from our drills, we hit and hit and hit. Our first game came, we were nervous and actually scared. We continued to psyche ourselves up after staring at the other team — they all seemed so big, much bigger than us. We found knots and butterflies in our stomachs as we awaited our first kick off.

Knots turned to confidence as we achieved victory after victory. The St. Pius game was perhaps the most tense, as they forced us to punt on the one yard line. The highlight of the season — our stunning upset over Cascia. Other moments to remember — playing in the mud at practice and our touchdown at the first of the St. Mary's game.

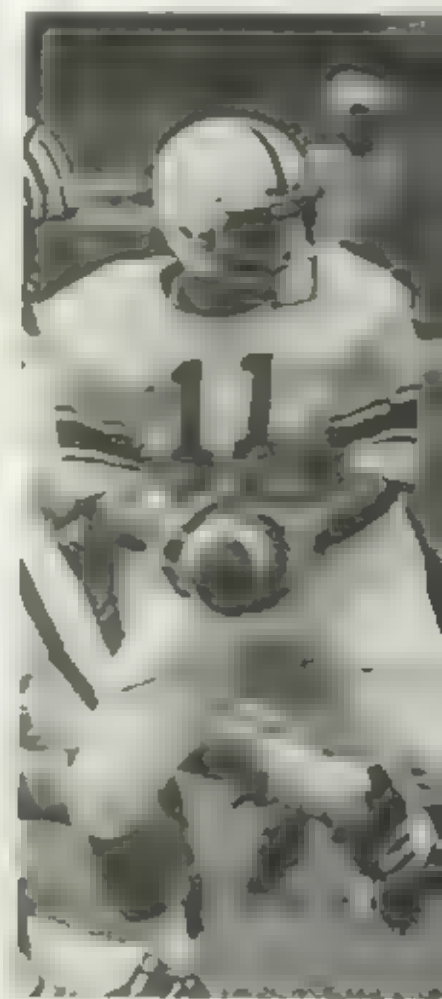
Our season was great — no other way to describe it. We were undefeated, not because we were bigger or stronger than the others, but because we had an absolute trust in our teammates. We had a spirit and pride that was irreplaceable.

## 'The tension is just murder . . . '

Everyone sits in the locker room like zombies. The time passes by as slowly as molasses pours out of a bottle. All the football players pace up and down the floor checking each little piece of equipment worn on their bodies. You can hear the buzz and excitement of the crowd outside. Finally, after what seems like four hours, the coach says, "Alright, this a big game, so let's go out and win." Then everyone tears out to the field. The whistle is blown, your tensions are released.



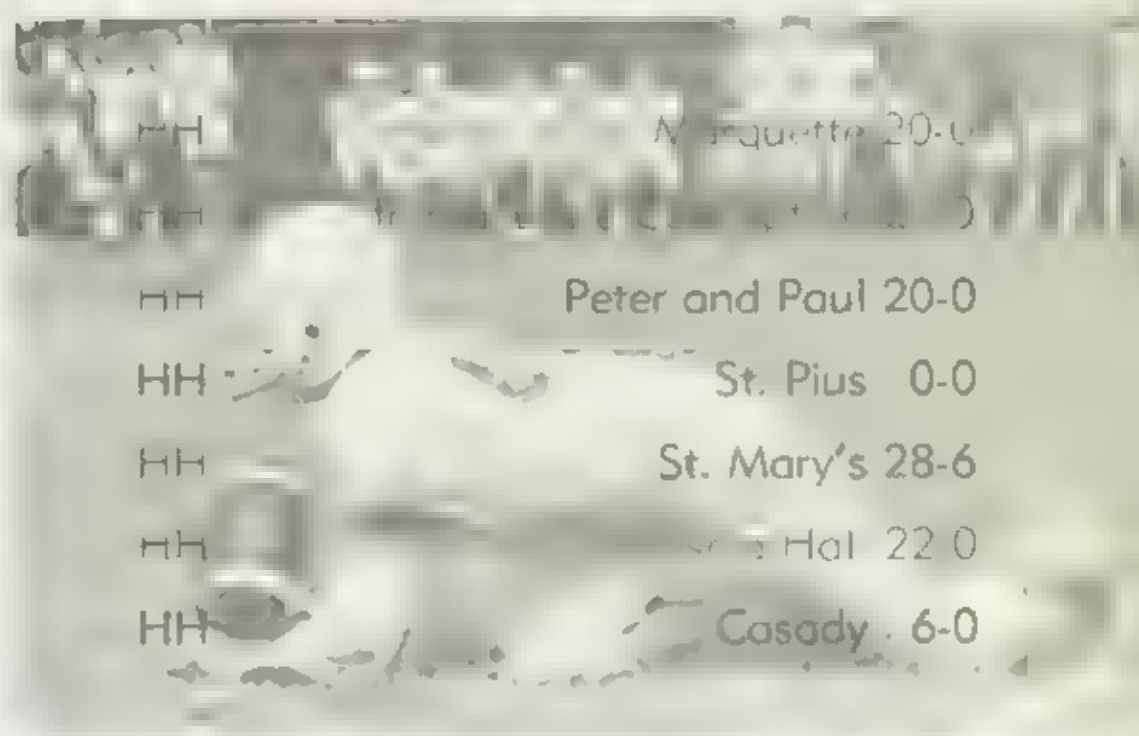
To escape the Casady rush, Wally Nunn sweeps to the left



Craig MacNaughton against Casco



MacNaughton runs back to make a beautiful reception close to a first down

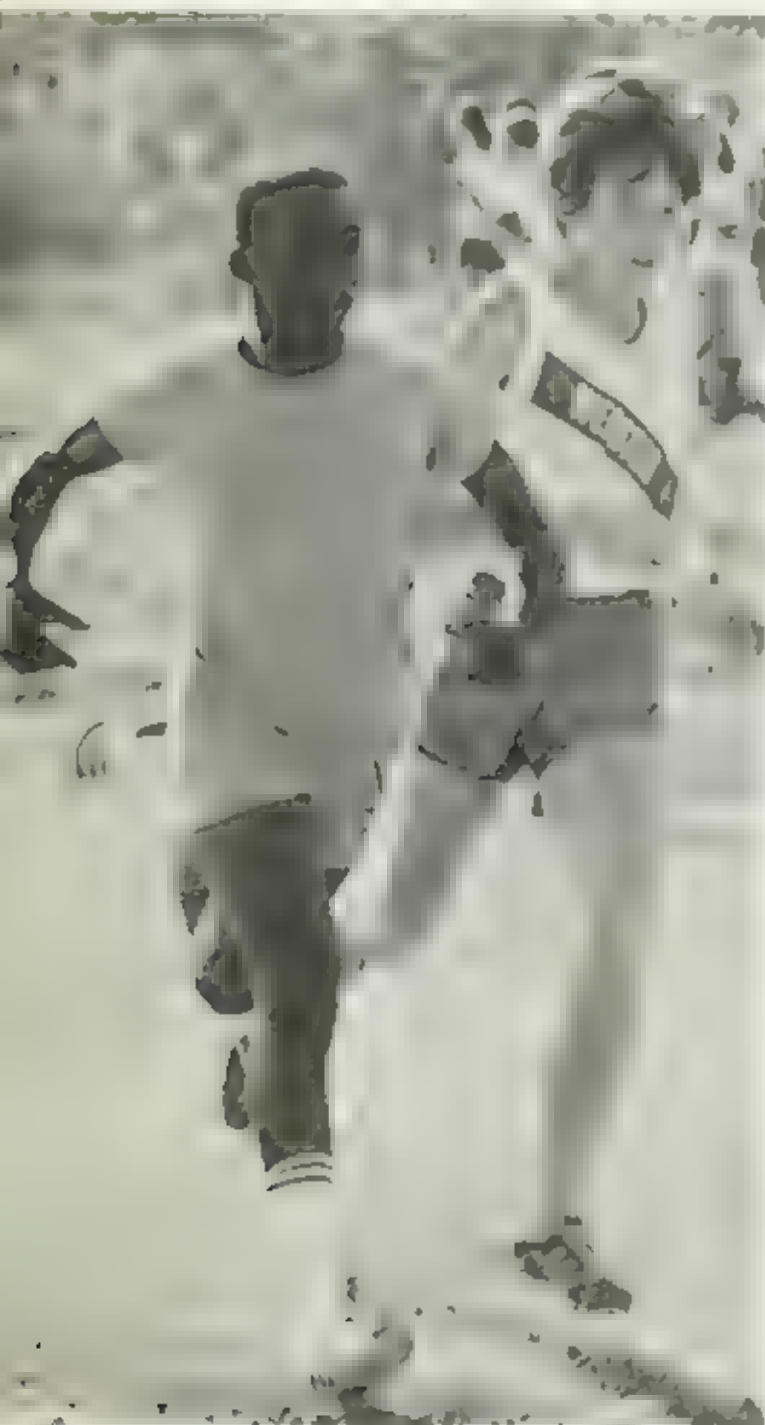


Charles Chaine (alias Line Backer) and Kyle Terry as Bobby



Craig MacNaughton and Jason Starr team up to crush a Commando downfield

Frustration grips John Richardson as Melvin Tennant breezes by to steal third place from Webster



Left: Jim Deck battles tough practices to prepare for the team's stiff competition. Below: Captain Steve Jennings, Lions' steady leader, helps boost the cross country team to a near victory over the Hale Rangers



## 'I was really grossed out . . .'

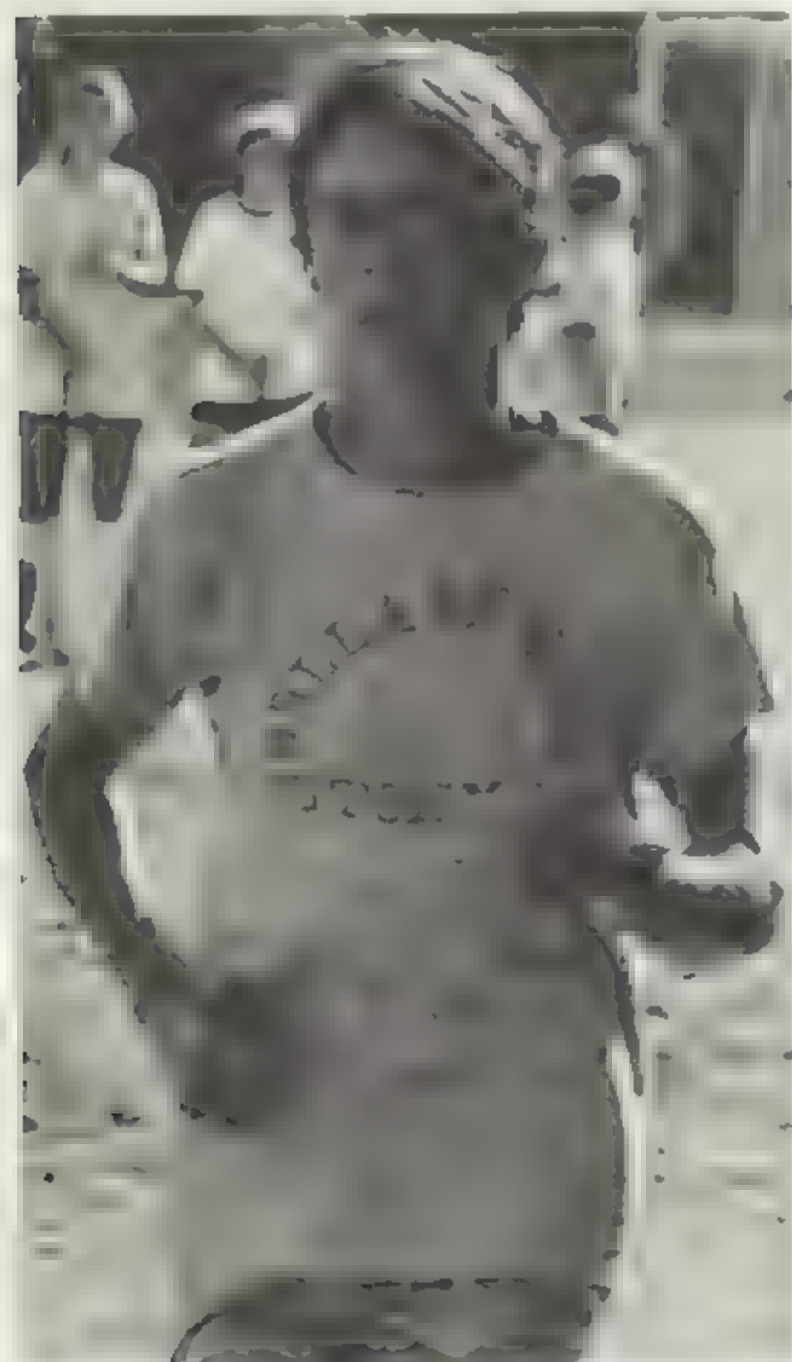
When those guys came across the finish line, I got a good look at them. The stench was unbearable. Sweat streamed off their bodies. Their faces were distorted from breathing so hard. Some staggered around, others leaned against a fence. Almost all of them were spitting all over the ground. I thought one guy I dared talked to was going to hit me. But another guy, gasping for breath, said he wished the race had been a mile longer. I have never understood why, after going through two miles of physical torture, the guy wanted to continue for another mile. I guess that's why he runs cross country and I don't



First Row: Todd Hamson, Melvin Tennant, Steve Jennings, David Jackson, captain Steve Jennings, Second Row: Tony Yeabower, Jim Eagleton, David LeRiche, Peter Jackson, Kevin Robinson, Keith Owens, Third Row: Peter Ames. Missing: Jim Deck



Below: Nearing the finish line, Kevin Robinson exerts his final effort against Webster as hockey players cheer him on. Right: Coach Dratz shows that the practice timings have got to be better



HH

W . . . r 31-24

HH

H r 32-23

HH

BTW 15-43

HH

Edison Inv. 1st in Div 'A'

HH

Kelley 45-15

HH

Kelley 34-26

HH

Edison 40-19

HH

Conference 3rd place

(Lowest score wins)

## INTEREST AND INNOVATION CREATE SPIRIT AND SUCCESS

Right foot, left foot, round about and back again. Combining tradition and innovation, the cross country team was the best in years. The relatively young team grew in competitive spirit with Coach Dratz's never-failing command — "take off, boys!"

Many opponents fell to the contesting Dutchmen. After unofficially winning an Edison Invitational meet, the season record was injured due to missing key runners plagued with pulled muscles or flu. Despite all this, our fleet-footed runners

brought home a third place win from SPC

To keep team spirit running, a cross country sweetheart was selected. Amy Brechin replaced the reigning sweetie, Jill Jones. An added attraction was the election of a "Hot Dog of the Year." The qualifications necessary for obtaining this honorable position (unquestionably met by Jeff Thurston) are valiant attempts at snowing girls. Congratulations

Amy . . . Jeff . . . Team

Keeping up with the competition, Keith Owens supplies the necessary stimulation for a balanced team



# WIN OVER CASCIA HIGHLIGHTS BASKETBALL SEASON

Round ball . . . orange hoop. Jump straight up get down to play defense. Kick the other foot out of the way. Screen out rebound. Fundamentals . . . we spent the first two weeks of basketball reviewing (for some) and learning (for most) the fundamentals of basketball. Pass around and move don't stand . . . go to the boards. Hold the ball! It was time to run. We ran with a purpose; to condition to win.

Seven straight losses, that's how the season started. Somebody should have been upset. Somebody was. We were because only then did the light dawn on us that HH basketball had better turn into a team affair, and relatively soon.

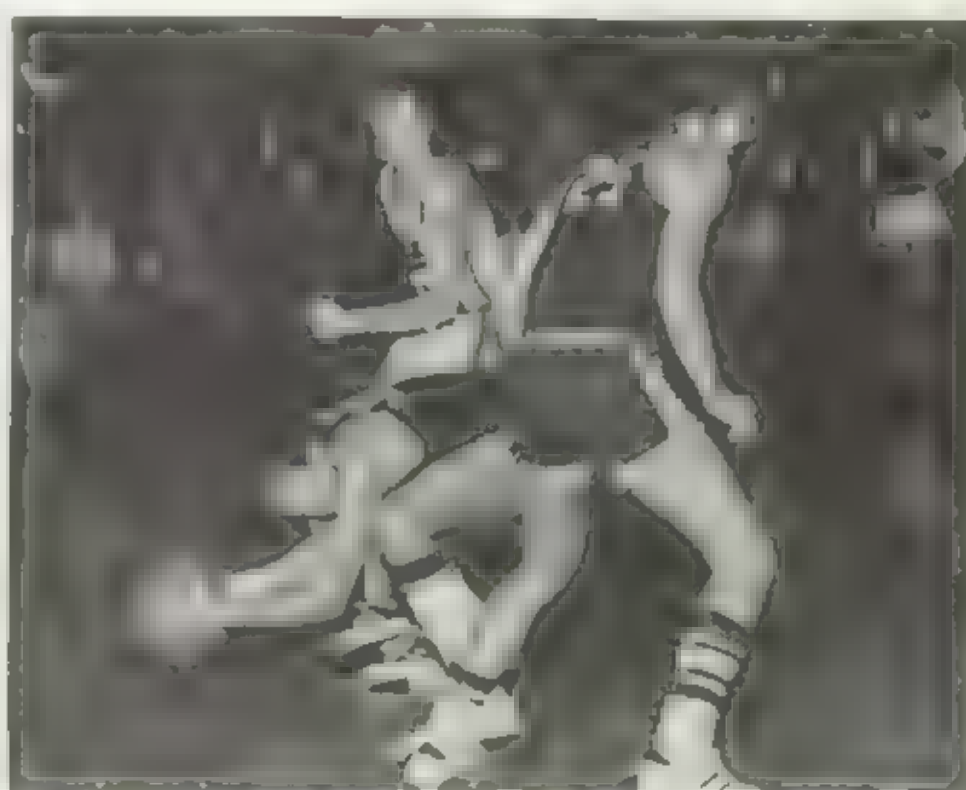
The coaches knew it from the start. They kept their patience and we regained our poise. We reworked a few things; started fresh. We won the next seven of nine,

including the one with those other Tulsa people Cascia. Never has a group of guys been so psyched up — there was no way we could lose to them on our home court.

Once rolling, we proceeded to accomplish other feats. Victories over Casady put us into the SPC winners bracket and helped them into the loser's bracket for the first time in many years.

Four games later with a 7-12 record, we boarded the bus for Dallas and SPC Conference with little chance to win but with spirit to fight. We ended the tournament and our season with a come-from-behind-victory. We had learned two lessons. One, that concentration and determination can win the game, and two, that disappointment can come from other places than the short end of a scoreboard. Coach Bullard had said good bye. He was retiring.

After a long run, the player sweeps upward for a successful lay-up.

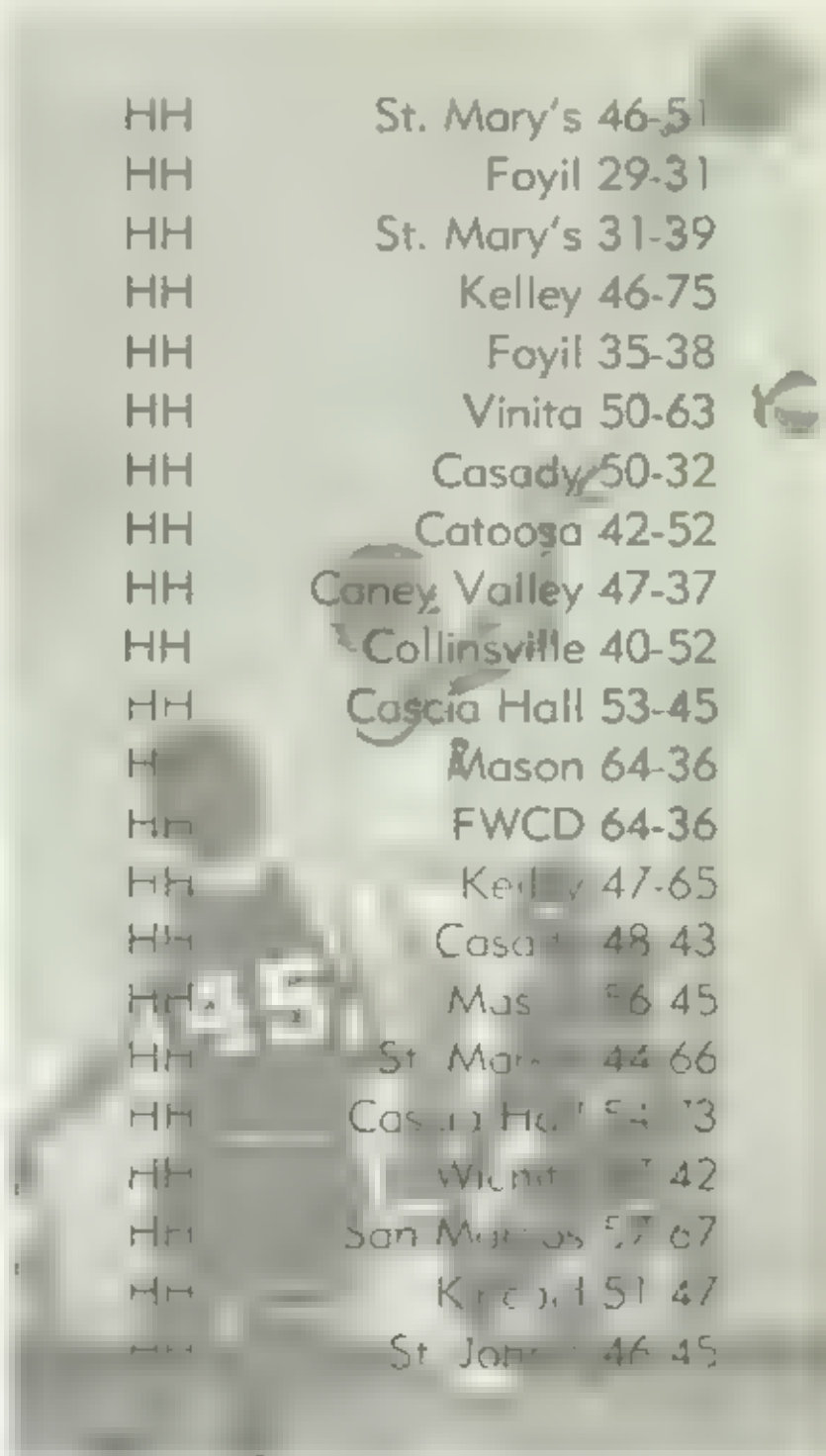


Left: Russell County wins a lay-up despite the efforts of the Catoosa team. Above: Howard County's Keith Giendenay twists his ankle while Jeff Thurston and Catoosa's Fred Beard attempt to block.

Turning to make a jump shot, post man John Ashley shoots against Catoosa.



Sinking his shot for two points against Casady is Brad M.



HH	St. Mary's 46-51
HH	Foyil 29-31
HH	St. Mary's 31-39
HH	Kelley 46-75
HH	Foyil 35-38
HH	Vinita 50-63
HH	Casady 50-32
HH	Catoosa 42-52
HH	Caney Valley 47-37
HH	Collinsville 40-52
HH	Cascia Hall 53-45
HH	Mason 64-36
HH	FWCD 64-36
HH	Kelley 47-65
HH	Casady 48-43
HH	Mason 56-45
HH	St. Mary's 44-66
HH	Cascia Hall 54-43
HH	Wichita 57-42
HH	San Marcos 57-67
HH	Kreitzberg 51-47
HH	St. John's 46-45



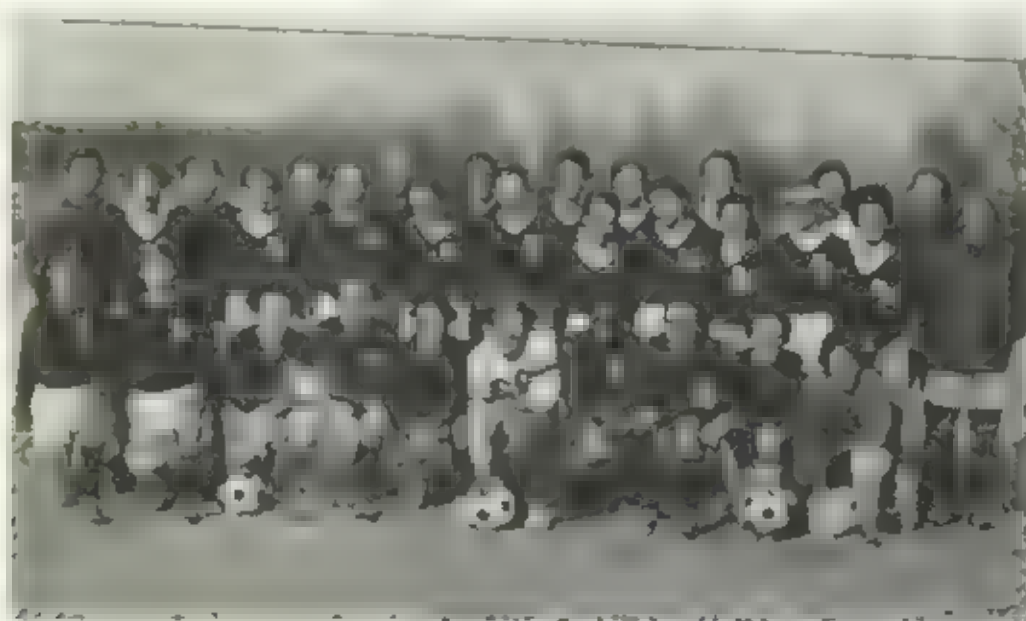
First Row: Hu, H, H, H, H, H, H  
Second Row: B, B, B, B, B, B, B  
Wally Nunn, Andy A., Bob B.

## 'Na na na na . . .'

Hey hey eh Good bye Na na na na, na na na na Hey hey-ey Good-bye. For the first time in years, we sang good-bye to Cascia. Reading the statistics after the game was strange. I couldn't remember any individual scorers. It just seemed like we had beaten Cascia. It was a team win. The guys on the bench were great, yelling for the team, just like everybody in the stands. That's the way it's suppose to be. That's the way it was.



**First Row:** Peter Lantz, Al Kasishke, Blake Spellman, Tony Yeabower, Scott Haus, Chuck Gibbs, Roy Johnson, Jim Eastman, Craig Smith, Mike Nelson. **Second Row:** John Scruton, Brick Lantz, Steve Sumrell, Joel Starr, David Neal, John Ridgeway, Clark Brannin, Mike Rushmore, Peter Jackson, David Adelson, Coach Dennis Calkins. **Third Row:** Coach Doug Bromley, David Jackson, Ron Binding, Bob Cox, Kevin Robinson, Craig Raguse, Jim Deck, Steve Camp, Kurt Liebendort, David Lucas.



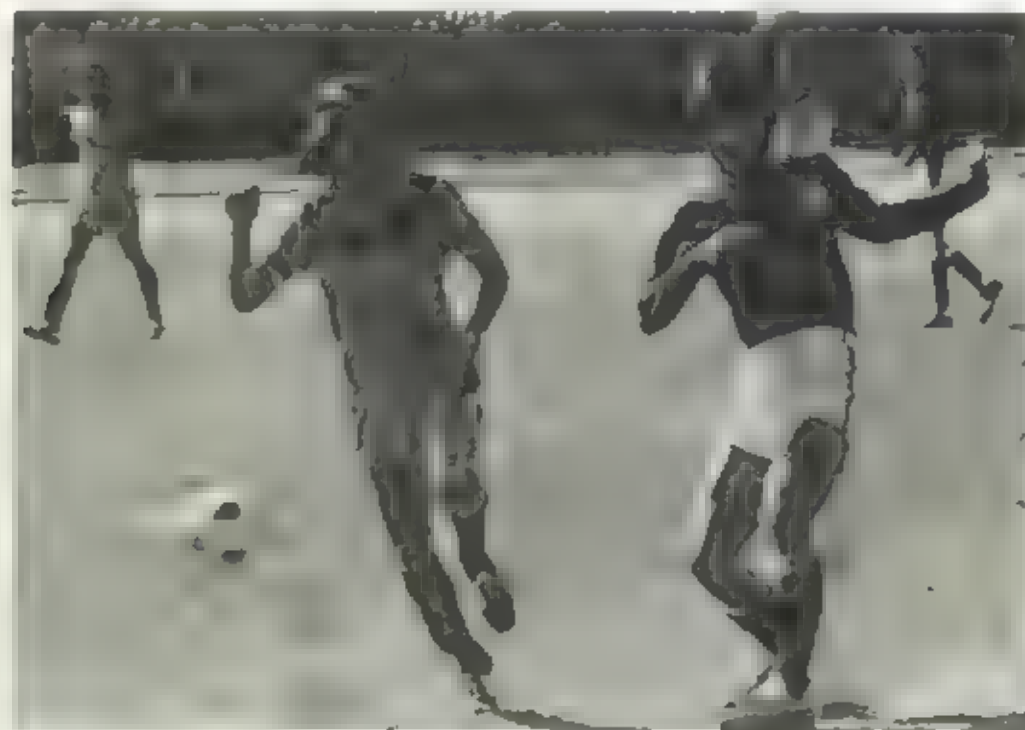
'One lousy game shot our hopes of glory . . .'

Losing to Casady made me sick! We had beaten them once, why not again? Why not when it counted? Almost every other team had beaten them. Why not us? It felt even "better" when we realized that **that** game had cost us the conference championship.

## UNDEFEATED . . . ALMOST

Survival . . . that was our key word of the season. Survival of winter's winds and cold of intense pressure of an undefeated season . . . of the road trips. The worst part was winning . . . with no one there to see it. Our largest group of spectators must have exceeded 25 (10 for the other team) so we had to be our own fans. Despite our 8-2-1 record . . . it hurt especially when only 1 loss kept us from the conference championship. In the standings we were #3, but we knew we

should have been #1 . . . it hurt. There were good times like winning . . . watching 18 sophomores "attack" one girl at conference . . . listening to Coach Calkin's shrilly voice on the sidelines . . . waiting 2 hours for breakfast at 8:00 a.m. playing in the morning dew at Dallas . . . watching the girls play . . . laughing at Bromley's and Elmer's icicles on their moustaches in sub-zero temperature. It had to be over before we realized how much fun it was.



All Conference Captain Jon Nespor saves the ball by a side-line kick.



**Above:** Tony Yeabower and a Kinad player battle it out for possession of the ball. **Right:** David Jackson changes direction on after Clark Lipotich effortlessly kicks the ball.



One of many amazingly high defensive rebounds by Flint Breckinridge



## WINTER SEES JV SEASON VICTORIOUS

Basketball season began with our team spirit high. For those who had played football, we thought of getting our timing down. Hard practices, line drills, free throw after free throw . . . we were ready for competition. We gained experience in losing to only one area ninth grade team. Our most upsetting loss was to Casady. They downed us by three points in the final two minutes, but we took revenge by romping them by 30 in our second game. After hosting an invitational tournament, we found ourselves second after losing only to Skelly Junior High.

On the soccer field, we found ourselves undefeated. It all started in early November and ended in March. In the beginning we sensed our team would have a good year, but as the weeks passed, it appeared our team was falling apart. Teamwork was terrible, nerves were on edge, tensions were high. It seemed our team was doomed from the very beginning. Our first game came; somehow our team put it all together. We were able to put into practice everything we had learned. Our teamwork was incredible. It gave us confidence and spirit and the necessary skills to have an undefeated season.



**Front Row:** (kneeling) Mark Raber, Greg Owens, Jono Helmerich, Chuck Carmack, Matthew Britt. **Second Row:** Mr. Ward, Jeff Harrison, Bobby Langholtz, Doug Boswell, Randy Coffey, Jim Watkinson, Mark Britt, Scott Rainey, John Daniel, Matt Brainerd, Flint Breckinridge. **Third Row:** Mark McCane, Chris Hughes, Bryan Camp, Tim Hammond, John Freeman, Mr. Stickney. **Right:** An attempted rebound by Chuck Carmack is thwarted by a defender, but recovers to make a basket.

HH	St. Mary's	40	20
HH	Tulahassee	32	39
HH	Cascadia Hall	35	29
HH	Skelly	28	48
HH	Marquette	32	22
HH	St. Mary's	44	28
HH	St. Pius	40	28
HH	Casady	28	33
HH	Cascadia Hall	28	47
HH	Tulahassee	21	51
HH	Kieter	37	23
HH	Lone Star	53	27
HH	Marquette	55	16
HH	Casady	39	23
HH	HH Inv.	2nd	Place



With skill and determination, Jody Ho gets rid of the ball too quick for the opposition.



Chris Merifield meets his competition head-on, on a play with his eyes closed.



Jody Ho attempts to pass to an open teammate, with Casady in hot pursuit.



HH Wright Jr. High 3-2

'To Mr. Ward,  
it's run for  
your life . . .'

Basketball and Mr. Ward are experiences I'll never forget. Playing basketball for Mr. Ward has made me realize how much running I've missed in life. It seems he tried to make up for it in three months time. Winning is a way of life with Mr. Ward. Winning means teamwork. We learned that in the Casady game in Oklahoma City. Our loss to Casady, after dominating the entire first half, proved fatal. We ran forever — up and down the gym floor — as a matter of fact, it seems as though we are still running.



**First Row:** Peter Kamp, David Rogers, Jason Starr, Graham Brannin, Dan Richards, Peter Williams, Peter Owen, John Fuquay. **Second Row:** Coach Adwon, Matt Ridgeway, Chris Merifield, Jim Decker, Craig MacNaughton, Jody Ho, Paul Kasishike, Coach McCullough. **Third Row:** Steve Chakeres, Gordon Kuntz, Bob Mason, Mike Frank, Jess Gerow, Paul Dunlap, Scott Carlin, Blake Dickeson, Andrew Westphal. **Fourth Row:** Tim Hart, Sam Kimery, Mark Eckenwiler, Brett Glass, Scott Franklin, Hugh Graham. **Fifth Row:** Matt Sutherland, David Bell, Mark Smothers, John Dingsar, Charles Morrow, Barry Hensley, John Arrington.

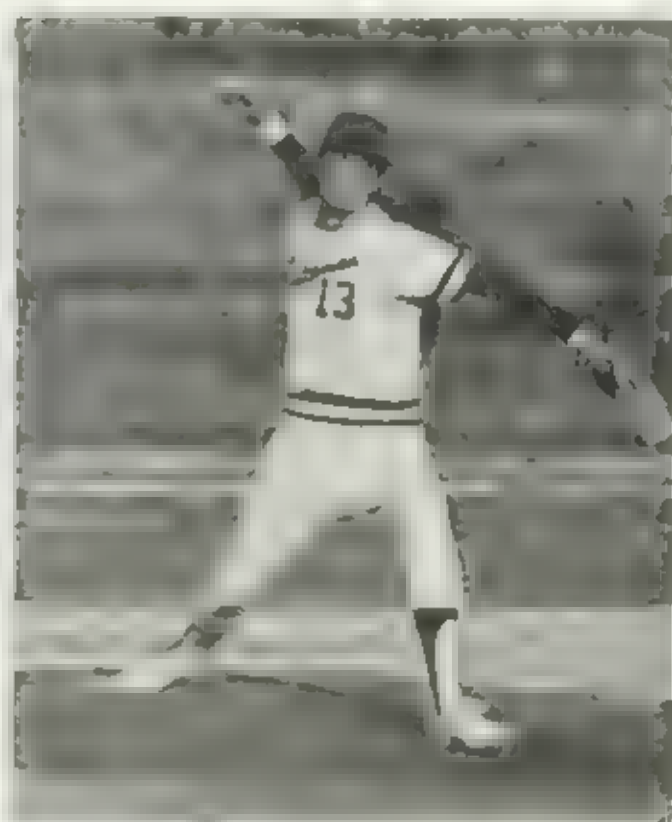
Robin Springer finds himself being both Batman and Robin. Zap! Holy homerun!



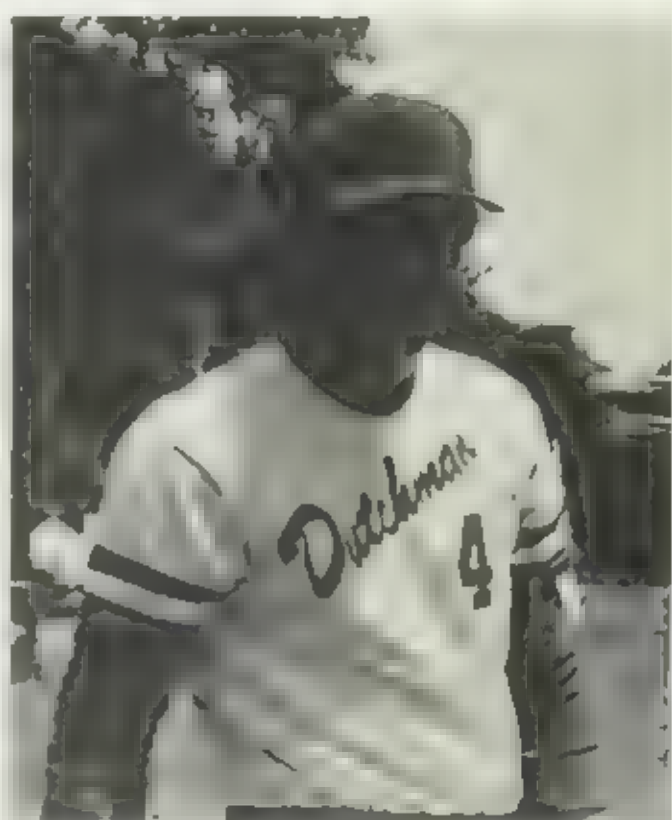
"Mommie knows best and Mommie says that her little Jimmy shouldn't steal."



All-Conference selection Brad "Lucky Number" Meyer speeds another batter's downfall.



Above: First Row: Wally Nunn, Jim Deck, Steve Herrin, Brad Meyer, co-captain Bobby Lee, Rob Glendening, Jim Yeager. Second Row: Scott Haus, Kyle Terry, Robin Springer, Rick Chadsey, James Irby, co-captain Roy Johnson, Blair Barber, manager Paul Herman. Right: Doing his job as a third base coach, Coach Murphy eyes home plate to find out who the next batter will be. Below Right: Roy Johnson tears towards the dugout after getting hit on the head with a bat.



## BATTERS STRIKE SUCCESS

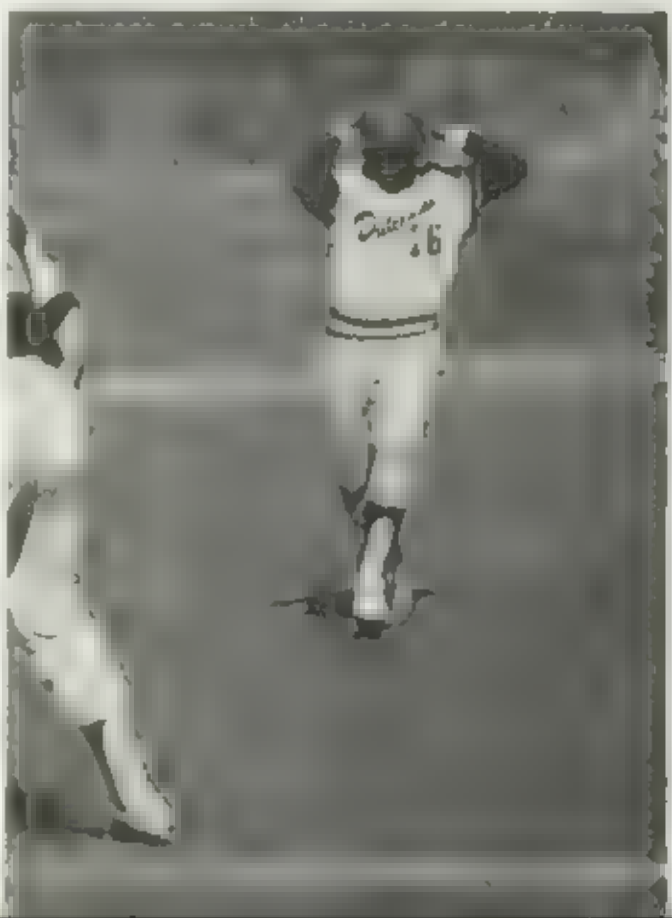
Holland Hall Baseball . . . not the most supported sport in the school but what could you expect when the playing field was a quarter of a mile walking distance away. For those that did wander over, there was quite an exhibition.

They never ceased to thrill the crowds (which were usually the opponents' crowd.) At times they made it look easy (and at others, they couldn't even make it.) They were en route to the first winning season in four years.

Practicing on the HH field was a victory in itself. Mud a foot deep would greet you all over and sometimes swal-

low the ball. When it was dry, it was like playing on concrete with "holes" cleverly disguised as patches of grass. Opposing teams' warm ups ended in utter frustration as a routine bounce would either go over their head or wide to the left.

Victories can be attributed to some of the interesting people who dotted the line-up. There was Wally (one-minute-late) Nunn, Brad (strike out or home run) Meyer, Bob (peg leg) Lee, and Roy (first base coach) Johnson. These and others made their debut of the new "DutchMAN" uniform.



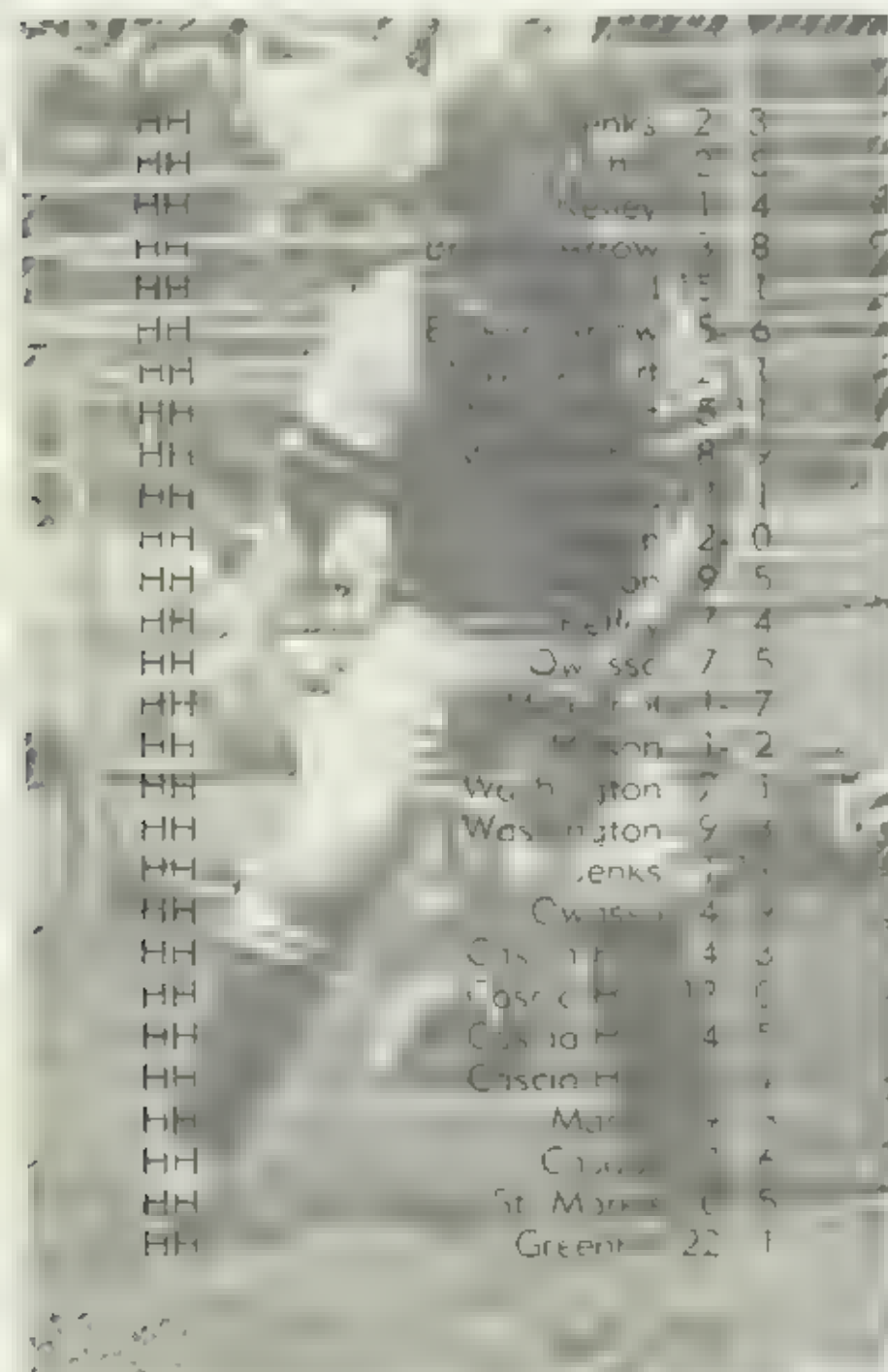
Eyeing the teams' only hit, Kyle Terry scurries to first against SPC Chomps, St. Marks



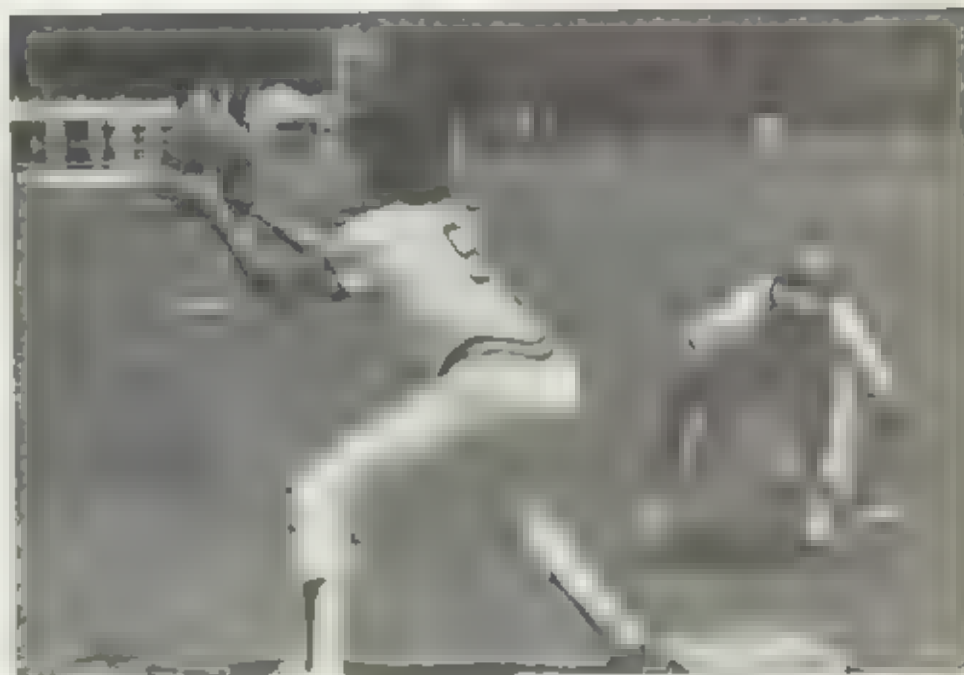
Kicking up dust, Jim Yeager hustles towards first base in hopes of making a successful play



"Peg Leg" Lee demonstrates his pitching form which gave him a 5-0 record

HH	inks	2	3
HH	n	2	5
HH	ewey	1	4
HH	arrow	3	8
HH	1	5	1
HH	arrow	5	6
HH	nt	2	7
HH	8	1	1
HH	8	2	1
HH	1	1	1
HH	n	2	0
HH	on	9	5
HH	nelly	7	4
HH	Owssc	7	5
HH	1	7	1
HH	son	1	2
HH	Washington	7	1
HH	Washington	9	3
HH	enks	1	1
HH	Cwssc	4	1
HH	Cis 1H	4	3
HH	Cos 1H	12	0
HH	Cos 1H	4	5
HH	Cos 1H	1	1
HH	Mar	1	1
HH	Cr	1	1
HH	St Marks	0	5
HH	Greent	22	1



## 'It's finally happened . . .'

Perhaps it was our enthusiasm and our belief that we could compete almost equally with anyone in the city. An added incentive to win was our scorekeeper, Mrs. Leach. She was always there on the bench cheering us on, no matter where we stood or what we said. Then there was Murphy. Somehow, in his own magical way, he gained the unfailing respect of every member of our team as no other coach has. He was not only a coach, but a friend, counselor, and sometimes even a father. There was nothing we felt we had to hide from him

Above: All conference catcher Steve Herin looks for his next victim at second base Above Right: Rob Glendering hears the tune, "It's Too Late Baby," as he gets picked off first base



## SWATTERS CAPTURE SPC TITLE

After practicing our techniques of windscreen installation, our season began amidst the "doo doo" flies and gail wind warnings. At times we ran and ran and ran. It was the price we had to pay for being lazy. There were our good matches (like the Cascia match when the dazzling duo of Kunkel and Morley played so hard that their opponents got sick and had to leave.) Then there were our bad matches (like the Fayetteville match we played after mopping up the courts as those Razorbacks sat and watched.) Our season kept on an upswing though. At conference we retained our up position where we won first place and Kurt Lieben-dorfer took his flying leap over the high jump onto his nose.

In a heated match, Harold Kunkel catches the ball with a backhand shot.



Above: Richard Harrison serves with a vengeful approach that helped him win a conference final. Right: Ted Shaw, opponent of Harrison, prepares for the smash with a grin.

HH	Cascia 6-3
HH	Muskogee 6-3
HH	Heritage Hall 7-2
HH	Ark City Third
HH	Shawnee 2-7
HH	Pryor 9-0
HH	Wichita 9-0
HH	Shawnee 4-5
HH	Casady Tournament
	Second
HH	Muskogee 5-4
HH	Edison 3-6
HH	Pryor 9-0
HH	Wichita 9-0
HH	Casady 6-3
HH	Cascia 7-2
HH	Fayetteville 4-5
HH	SPC First

Below: Donnell Kunkel, Kurt Liebendorfer, Richard Harrison, Phil Jones, Peter Morley, Harold Kunkel, Joel Starr. Right: Airborne Phil Jones uses his unique form to capture a SPC doubles win.



## 'Doo doos can do it . . .

We probably had the quickest reflexes of any team at conference as a result of the ever present "doo doo" flies. These pests were huge, grotesque insects which could be found infesting the 81st tennis courts, especially during important matches. Swatting at them before serve returns caused many points to end in disaster. Once they struck, there was only one chance left: if the "doo doos" decided to attack your opponent. Just ask any varsity player and they will surely tell you about the annoying little fiends.

# SMALL IN NUMBERS, BIG ON EFFORT

When you hear coach Hooker yelling For! (phonetic spelling), he could mean Fore! or Four!? The sport is golf and for HH both are appropriate. Four people composed the golf team for the second year in a row. Although quality not quantity is important in the sport, a few more players could add more competition and keep the best players at their best. Participation wasn't a problem for track. It was the lack of facilities. Running through ditches in

the middle of an important race didn't help your times and neither did indoor practices where dodging volleyballs didn't exactly provide the atmosphere of a track meet. We finally got to run on real cinder at Lafortune, what a difference. But at SPC, the all-weather track was the best. We were praised for our efforts, but with our facilities being at the bottom, and our team being at the bottom in numbers, our place in conference was understandable.

Golf: Craig Roguse, John Brechin, Phil West, Chip Williams



## 'We're a six point success.'

In the world of Ripley's Believe or Not's, HH makes an addition to this work of unbelievable. We have a track team. We're not fast, like Bob Hayes, and we don't have Bob Seagrin pole vaulting. But we do have Clark Lipotich to long jump and 16 other guys to rake the pits. We did beat Jenks, but conference was another story. Six points isn't much when you compare it to St. Mark's 93, but for our first year, and a raunchy track, I think we were great.



**Above Left:** Leading after the first lap in the 880 Melvin Tennant makes a strong showing at SPC in Wichita. **Above:** Track, **First Row:** Darlene Litton, Jim Eagleton, Andy Allen, David Armstrong, Hans Helmerich, Russell LaCour. **Second Row:** Ron Binding, David Nickle, Scot Harvey, Eric Freeman, Bob Cox, Clark Lipotich. **Third Row:** Joel Rutledge, Melvin Tennant, Glenn Wood, Mark Taylor, David Neal, Steve Camp.





**Left:** Clark Upatch, the sole hurdler, clears the barrier with stifling determination. **Directly Below:** JV Boys' Tennis. **First Row:** Bob Mason, Mark Eckenwiler, Jason Starr, Matt Brainerd, Jody Ho, Peter Williams, Jerry Rushmore, Brett Glass, Peter Kamp, Mike Frank. **Second Row:** Mr. Ward, Chuck Carmack, Craig MacNaughton, Flint Breckinridge, Mike Nelson, John Daniel, Peter Owen, Joel Starr, Paul Dunlap, John Arington, Matt Sutherland, David Nonweiler, Bobby Langholz, Bryan Camp. **Below:** JV Girls' Tennis. **First Row:** Kathy Barnard, Lynn Connolly. **Second Row:** Len Lundh, Shelley Moskowitz, Marilyn Jennings, Susan Strange, Mrs. Nelson, Pam Nelson, Karen Forsythe.



'A will  
to win  
won it.'

Tennis season at the middle school in the cases of Jason Starr and John Daniel was running through windows and getting mono. It was also the year of missing the bus. But it did have its good points like winning the eighth consecutive state Junior State Tournament and the introduction of a new girls tennis program, which also won State. HH has always had strong reserves in skill as well as spirit and a respect for one another with an attitude that says win.

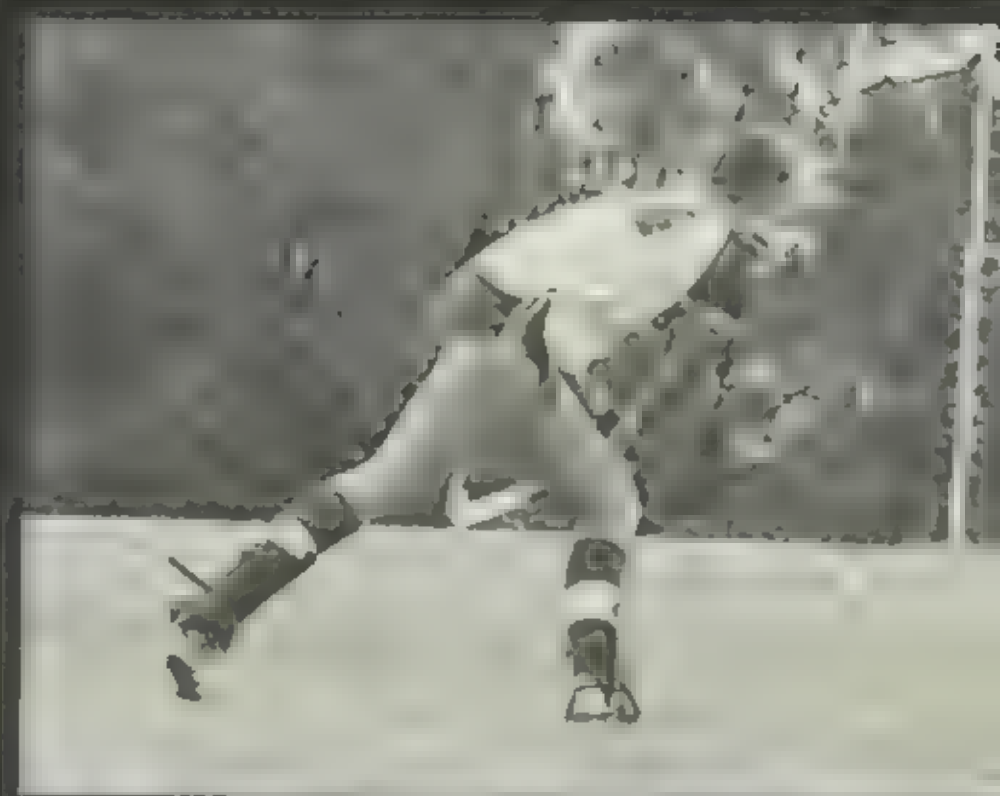
# HISTORY MADE BY OUR SPC CHAMPIONS

'If we don't win, it will be a three-way tie and that ain't worth peanuts.' Coach Dault

Rolling: Team Manager, Anna Jordan; Captain, First Row: Liz Jorgensen, Robin Edwards, Carrie Lockwood, Captain Amy Brechin; Second Row: Jill Jovan, Nancy Rizley, Lisa Whitcomb, Cathy Madala, Cj Patterson; Third Row: Nancy Jenkins, Lucia Gary, Cheryl Anderson, Emily Moore; Fourth Row: Betty York, Sarah Wright, Anna Jordan, Julia Garwood, Allison; Julia Shade, Coach Dault.

Fullback: Sarah Wright, backs: up Lucia Gary as she steals the ball from Casady opponent.

Unity — we had it and we knew it. It was our incentive to work — and work we did. We practiced our dribbling, passing, trapping, (over) and tripping, everyday until 5:30. Sidesheet, sweat, tired bodies — we kept asking ourselves, "Is it all really worth it?" Our games were tough, but opponents were tougher, but this one over gave up. Although we hadn't yet realized it, we must have been good — why else would the Hooters decorate our locker room on



## 'We're No. 1

Being SPC Champions is something that is unexplainable. It's an inner feeling of glory that always keeps you happy. Everytime before when someone would shout "We're No. 1!" it was just a random shout. But now, we know it. We ARE No. 1!"

Before this season, we knew that if we won this game, we would take home a trophy. We had something we had never had before — team confidence. We had even decided to save the cake that we had given at our last victory. Confidence — this is what won the game for us. Both our teams were equal in skill, in spirit, in power, and because we knew we had to win. Every supporting member's feeling

Nancy Rizley hits foot to avoid an incoming OSU opponent, while Lucia Gary hustles to intercept the ball.

bake us cakes? People actually cared about these great hockey players. Because they cared, we cared all the more. With these players and with the addition of spectators, we knew we would be successful. That's why this team was so important. And when we beat them we did.

"Now we know it was worth it. There were even red carnations for us before our last game. We had no way to say thanks but the stepmother that we had would forget. Forget! When GOD will forget the SPC, then we will be on the hill?"

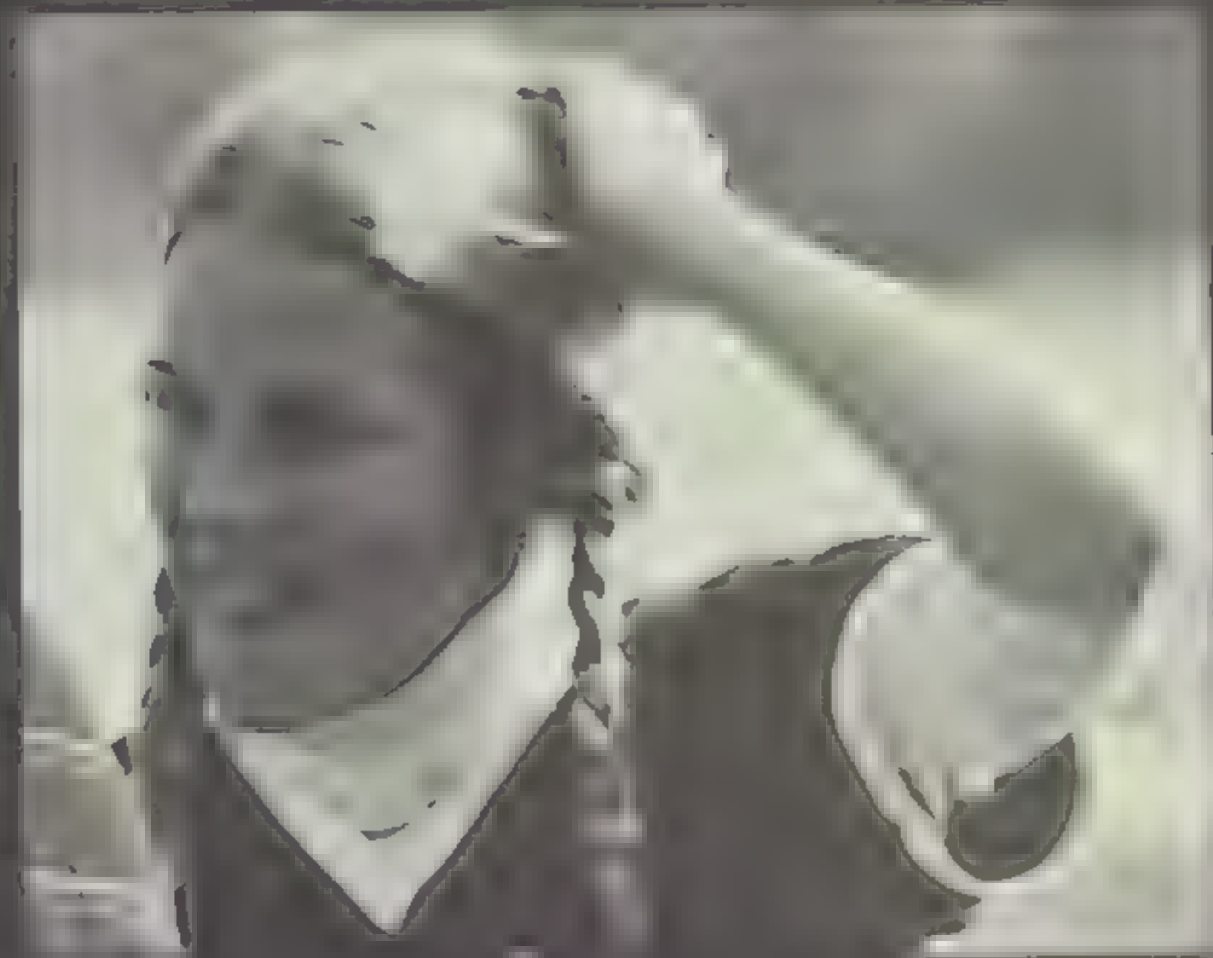


Systemic opponent. Before All the men and women hockey players measure to take SPC and they did.

HH	OSU	1-2
HH	Wichita	6-0
HH	Casady	2-3
	(non-conference)	
HH	OSU	0-3
HH	ORU	11-0
HH	ORU	8-0
HH	Casady	1-0
HH	Hockaday	0-0

that someone did care about us girls and wanted to help. I got thrown in the mix. When we went home, we had to win it for Doubt to show everyone we were the best. The weather was great. It helped. We played the best game of our first year for the first time. I played my best. We never let down and always rushed our hardest. At halftime, we all knew they were better. The score was 0-0. All of the sudden in the second half, I saw the ball roll in the cage and that was it. We won. Everyone went crazy, jumping up and down, screaming, and crying. It was the greatest feeling I've ever felt.

Silent only for a moment, wanting her team to score, Captain Amy Brechin watches helplessly, unable to play because of a broken knee.





HH FWCD 14 - 4

HH Hocaday 7 - 3

HH Casady 5 - 6

HH St Steven's 6 - 3

HH St John's 0 - 11

HH Kncaid 15 - 4

Left: Debbie Jenkins bats the ball down trying to fake out the Cyclones' attack. Below: Valene Brewer of St. John's tries to pass Jill Jewell in an unsuccessful drive while Susan Dunlap and Charlotte Thornton move in for the defense.



'Two, four, six, eight, we don't appreciate . . .'

There was so much excitement over hockey taking conference that I wanted speedball to do the same. We had everything going for us — skill, experience, depth and confidence. Every single one of us played our hearts out at Casady for a victory. We out-played the Cyclones from beginning to end. They knew it, we knew it — everyone knew it. But we were plagued with bad call after bad call. We couldn't fight the team, their coach and the officials and still expect to win. I'll never forget those touchdown calls. I guess we had everything going for us except the score. Casady 6; Holland Hall 5.



Above: MVP Margaret Martin scores a drop kick — only to have the controversial three points called back.



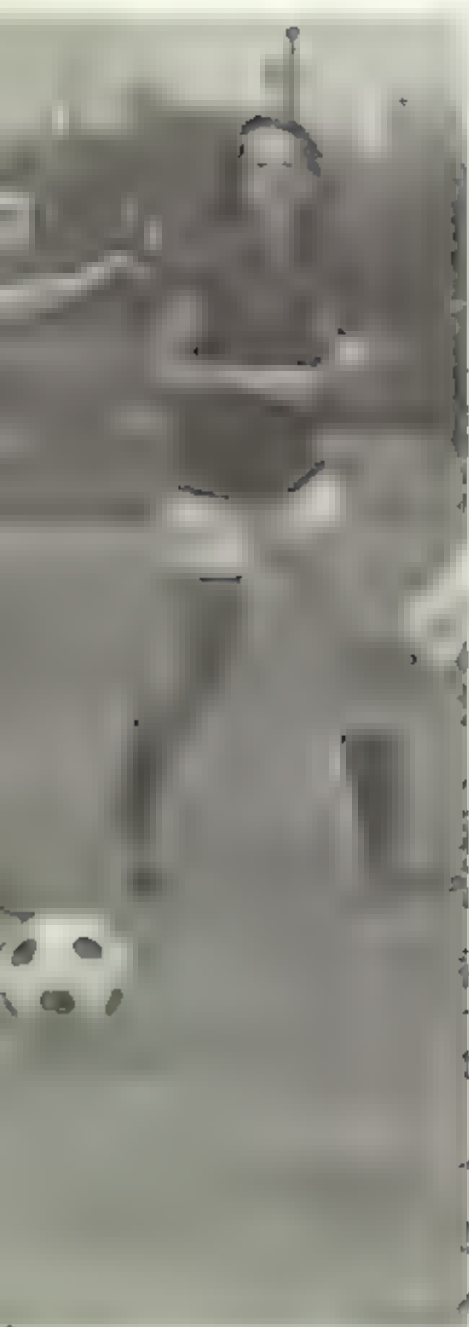
# ALL-TIME HIGH FOR SPEEDBALL'S LAST YEAR



We began with bowling and ended with soccer. With our first game being in January, the Yale Bowl served, as temporary athletic diversification. Unfortunately though, by the end of the season, the SPC coaches felt that permanent diversification was needed. With few teams and fewer officials, speedball had seen its last year.

None of us really knew why we were playing that crazy mixed up game called speedball. Maybe it was because we liked to see how many different colors of clothing we could bundle ourselves in before practicing, or perhaps it was the satisfaction you received when (and if) you finally scored a drop kick.

Our practices were filled with punts, field goals, and bust exercises. We found ourselves playing in sun and snow, slipping in mud and rain, and tripping through fog and rocks. Besides scrimmaging in practice we traveled while we air dribbled, played with Snitz (Miss Doult's dog), and had a ridiculous two on two elimination tournament.



**Above Center:** Captain Barbie Edwards displays her

**Above First Row:** Lisa Jewell, Debbie Jenkins, Kathy Moore, Lisa

**Second Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Third Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Fourth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Fifth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Sixth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Seventh Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Eighth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Ninth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Tenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Eleventh Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Twelfth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Thirteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Fourteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Fifteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Sixteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Seventeenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Eighteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Nineteenth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Twentieth Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Twenty-first Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

**Twenty-second Row:** Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Doult,

Anxiety before conference lead to high spirits at conference. On the field, our spirits brought us a 4-2 record. Off the field, our spirits earned us the title of the wildest team at Passport Inn. (We felt that the bathtub was a little too cramped for free-wheeling Nancy Makar and that the pool was just the right size. Water too cold, Nancy?)

Speedball had ended with a season we could be proud of. With a tie for second at conference, the best scoring record in HH history, and more all conference players than any other team, it was sad to hear that speedball was over forever.

HH	Foyil	30-55
HH	Tulahassee	36-36
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	47-39
HH	Foyil	37-48
HH	Owasso	19-61
HH	Casady	47-28
HH	Catoosa	30-56
HH	Chelsea	18-37
HH	Cleveland	21-32
HH	Bartlesville College	41-29
HH	Tulahassee	30-55
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	49-28
HH	Washington	48-50
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	49-28
HH	Washington	48-50
HH	Bartlesville College	26-25
HH	Owasso	11-49
HH	Monte Cassino	53-45
HH	Casady	39-30
HH	Hockaday	24-61
HH	Wichita Collegiate	24-28
HH	St. Mary's	43-64
HH	Kincaid	53-51
HH	St. John's	35-43
HH	Greenhill	53-55

**Left:** In the second overtime of the contest, Gip Patterson strains to out-reach her Washington opponent Avis Foster. **Below:** Cheryl Kunkel and Jane Friedrich corner their opponent in an attempt to block her pass.



## 'I didn't expect much . . . '

When I went to a girls' basketball game, I was expecting to walk away embarrassed. With only one returning senior on the team, I didn't expect much. To my surprise, the team performed as though they had played together for years. Excitement wasn't the word for this particular game. After it was carried out to a double overtime, it could be better termed as strenuous, even for those sitting in the bleachers. If I hadn't known the girls from around school, their performance on the court would not have been indicative of their personalities. I never realized that Holland Hall had girls that could run so hard and shoot so well. If you are ever looking for some free excitement, or would like to see girls in a different state of being, try a girls' basketball game. You're likely to find it fascinating.



**First Row:** Susan Moore, Cheryl Kunkel, Jane Tyler, Kathleen Barry, Kelly McCune, Marylou Frates, Jane Friedrich. **Second Row:** Coach Ivors, Nancy Ruzley, Cathy Crockett, Kathleen Hares, Sherry Erskine, Gip Patterson, Phyllis Lewis, Ginger Ashley.



After forcing a steal, Marylou Frates energetically races down-court to awaiting forwards



## FLU RUINS SPC CHANCES

Some of us will never know why we played basketball. It couldn't have been for all those line drills we ran for Mr. Ivors and certainly not for the leg weights we had to wear at practice. It couldn't have been to stay late after practice to shoot 150 extra free throws. In practice we heard, "Don't dribble if your not going anywhere" until we wished we were deaf and the "passing game" and "man on man defense" became our specialties. Our conference hopes faded as the flu bug found five out of our six starters before the Hockaday and Wichita games, but despite our losses, we worked hard at SPC in Dallas (especially trying to short sheet Mr. Ivor's bed before our 10:00 p.m. curfew.)

For some the season was satisfying, for others very rewarding, and for the rest — well, they will still never know why they played basketball.



**Left:** While a Cassidy opponent tries to block her shot, Nancy Rizley shoots high for a basket.  
**Above:** Eager to get the ball up high between Barry stands ready.



After rebounding a shot against Owasso, Jane Tyler outmaneuvers her opponent.

## GIRLS GO 'N GIT NO. 2

Down the stairs, through the mud, across the bridge, tripping across stumps each day we faced that long trudge out to the tennis courts. It was usually to practice with eight people on two courts or bat at balls in 50 mph winds. (Despite the fact we finally got our windscreens.) Our matches took us all over Green Country U.S.A. to places where we, all but once, came home with a victory. We were the only team with our own Git 'N Go girls, a pregnant

coach, and a hole in our gas tank due to an unexpected dip warning. At conference, we weren't playing that "1-2-3-4 game" anymore. Our longer matches resulted in red, sunburnt bodies (except for Mary Sukkar who kept her tiger glasses on.) We did manage to pull through with a second place win though due to our D.O.B.s (deep on backhand) and constant ice packs on Connie's injured shoulder.

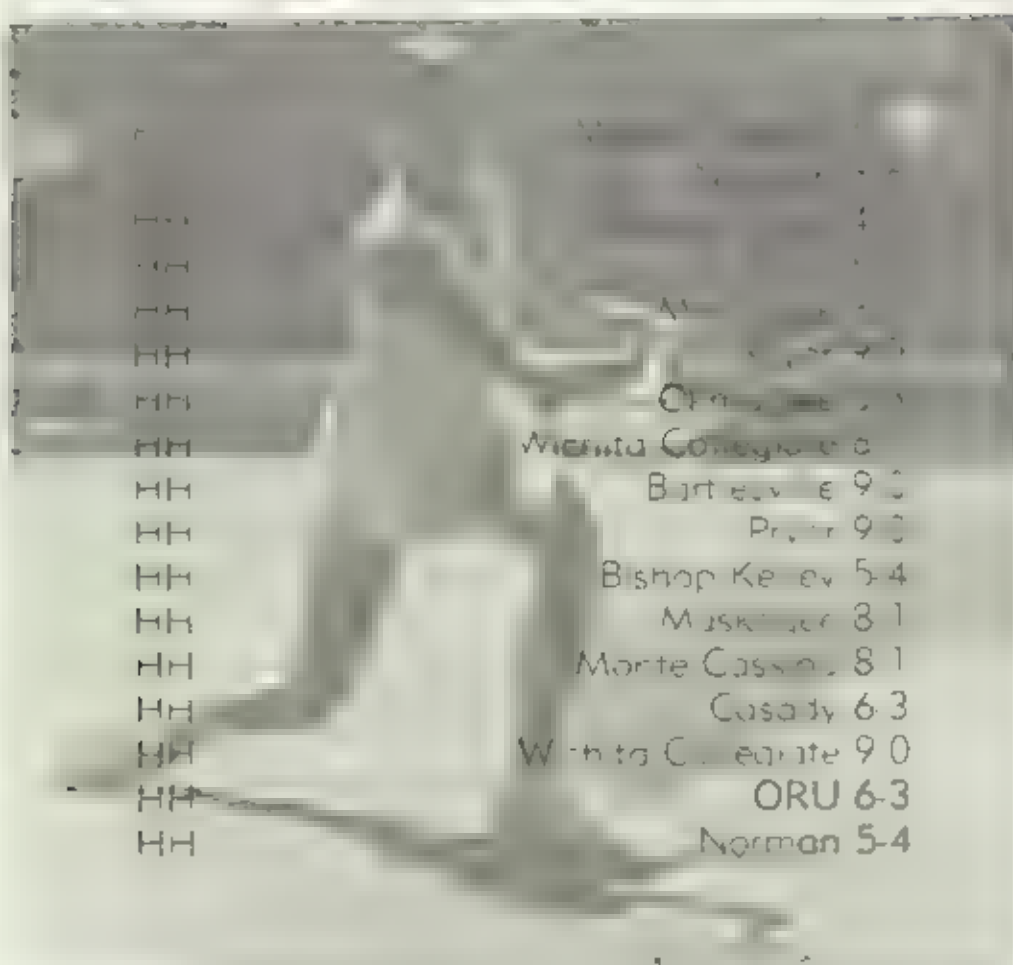
**Below Left:** Mrs. Bryant sits prettily to make up for Mary Sukkar's advantage in wearing tiger glasses and bonnet. **Below:** Liz Arrington smokes as her serve barely tops the net.



**Above:** MVP Cheryl Kunkel's consistent play takes her to the "P" finals. **Right:** Although displaying fancy footwork and a healthy fressie, captain Char Thorpe is not the only one to get the job done.



Showing that she was fit to play the game. Her team is Sarah Rizley.



Wichita College 9-0  
 Bartlesville 9-0  
 Pryor 9-0  
 Bishop Kelley 5-4  
 Muskogee 3-1  
 Monte Cassin 8-1  
 Casady 6-3  
 Wichita Central 9-0  
 ORU 6-3  
 Norman 5-4

Despite persistent shoulder problems at conference, Connie Lockwood counterattacks her opponent's onslaughts to take singles consolation.



**First Row:** Marilou Frates, Liz Arrington, Cheryl Kunkel **Second Row:** Mary Sukkar, Mrs. Bryant, Connie Lockwood, Sarah Rizley, captain Charlotte Thornton, Juliet Harrison

## 'McDonald's was a real blow . . .'

Spring conference proved to be an unusual S.P.C. Driving some teams in station wagons instead of the usual M.K. & O. bus seemed a terrible blow to tradition. Staying in the same hotel as the boys was another blow to tradition, (but perhaps not so terrible.) I think I saw more of them when they stayed across town from us. Tradition felt its real blow though, as we started home (while being careful not to puncture our sunburnt bodies.) As our bus pulled up to McDonald's instead of the immortal Wyatt's cafeteria, it seemed Holland Hall had finally conformed to the new American way.

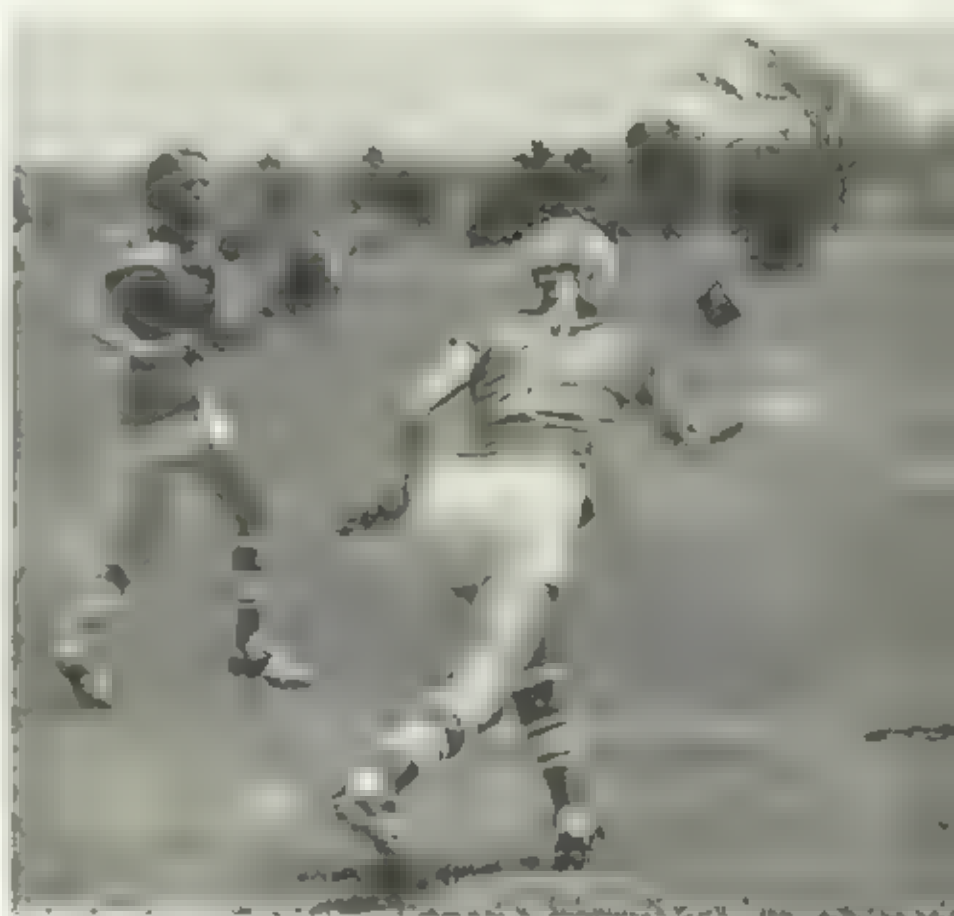


## SOFTIES NAME THE GAME UNPREDICTABLE

HH	Kelev	5-22
HH	Casady	8-12
HH	Ch M	24-1
HH	Ch M	21-14
HH	Bartlesville	20-12
HH	Bartlesville	20-13
HH	Washington	12-28
HH	Mason	16-25
HH	Casady	2-12
HH	Okarche	44-6
HH	Red Raiders	9-20
HH	Bartlesville	11-10
HH	Bartlesville	20-5
HH	Keleville	0-6
HH	Greenhill	11-7
HH	Hockaday	32-22
HH	FWCD	16-0
HH	Casady	7-15



It seemed that when we hit well, our fielding was poor . . . and vice versa. The attitude of the team was so important for us. We really psyched ourselves up for games with the aid of our new coach, Mrs. Harrison. We were so unpredictable that being "up" for a game could mean disaster . . . we laughed so hard at times, that three innings could go by unnoticed (except by Mr. Calkins) It seemed as though we changed Mr. Calkins from Mr. Optimist to Mr. Worry as the outcomes of our games became more and more unpredictable. Come-from-behind victories were our trademark. To us, scoring 20 runs against Mason with two outs already made, seemed spectacular. But to repeat that performance against Hockaday made it an everyday affair. With our luck and Nelda, Burr, Mamacita, Flicka, Chickie Baby, and Camel Woman, how could we ever lose anyway?



**Below: First Row:** Karen Caldwell, Anne Laster, Ann Hooker, Sherry Erskine, Nancy Jenkins, captain Amy Brechin **Second Row:** Julie Yeabower, Robyn Watson, Nancy VanderMolen, Nancy Makar, Candy Terry, Cheryl Somers **Left:** Ann Hooker throws the ball in, during pre-game warm-up



## 'They played real doozies . . .'

The chicks who composed the softball team always saved the best for last. Whether they were runnin' in the sun or had it made in the shade, they gave the best they had when the goin's were bad. They were all hard workers, but sometimes had to steal to make ends meet. When the chips were down, they ran a tight business and never let anyone slide.

Mason was tough, but not tough enough. For our team supreme, by whom Mason was creamed in the last inning, when they were just beginning, to start to play, with two away, they saved the day, 26-25, man alive.



**Left:** Nancy Makar combines her abilities of stealing a base and bubble blowing. **Above Left** (opposite page): Her Hockady opponent misses the ball as Julie Yeabower makes a base run. **Directly Above:** Cheryl Somers, Amy Brechin, and Sherry Erskine display their team cooperation for an out.



**Left:** Nancy Jenkins rounds third base for a final sprint into home. **Above:** Robyn Watson packs a powerful ball into first base.



**Left:** Leaping Leslie Ringold jumps and bumps in demonstrating her unique style. **Below:** Cap Patterson falls out of the picture as she dives to make a valiant effort.



## 'Would you like yours served spiked?'

If you were to tell someone that a group of girls were going down to the gym to do some spiking, serving, and bumping, (with occasional groans and foot stomping), one would think there was going to be a wild party with spiked punch and dancing go-go girls.

Sorry to disappoint you but instead of a wild party, a volleyball game would be going on. But the action is equally exciting. Imagine six girls able to bump to perfection. Bump! Set 'em up! Spike, Bump! Bump! Spike! Or better yet, imagine Sarah Wright spiking down the other teams' throat instead of putting it in their glasses, (and sometimes even putting it in their eyeglasses.)

If that ain't as exciting as a party, then Shirley Temple wasn't on the Good Ship Lolly Pop.



HH	Monte Cassino 2
HH	Greenville 0 2
HH	Banker T. Washington 1-2
HH	Monte Cassino 2-0
HH	Putnam 0 2
HH	Collins 0 2
HH	Casady 2 0
HH	University of Tulsa 1 2
HH	Frank Keiley 2 0
HH	Greenville 1 2
HH	University of Tulsa 1 2
HH	Casady 2
HH	Casady 2
HH	Hockaday 0 2
HH	Greenhill 0 2
HH	FWCD 1 2

Co-captain Barbie Edwards prays for a point while Kelly McCune is witness to the sleep-walking pro.





## BOUNCING BEAUTIES CUT OFF FOR PRACTICE



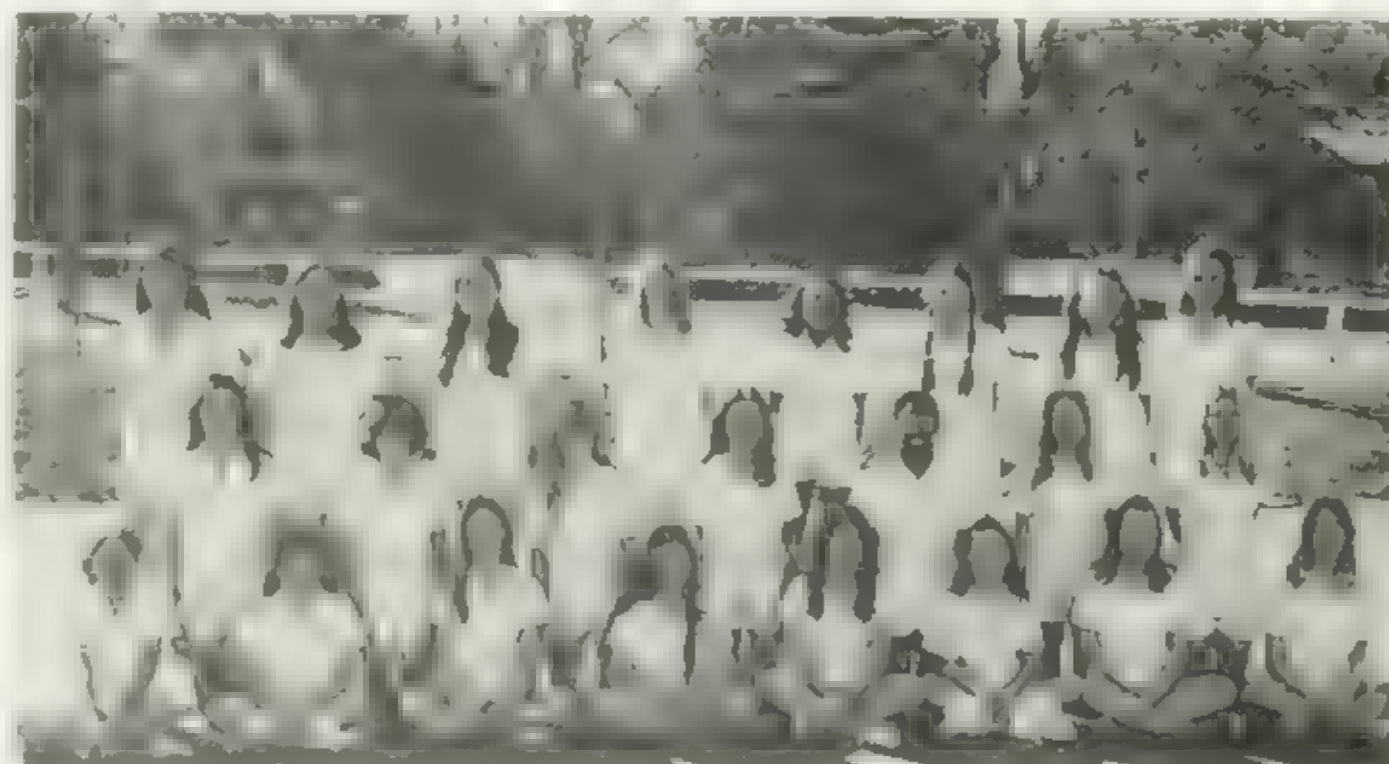
**Directly Above:** Anticipating the direction of the serve Sarah Wright yells out "Who's got it?" **Above:** **First Row:** Susan Paddock, Leslie Ringold, Kelley McCur, Lauren Buttery. **Second Row:** Barbie Edwards, Cathy Crankett, Sarah Wright, Cip Patterson, Dene Bullard. **Right:** Contorting in strange positions, Dene Bullard stretches to set the ball.

Pushing all past miserable defeats behind, we began each practice bouncing down to the courts with our hair in pony tails on top of our heads and dressed in fraternity shirts and raveled cut offs. Serving, warming up, which consisted of twisting ourselves into absolutely impossible positions, and then playing "follow the leader," which was actually a contest to see who would break their neck first, began each practice. Next came spiking and receiving drills which, for some extremely odd reason, we began to enjoy. All the pain soon wore off, and we actually began to win. Now all we need to do is to teach Doult how to play.

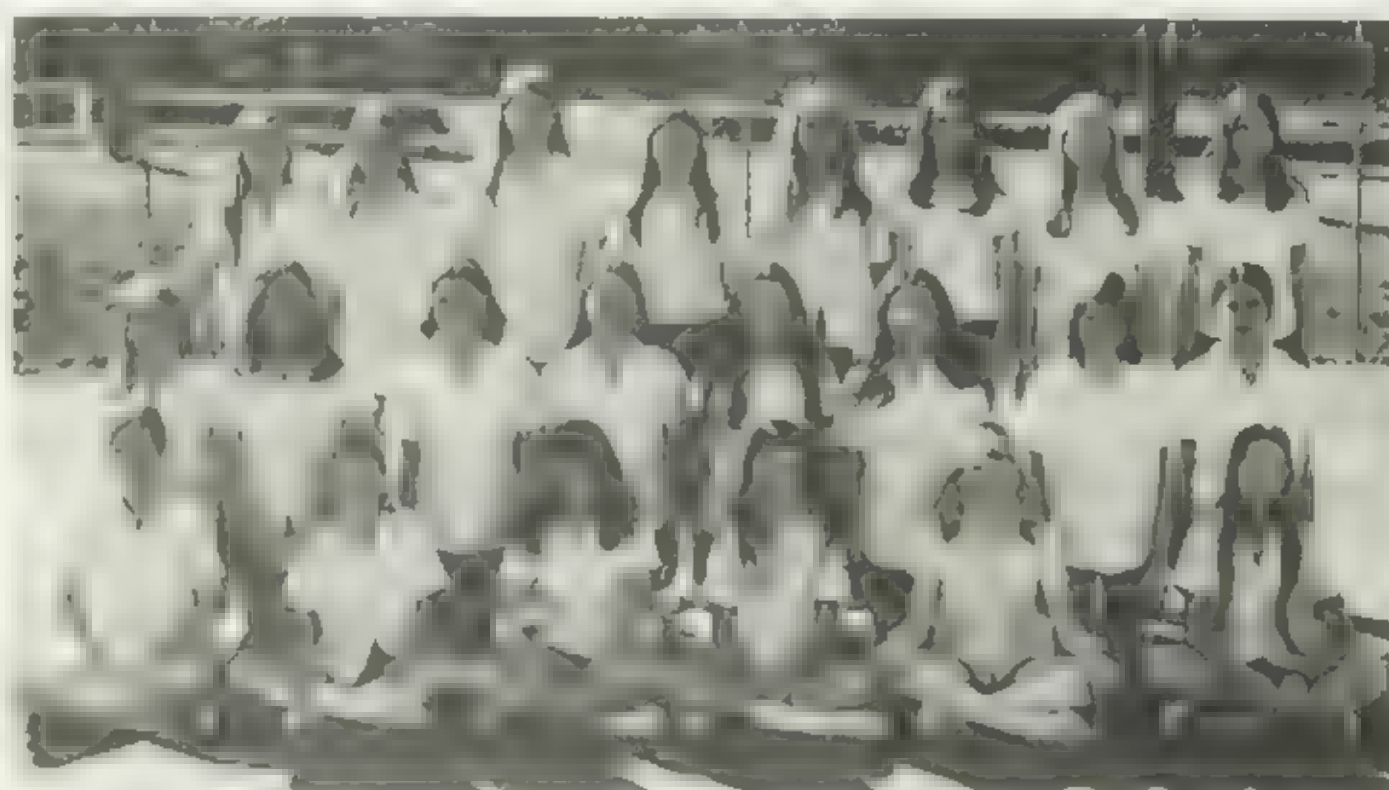
# SAKAWAS, WANATAS HEAD NEW PROGRAM

Sakawas and Wanatas, better known as the girls P.E. program, lead to diverse athletic development similar to the girls' varsity sports. During field hockey, one could acquire much "sticking" experience — mainly by practicing on the opponent. Speedball was practiced with effort since goalies were usually standing in swamps and players were slipping in mud. With tennis racquets aimed, we fired up our spring program with a volunteer teacher, Mrs. Nelson. Each day we could trot up to the Tulsa Tennis Club to play. After treacherous recruiting, a softball team was formed, playing two games a week in a local league. Whatever sport we played, we had either blue or white shorts, some with nametags, and some without. (Contrary to Mrs. Kaboth's popular belief.)

**Sakawas:** First Row: Brenda Biery, Randy Keaten, Kathy Barnard, Tracy Lockwood, Pam Nelson, Alison Reid, Sheila Shillings, Amy Bechtel, Second Row: Lisa McNight, Sandra Katz, Peggy Dalious, Emily Palik, Linda Jenkins, Mary Nole, Third Row: Frances Anderson, Maree Lang, Lisa Pack, Marilyn Jennings, Robin Copeland, Nellie Higginbotham, Elizabeth Jackson, Lynn Connolly



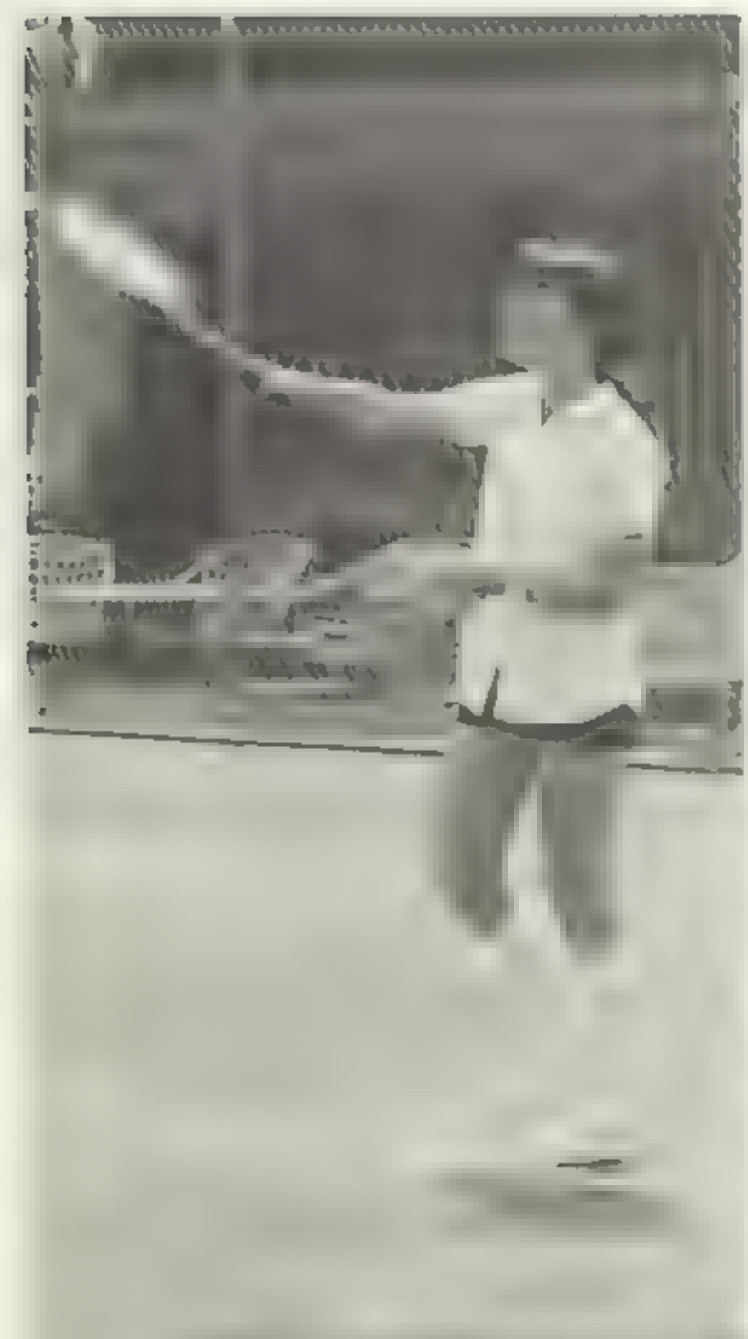
In squatting to secure the ball, Stephanie Sisler prevents Sakawa run



**Wanatas:** First Row: Leslie Casey, Susan Strange, Lon Akin, Leslie Draege, Alison Sitrin, Shelley Moskowitz, Second Row: Sylvia Dukelow, Dana Harwood, Anne Parker, Vicky Modrak, Linda Seay, Stephanie Sisler, June Voth, Janet McCready, Third Row: Carol Bush, Lon White, Wendy Ware, Sharon Rumley, Allison Barry, Sharon Benton, Karen Forsythe, Lee Shirley



**Left:** Aggressive play rewards Lynn Connolly the ball while Linda Jenkins anticipates the play. **Below:** Overriding stamina of Vicki Modrak proved not enough as Casady wamped the novice junior varsity speedball team.



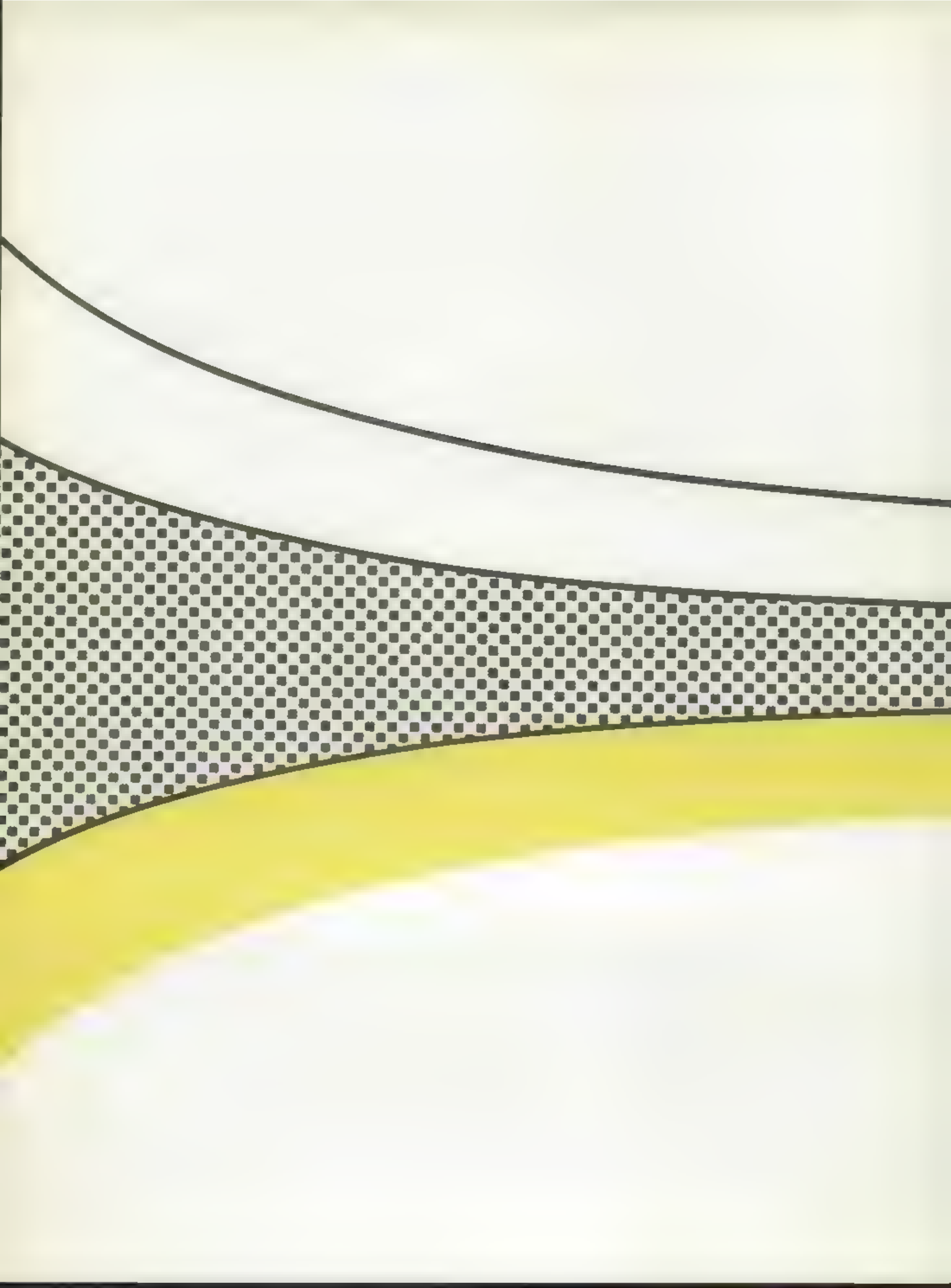
## 'Right dress one . . . left, . . .'

Being new, I passed up field hockey for fear I would look like a clutz learning how to play it. Little did I know I would be marching in a P.E. class instead. The first command of the day was always "Left, left, left, right, left . . . ones go one step, twos go two, threes go three steps, and fours go four ready, march." When we were first engaged in this tedious chore, I was afraid I would have to go through it every day for 45 minutes for the rest of the year.

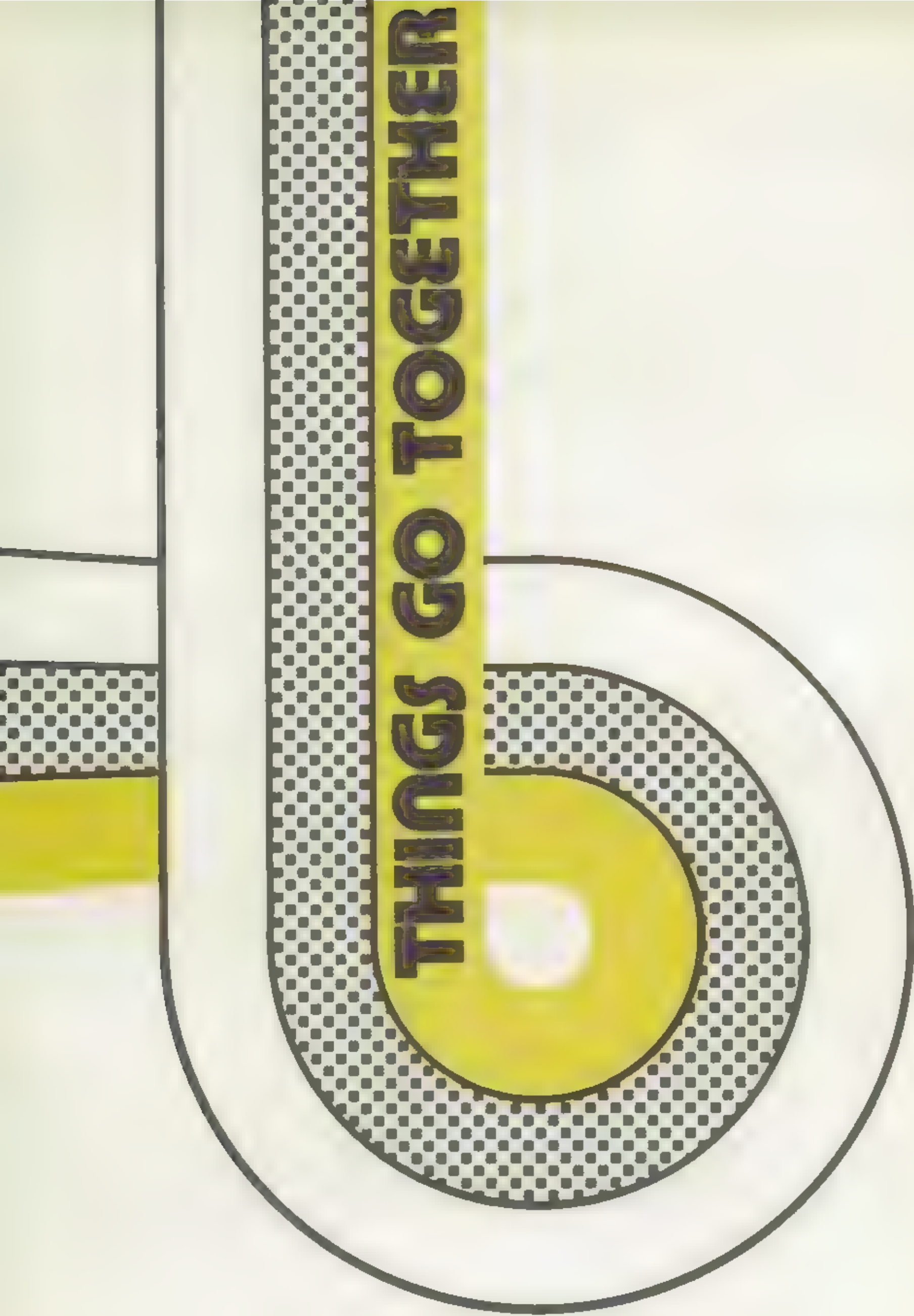


**Above:** Marlene Brink displays a smashing swing to her team's opponent. **Left:** Lynn Jenkins' superb timing allows her to serve while enjoying the use of the Tulsa Tennis Club courts.





**THINGS GO TOGETHER**



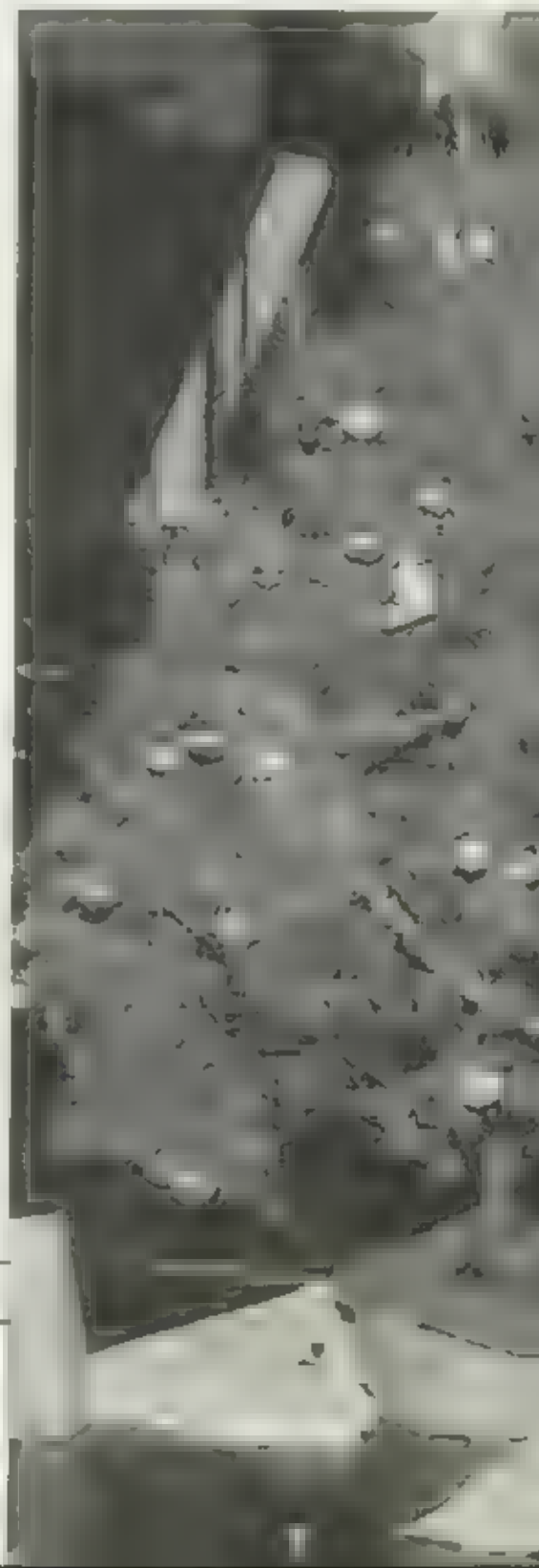


**First Row:** President Bob Cox, secretary Cheryl Kunkel, Leslie Hughes, treasurer Peter Jackson, Keith Owens, Debbie Jenkins, Robin Rainey, Jason Postleack, David Nickle, vice-president Steve Camp. **Second Row:** Ron Binding, Mr. Bizjack, Harold Kunkel, Ann Hooker, Keith Cressman, Charlotte Thornton, Pat Hallett, Ward Camp, Julie Shade.

## FATE PARALYZES SC's EFFORTS

Your local Student Council . . . the activity generator according to the old tradition. It seemed, though, that people didn't like our activities or else just didn't want to get involved. For those that participated, we did accomplish a few feats. After feeding ping-pong balls to goldfish at Field Day and turning the 81st Street campus into a haunted house for a Halloween Party for the lower school kiddies, we diverted our attention to collecting newspapers. We rang doorbells until our fingers were sore and rummaged through trash until we reeked. Our efforts won 3rd place in the KELF Paper Drive and brought us \$400 in cash. Projects like the X-mas Dance (that never was) and the canned food drive (that got canned) were conquered by evil forces such as winter weather and student apathy. Our most popular activity, though, was the operation of the coke machine. Despite the occasional loss of a quarter, it usually provided dieters with all the D.D.P. they could handle, and kept Dr. Pepper freaks high on carbonation.

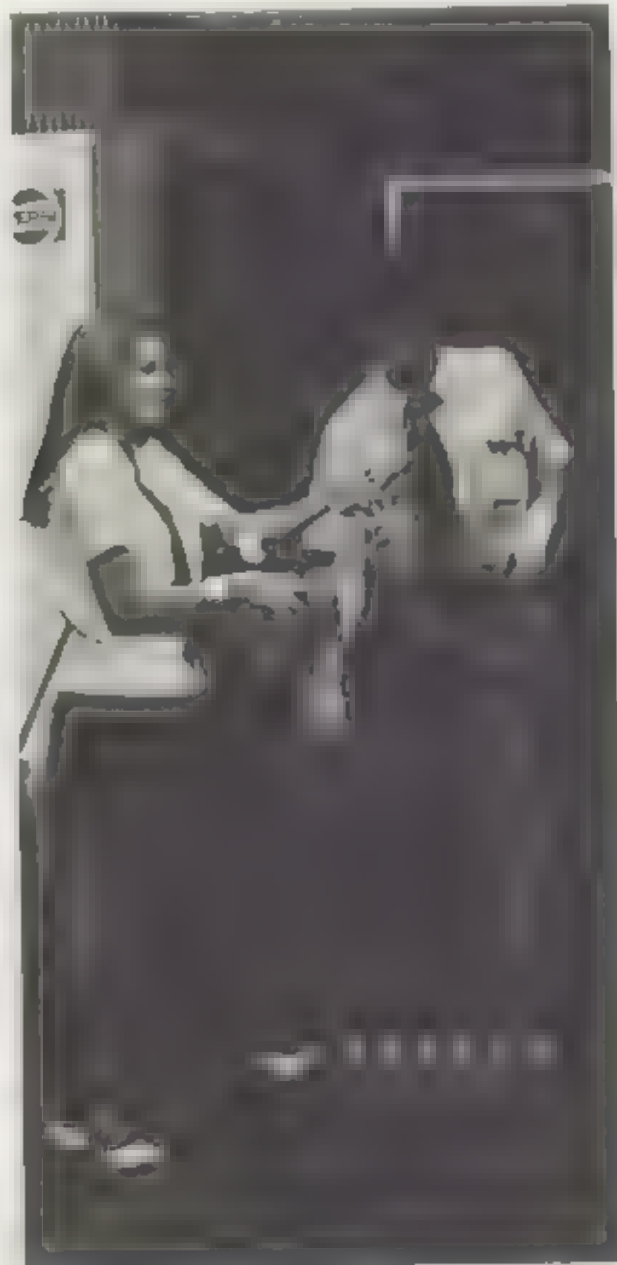
Whether Student Council seemed active to you or not, the school would not have been the same without it or its sidekick, the Middle School Student Council. There would have been no moving morning announcements by Bob Cox, and no one to do the traditional work other organizations sneered at such as selling hot dogs and cokes to hungry Tulsa bookworms at The Book & Art Fair. For those Middle Schoolers, there would have been no X-mas Dance with spaghetti, no Valentine's Day Boogie, or no Camp Takatoka. Yet despite bad odds and the students nonconcern, the Student Council seemed effective in its own little way.







**Above Left:** First Row: Rick, Carpenter, James Fugate, Randy Nelson, Jeff Hughes. Second Row: Mark McCane, John Freeman, Jeff Harrison, Leslie Watson. Third Row: Greg Owens, Graham Brannon, Charlie Morrow, Tom Decker, Anne Parker, Fran Miller. **Above Right:** Volunteers Roger Thurmond, Chuck Gibbs and Martha Wilson lend helping hands to the Paper Drive.



## 'Some of you ask, 'Is there a Student Council?'

Well, yes and no. There was a group of representatives and offices with much desired money, but it wasn't a group that was really successful in promoting that real school spirit. It wasn't that they didn't try. There were your few basic dances that finally seemed to appear. There were the basic good will activities such as the paper drive and canned foods drive, but no one seemed too concerned except those lonesome few. No one really seemed to care. Perhaps it was fate that ruined our enthusiasm (such as the snowstorm that hit before our Christmas dance), or maybe it was only our own apathy and unwillingness to help with the various activities. Think about it. Unlimited opportunities were available. It is too bad we didn't take advantage of them.

**Far Left:** Slowly but surely the canned food drive begins. **Left:** Ann Hooker aids Vice-President Steve Camp with his daily machine filing duty.

# DAYS, NIGHTS HATCH FRESH EIGHT ACRES

We are the creators — of the **Eight Acres** that is. We never really knew what we were creating because it had never been done before. "Yearbook copy" meant nothing to us and mosaic was something Mrs. Carmack taught in art, not yearbook. Deadlines gave us purpose though and we literally lived days and nights for them. Yearbook sessions consisted of Charlotte's bitching, (usually at Margaret), a big white dog constantly sitting in the middle of our layouts and pictures, frequent cries of "WRITE THAT DOWN," and watching Hank Aaron hit his 715th homerun. As the clock ticked away and nerves became shorter, our motto became, "Tell me something to do." (Even though we usually knew.) We ate Fritos and cookies to avoid the munchies at 4:00 a.m. and became slap happy trying to avoid delirium. Early morning headlines always seemed our best. (Probably because we HAD reached delirium.) Silent weeping was heard every time we put the carbon in backwards or typed on the pica paper with the elite typewriter or forgot to double space. When we discovered the debate layout was lost all we could do was cry. (Especially when the deadline was only two days away.) But we continued to listen to Craig Smith choke himself on his "realimmature" jokes, and when everything had been proofread and crammed into one 1 x 1 x 1 cardboard mailing box, we smiled.



**Above:** First Row: Julie Tate, Sheryl Skaggs, Fred Watson, Peter Athens, Cynthia Easton, co-editor Margaret Martin. **Second Row:** co-editor Charlotte Thornton, Amanda McDaniel, Jane Shade, Roy Johnson, Gina Schuman, Nancy Jenkins, Craig Smith, Luke's baby, Sarah Wright, Russell LaCour. **Third Row:** Mr. Knecht, Keith Owens, David Lucas. **Below:** Craig Smith looks to see if confused Nancy Jenkins actually understands what co-editor Margaret Martin is trying to explain.



## 'It's only 4 a.m. . . .'

When deadlines sneaked upon us, there was only one way out — the all night (and week) extravaganzas. After missing meals, we began to eat coffee and drink cookies. We practically lived at our editors' houses. It was as if we were being held captive by the SLA. But under the Geneva Convention, one is allowed to communicate and ours usually went something like this:

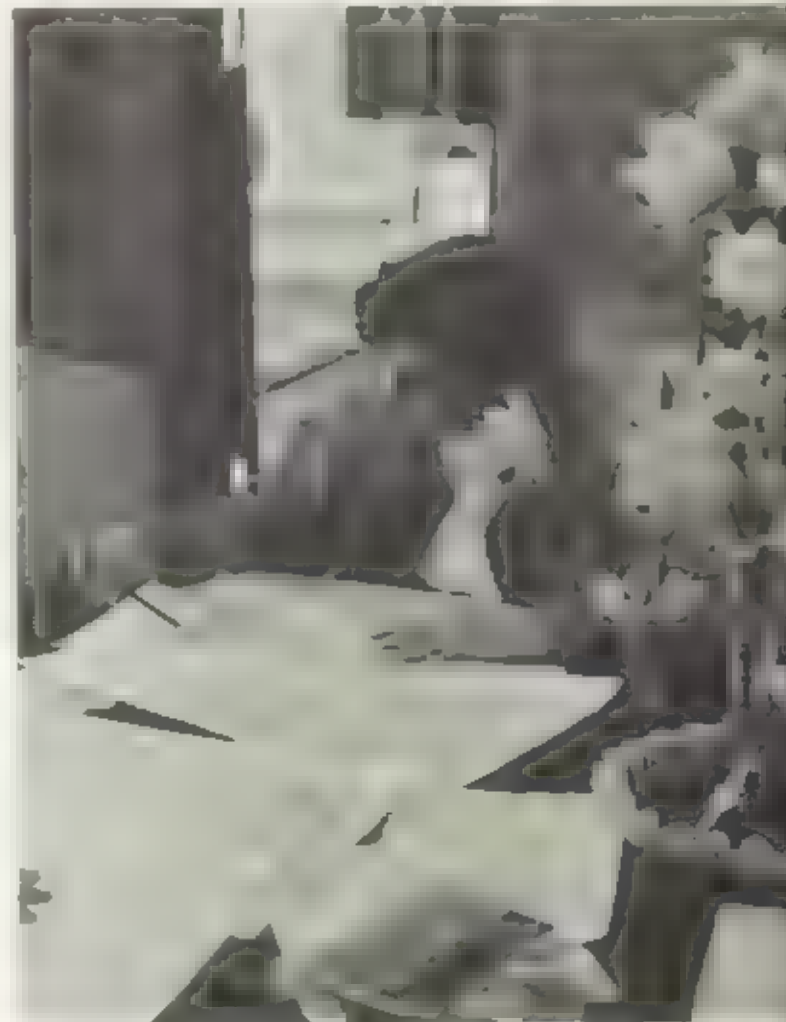
'Aunt Virginia, I'm at Char Thornton's working on yearbook.'

"But you were there last night until 4:00 a.m. It seems to me you would have finished by now."

"But we've been working all year and we haven't finished."

"Well that's all the more reason you should have finished. Get home right now!"

"But I haven't even finished this article, yet."



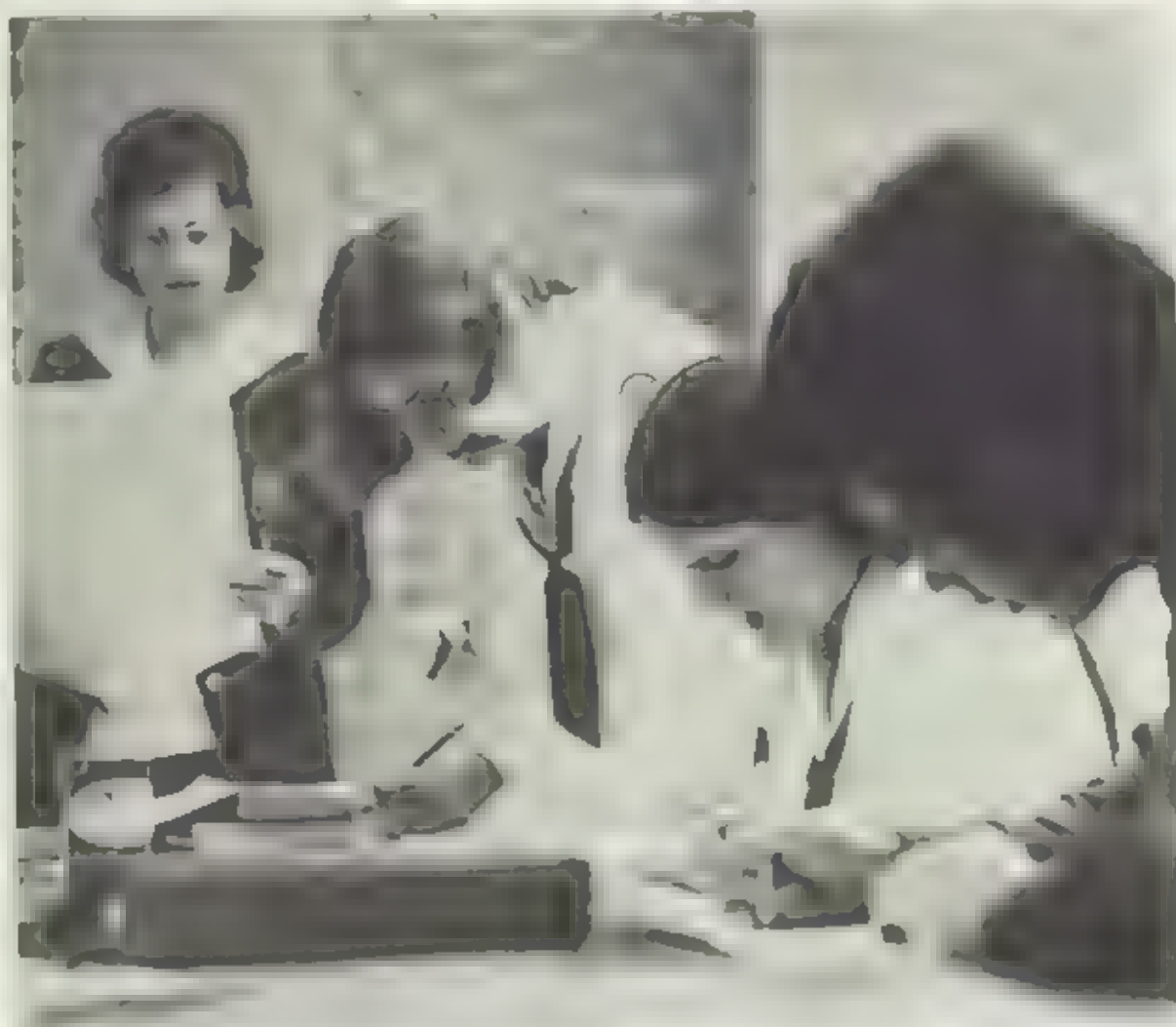
**Above:** Workers Sarah Wright, Charlotte Thornton, Amanda McCloud, and David DeJeter read and reread, consider and reconsider, while Lisa Whitehill finds more interesting material under her fingernails. **Right:** Caught in an unusual quiet moment at a yearbook session, Keith Owens concentrates on his copy while advertising manager Julie Tate tallies her latest totals. **Upper Left:** Julie Tate convinces another businessman that advertising isn't that expensive. **Upper Right:** Sarah Wright ponders her next move while trying to fit a too big picture into a too small space.





[illegible]

A black and white photograph of a large group of young men and women, likely a school or club group, posing outdoors in front of a building. They are arranged in several rows, with some standing and some sitting. The group is diverse in age and appearance, and the setting appears to be a campus or a similar outdoor area.



## 'The mighty Hallway . . .'

We kept you informed on Mr Moore's resignation, the boy and girl of the month, ravaging grass fires, and even the percentage of girls who wanted to be in the Letterman's Club. Every three weeks, Diane assigned Roy to assign John to assign Then, "Your articles were due yesterday!" became a familiar cry at announcements. "Brute force will be used if necessary!" Then came the real fun dummy sessions! (What sessions?) At first, we had to start everyone from the beginning because we had a bunch of rookies. Amazingly though, it all fell together after one day (and many long nights.) Each issue seemed progressively better. Our climax — The Gollway. Editor Kidnapped! Acne Invades! were our April fool headlines. It was ours. There was none better in the town or state . . . at least we thought so, anyway. That's what counted

Above: John Fergus, Susan Steinhilber, and Glen K. Moore in the March 1964 issue. Diane Daines becomes a member of the Letterman's Club. Left: Mary Susan Steinhilber, Roy Fergus, and John Fergus while assigning papers for the April 1964 issue. Below: Amy Daines, Roy Fergus, and Susan Daines while assigning papers for the April 1964 issue on the same day as the one above.





**Right:** English being taught when the... **Above:** ... **Below Right:** ... **Below:** ...







## NEW SPIRIT REVIVES PEP CLUB

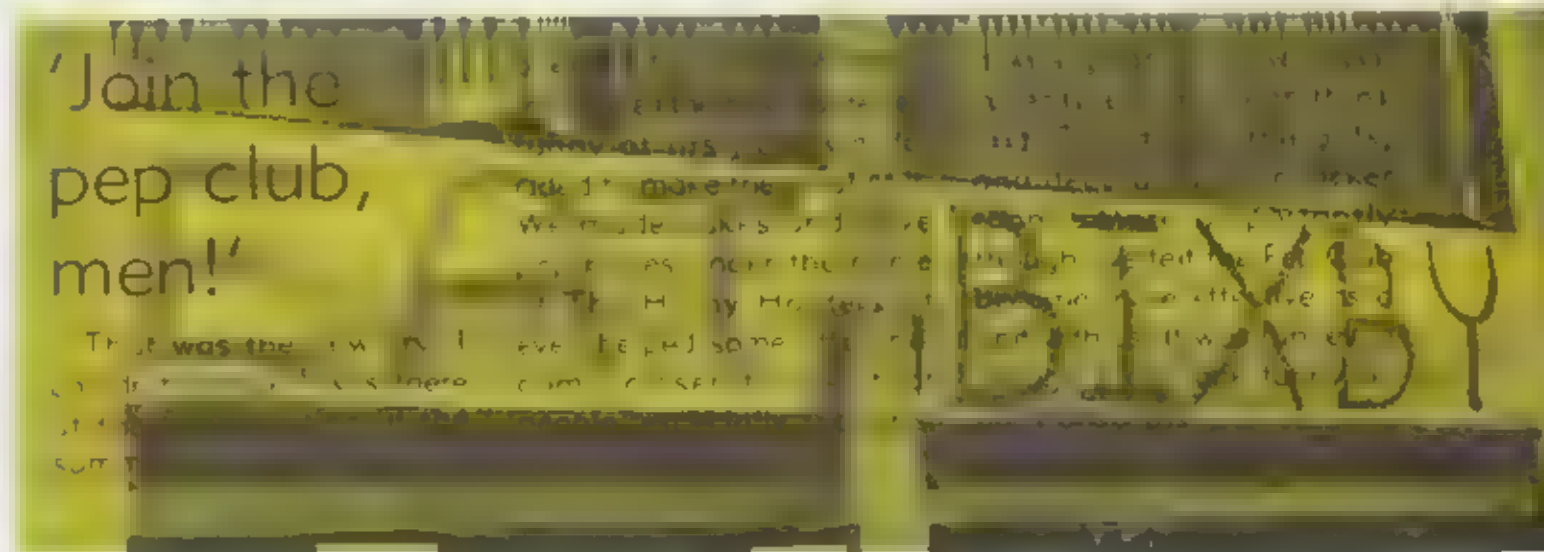
Apathy stricken, Pep Club had fallen to pieces the preceding year. Could it ever be put back together again? The few who thought so found a few more who found a few more until, alas, a rebirth had taken

place. Not only had Pep Club been put back together, but a new addition had been made during reconstruction. Male names were added to the roster as Pep Club went co-ed.

Pep Club '74 — a great

success. We contributed decorations to the commons, (you could lynch yourself if not careful on the various assorted garlands of crepe paper), plumage on the class cars, (in preparation to KILL CASCIA), and humor to school announcements, (due to Barbie's never failing announcement, 'Girls, put YOUR projects in the activities room and boys, put YOURS in Mr. Elmer's office') There were always cakes to promote spirit, (some better than others) caravans to the games (to keep us from getting lost on the way) and concessions at the games (so we could feed our poor hungry treasury). Our pep rallies were loud thanks to Randy Phillips' and Doug Disler's drums (and once even our own HH band). Our membership had soared, (although some never even knew they were members until the yearbook picture was taken), and our spirit had exploded. We were a success because at last, once again, we had pep.

Left: Students at the Pep Rally, backed up by drummer Randy Phillips, let the Sperry Pirates know that the Dutchmen don't mess around.



## Cheerleaders

(a game of charades)

A group

one word

three syllables

First syllable: sounds like

Hear. Hear the noise they make,  
the shouts and screams  
helping the teams to victory

Fear. The fear of losing. The  
feeling that their efforts  
were in vain but not really

Tear: The tears that flow  
whether for victory or defeat,  
indicative of the sincere  
emotions behind the  
shouts and screams

Cheer: (Definition) A shout of  
encouragement or congratulation

Second syllable: sounds like

Read: To read one's emotions  
and tell whether or not to  
say good game depending  
on whether it would  
have meaning

Lead: (Definition) One who  
guides, conducts, influences,  
or directs

Third syllable: sounds like

Her: (Definition) The objective  
case of the third person  
pronoun she

Cheerleader: (you got it!) She  
who combines these  
qualities and is  
one of the seven  
girls known by the  
above title



**Above:** Varsity Cheerleaders: Robin Rainey, Dene Bullard, Cheryl Anderson, Cip Patterson, Debbie Jenkins  
head cheerleader Kathleen Barry. **Below:** Kathleen Barry pauses a moment to catch her breath and study the  
team's situation on the field.



**Right:** The struggling expressions of Debbie Jenkins  
and Cip Patterson hint as to why we rarely saw their  
acrobatic abilities. **Far Right:** Middle School win-  
ning is boosted by the enthusiastic spirit of Linda  
Jenkins and Leni Lundh

Directly Below: With friend Alison Bills, ankle injured Robin Rainey must stand by and watch instead of cheer. Right: Dutchmen and Casady cheerleaders lend their voices to the Hockaday basketball team in hopes of a Hockaday victory over St. John's. Center Right: Middle School Cheerleaders. First Row: Linda Seay, Linda Jenkins. Second Row: Moree Lang, Sharon Benton, Elizabeth Jackson, Nelly Higginbotham. Third Row: Leni Lundh, Janet McCready, Leslie Casey. Lower Right: The cheerleaders "Show 'Em" their pep.



Give me a  
D! Give me  
a U! Give  
me a T!

Give me a C! Give me a H!  
Give me a break! Every normal  
male has his own idea of what  
the ideal cheerleader should look  
like and cheer like. Of course  
this girl never really exists. But

here at HH, our girls came pretty  
close. You always felt good in  
side when we played teams from  
most other schools when you  
looked at **their** cheerleaders. Our  
group of bouncing beauties fared  
well with **any** group we met,  
(even though I must admit that  
the version at the Capri Drive-in  
was much more appealing in its  
own way). They provided a nice  
view from the stands, as well as  
giving a little bit of extra incen-  
tive to those on the court or on  
the field.



# LETTERMEN'S CLUB REGENERATES LOST PRIDE AND UNITY

Lettermen's Club — the most misunderstood organization in the school. At first we did nothing. We couldn't even get ten guys to come to the meetings. We all began to wonder what the Lettermen's Club was all about or if it should even exist. It seemed though that all at once we needed something else. We decided to work. We met at the school at eight o'clock on Saturday mornings to build fences, pull rakes, and dig ditches. An idea even arose which promoted some degree of pride within the school. We bought food for a needy family at Christmas. We all felt something some of us had never felt before. At Dutchmen Weekend, we were proud to announce our queen and decorate her with a dozen red roses and an amethyst necklace. Pride within the unit became the utmost goal, despite the fact only ten guys still came to meeting



**Above:** Are reporter Peter Murley interviews Coach Chindler (Steve Herrin) as Commandoes Mitch Alwood and Kirk Chadsey demonstrate the patty cake game plan. **Below:** "Battie Cheer" is led by the mouthed Key Johnson and knee soxed Mr. Blazek as Ward Camp and Bobby Lee add smiles and spirit.



Horny Hooters John Ashiey, Russell LaCour and Jeff Thurston cheer wildly for the field hockey team while trying to maintain the correct position of their balloons.



'Gimme, gimme  
a beer . . . '

Whose idea was this anyway? I couldn't believe we were actually about to reveal ourselves in front of the students dressed like cheerleaders, complete with chests and skirts. Eight ravishing, beautiful bodies jumping, yelling, cheering, blushing. What a joke! We hadn't

had much practice but what the hell. Mr. Elmer and Mr. Bizjack looked the worst. Jeff and Russell were real cute with their '48's and knee socks, and Roy . . . well, he was the only one that had passes made at him. It was great. "Gimme gimme, gimme a beer that's the sophomore battle cheer" We made total fools of ourselves for the benefit of the girls' field hockey team. It worked. They won conference, and we lost friends. Oh well, what's the use if you can't have a little fun

[illegible]

There was a group of fellers  
Who turned themselves to yellers  
They jumped and cheered  
While people leered  
Some thought they were rebels

One day they chanced upon a game  
Their yelling gained them instant fame  
A raging buzz shot thru the crowd,  
It started softly . . . It ended loud  
People everywhere asked the same,  
"Who are these boys, what is their name?"

Alas the group hit the ground,  
 They stared ahead without a sound  
 They had no name what would they do?  
 They'd just begun and they were through.

But suddenly someone shouted down  
The Horny Hooters                      The best in town



# NEW INTEREST BENEFITS FACULTY AND STUDENTS



**Above Left:** Bern Fush, Robert Arnold, v. Peters, Leslie Owen and Candy C. Key Club Room. B. McIntosh is right as the Key Club's first vice president. **Above Right:** Key Club volunteer Kevin Robinson works the lights at Harkness. **Below:** Key Club members. **First Row:** Christine Thomas, Betty Clark, Connie Luckwill, Anne Reid, Amy Brechin. **Second Row:** Mary Ann Miller, Ken Fush, Gary Anderson, Mike Chase, Bart Edwards, Linda Gory, Jennie Davis. **Third Row:** Tracy, Linda, Nancy, Jeanne, Amanda, M. and C. G. (with set R. and R. Thurmond). **Fourth Row:** Harold Kunkle, Keith, Lessem, Jeff, Hurston, Candy, Carey, Kevin Robinson, John Asprey.

"The Jack of all trades club" — that should be our name. We were ushers, tutors, errand runners . . . even carpenters. Sometimes we asked ourselves why we ushered at concerts, tutored underclassmen, ran errands for the front desk, and — yes — even poured concrete, but we always knew there had to be a good reason. The study station in Room 219 was always manned (why else would we always "bring our schedules to meetings"?), and new picnic tables (ingeniously engineered by our sponsor Mr. Benton) were built for the creek area. If you would like anything else done — just let us know.







Above: Mr. Benton displays expert carpentry as Lucia Gary studies the procedure. Below: Craig Smith knows precision makes the difference between a table that stands and a table that leans



## HOT ARGUMENTS RESULT SANS CHANGE

The Student Faculty Senate, Holland Hall's own go-between, handled students' complaints, new proposals and even re-hashed old ones. After a long filibuster, the Smoke Hole had to remain in the woods as once again a proposal to permit on campus smoking was nixed. (Smokers — please don't set fire

to the woods yet — it's still being worked on!) Continuing their work, the Senate appeared ironically conservative. The fight to allow sweaters of any color and style to be worn without coats was quietly muffed out, leaving the uniform unchanged and sweaters still in their drawers



Student Faculty Senate Seated: Ann Hooker, Charlotte Thornton, Mrs. Bizjack, Father Standing: Mr. Calkins, Mr. Elmer, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Harrison, Keith Owens, Steve Ron Binding, Richard Harrison, Mr. Benton

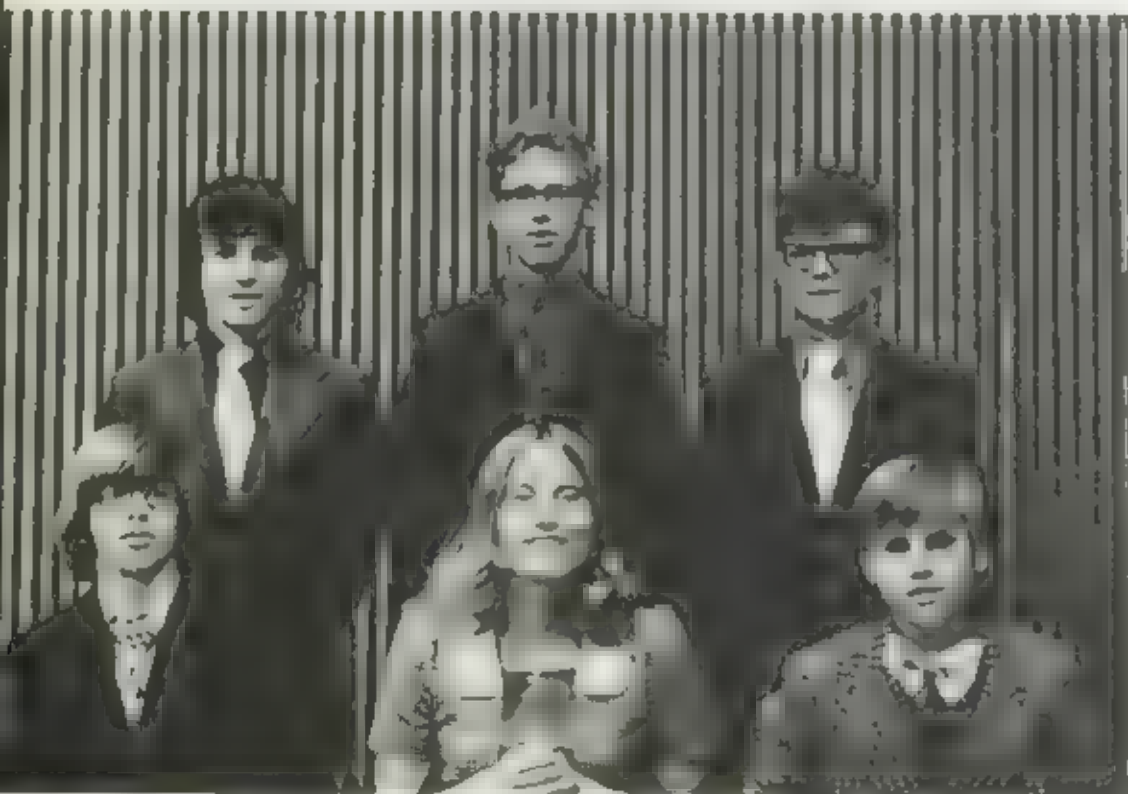
### 'Key Club is more than just a name . . .

For the first time in my high school career, I honestly enjoyed Key Club. It made me memorize my schedule faster — because of all the "Bring-your-schedules-with-you" meetings. It

even got me to the point where I would study during my visits to the study station. Key club introduced many faculty members to me, which normally I wouldn't of known. With the help of the great carpenter, blacksmith, clown and sponsor, Mr. Benton, we built some fine picnic tables and benches to be enjoyed by all. I feel key club made a giant step forward this year and proved to the school that The Key Club was just not a name.

## PUBLISHER LIKES IT — TOO MUCH

"Write something for Windmill!" This became a popular request (order?) after Christmas vacation. We got off to a slow start and by Christmas time we had enough material to fill an entire three page magazine (photographs included). But stories and poetry started coming in and the pace began to speed up. We chose the cover, print and material with ease considering that we had two editors. We finally finished and sent the magazine to the publisher. We were pleased and proud of our work. It seemed the publisher liked it too, he liked it so much that he kept it longer than we expected. When he returns it, we'll send you a copy.



Right: Debate instructor, Mrs. Richards, listens to a case. Above: Debate First Row: Brett Lantz, Kathy Beale, John Brechin. Second Row: Blair Barber, Billy Nole, Ken Low. Not Pictured, John McGrath.

## SEVEN SIBLINGS SEEK ANSWERS

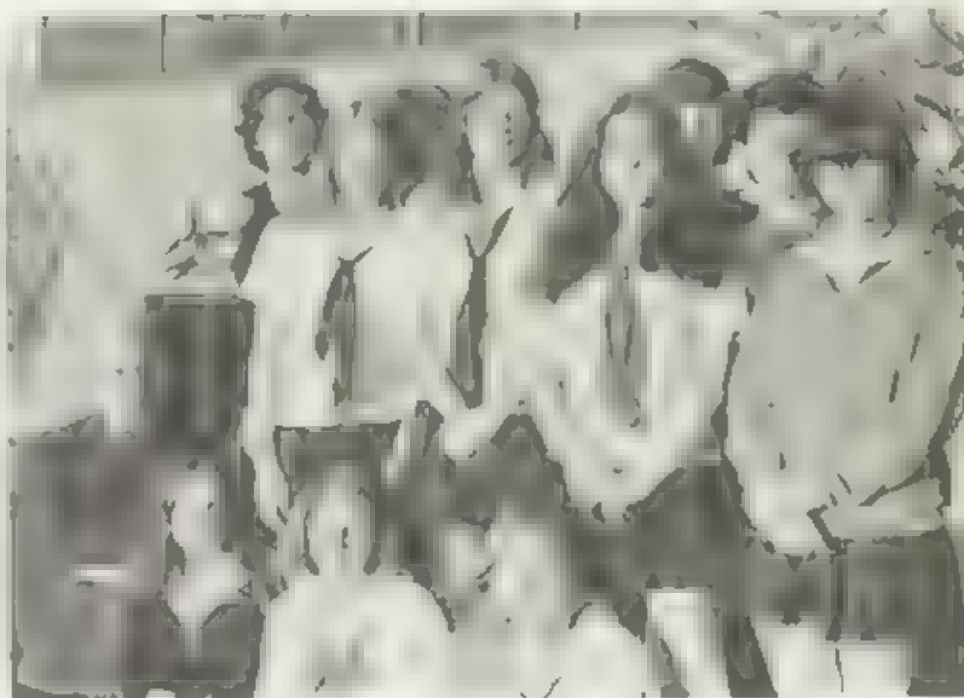
'Yes' or 'No' Should the U.S. government provide employment to the unemployed? That's what we debated all year long. Our team had a trace of woman's lib — one girl — but added to six boys, we were actually just one big happy family. Researching our question and filling our quote boxes took almost as long as publishing the yearbook. It was all worth it when the debating began. Overnight tournaments resulted in wins, losses, stolen and waterlogged quote boxes.





Left: Ted Sloan stresses his point-of-view to Leslie Ringold and Amanda McLoud

**Above:** Mrs. Richards presents debate awards to Ken Low. **Below:** Windmill editors Amanda McLoud and Susan Steinberg, discuss the layout of the literary magazine with Mr. Sloan. **Right:** Windmill First Row: Mr. Sloan, Amanda McLoud, Susan Steinberg, Lee Ann Garetson. Second Row: Ginger Ashley, Laura Shamas, Leslie Ringold, Cynthia Easton. Third Row: Vic Peters, David Deller, Jeff Thurston, Robert Arnold



## 'Toto, too . . .'

I used to dread going into dark corners with Mr. Sloan in order to watch poetry and short stories peek out of the over-head projector. The most conducive atmosphere for selection of materials was found the evening we spent with Amanda and read our poetry and short stories to the tune of the cowardly lion's song in the Wizard of Oz.





Left: With determined assurance of a good move, Haden Haworth plays his man during the East Central match. Below: Art Club. First Row: Vic Peters, Margaret Martin, Cindy Easton. Second Row: Tim Coulb, Beth Nash, Tommy Laster, Robert Arnold, Keith Owens, Mat Helmer, Pat Perry, Michelle Holland, Robin Rainey.



## ARTISTS BRUSHED

After finding our selves always at the bottom of the activities calender, our meetings were few and far between. Most of our fifteen members never really knew they were members. Meetings

consisted of loud noises and wild laughter. Our treasury mysteriously dissappeared and by the end of the year, the purpose of our meetings was to find a purpose for our meetings.

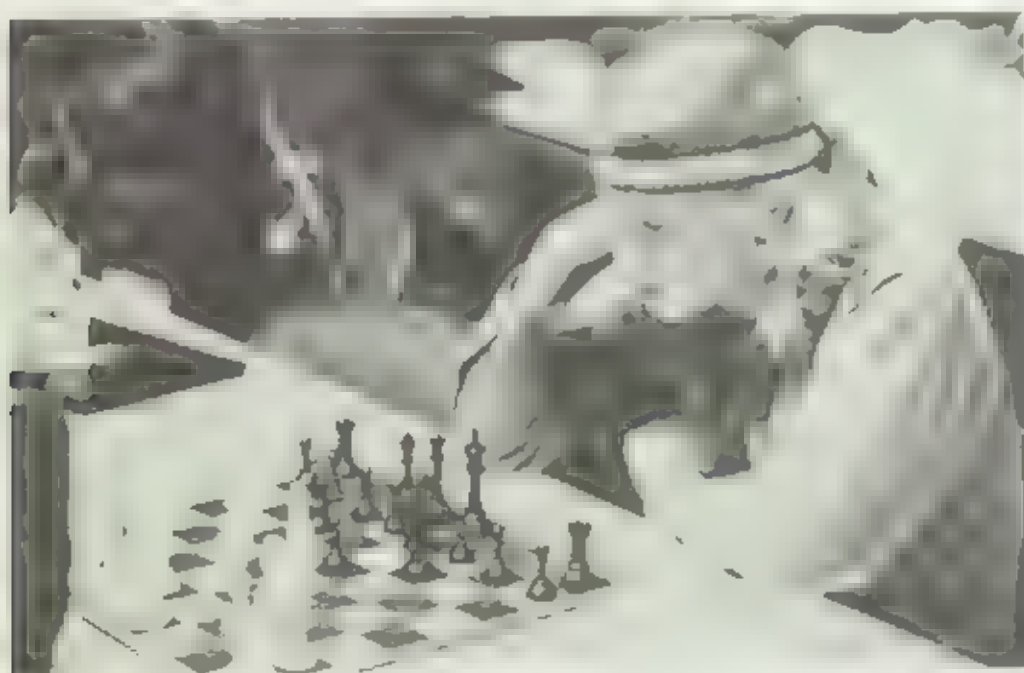


Above: Playing his East Central opponent at the Birmingham campus, instead of at the "81st and boardocks" location, John Breckinridge. Right: The Art Club's pre-fire sale finds Tim Coulb arranging the "81st and boardocks" location.





**Above:** Chess Club, **First Row:** David Ramsey, Chris Taylor, John Brechin, Scot Harvey, Paul Herman, Peter Jackson, Haden Haworth, Jim Eagleton, Peter Lockwood, David Brown, Wes Miller, Lay Stewart, Tony Yeabower, Bob Cox, Craig Smith, Jim Shamas. **Second Row:** John Ridgeway, Mitch Adwon, Kevin Robinson. **Below Right:** The Art Club's loyal members, Tim Cobb, Vic Peters, and Robert Arnold, scheme what to do with the treasury. **Below:** Peter Lockwood ponders a pawn.



## 'Queen to King 3 . . .'

King's Bishop to King's Knight 4, check! Queen to Queen's 5, mate! So goes a light conversation of pieces on the first board of the Dutch chess club. To some, chess is a most appealing outlet. Some say you can learn a lot about a person by playing chess with him. I'd

rather talk to him about life, death, the weather, Chinese philosophy . . . But from Chinese philosophy you get into ping pong and from ping pong you get into international sports. From here you get into Spassky and Bobby Fisher, and we all know where that leads. So if you have less than an hour with someone you'd like to get to know, talk to him. If you have more time, play him a game of chess, you'll get there anyway!



## CHESS? YES!

One may have noticed the slight increase in flying rooks, maniac fits and even concentration. There is only one explanation — chess arrived at Holland Hall. Slowly progressing from a stalemate, chess club grew to include 25 members and became official as it was accepted to the U.S. Chess Federation. Mr. Palma, assuming the roll as advisor, advised us to elect officers. Our treasury proved that we were not rich kings, (but all we wanted to do was play chess.) Double speed chess quickly transformed and caused the Commons to be filled with bishops and knights. We won match after match to compile an undefeated record. With new freshmen pawns, we hope to compile more.

# MIGHTY NUTS SURVIVE 4 YEARS OF NEW SOIL

It was hard to believe at first — we were actually the seniors. Now, it was our turn for responsibility . . . leadership . . . It seemed weird not having those older guys around running the place and telling us what to do and where to go

A nil treasury (Oh! If we had only sold those lightbulbs!) gave us reason to start our year's fund drive with a car wash in the summer. We made a worthwhile profit even though the chances for rain were 70%. Red proved to be the lifeblood of the treasury as we sold sweat-ers and windbreakers. They brought us grief though, because we were hoarded with the question, "When are the windbreakers coming in?" Our treasury was spiced up after sponsoring HH's first Pizza Party. All you could eat pizza for \$2.00 wasn't the real reason everybody came. Most came out of curiosity and disbelief that we could actually pull off such a farce. In making preparations for our Field Day octopus throw, we found ourselves spending our nights in balls of yarn. Our high school football career saw its end with a disheartening 13-12 loss to Cascia (The only thing that weakened the blow was the unfortunate trimming of the Commando tennis nets)

We were asked "Where are you going to college?" until we were blue in the face. SATs and ACTs continued to ruin Friday nights and Saturday mornings. We kept telling ourselves it would all be over soon. First semester ended with the usual exams and headaches plus one last English paper for Mr. Kriekhaus. Most of us swore we would never open another book until college.

January came, books lay unopened, senioritis had struck. Cutting classes became a popular habit as did partying on weeknights. Dutchmen Weekend helped to break the monotony of winter as almost 100% of our classes showed up in tuxes and formals for a joint dinner with the juniors before the dance.

As spring sprung, the end of our high school run-of-the-mill days had as well. The intern projects drew us out of the Holland Hall womb, into the "real" world, and most of us enjoyed it. As graduation approached, we watched a former life melt away, but we anticipated living the several others standing before us. Leaving the Holland Hall cocoon for that beehive beyond, we could take solace in the fact that even the mighty oaks were once mere nuts, like us.



Not to be outdone by the Class of '72, Bobby Lee proudly hangs his class' newly finished banner along the Commons stairwell





Above: Julie Shade gently applies her make-up with a number two pencil  
 Below: At the call of "Start your engines," Chuck Gibbs makes last minute checks before the Great Tricycle Race



Ross Bennett Andelman  
 Cheryl LaLeeta Anderson  
 John Robert Ashley

Kathleen Kendall Barry  
 Amy Barbara Brechin  
 Jeri Lu Bullard



Kenneth Kerth Cressman

Diane Kathryn Davies



OK 4 pi plus 6 squared divided by the square root of 721 equals

Hiram Word Camp III  
William Michael Cavert

Candace Gene Conley  
Robert Lee Cox

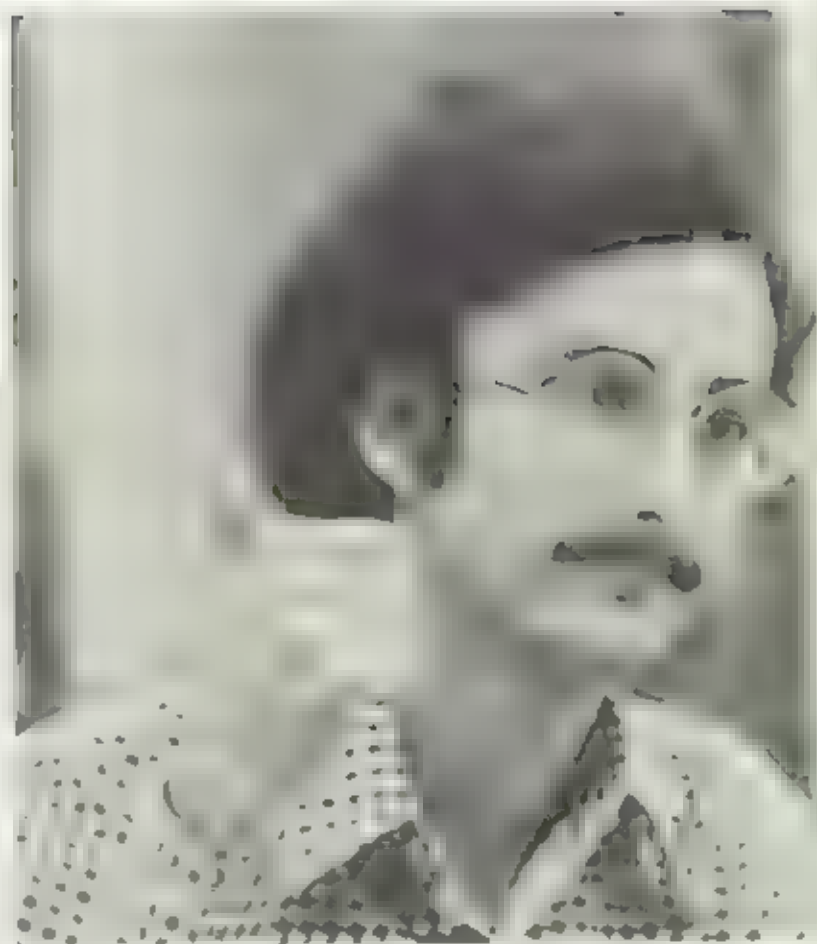


Aminda Mucus awaits the start — the first pep club meeting



Jennifer Lynne Davis  
David Charles Deller  
Douglas Lee Disler

Susan Jane Dunlap  
Barbara Joan Edwards  
Lucia Leigh Gary



Don Wehrs, teacher of *Ulysses*, outlines the basics in his course

## 'What has happened is gone . . .'

As a part of the first senior class to pursue all four upper school years in the new campus, I feel like I was part of something different and exciting. Considering the changes that have taken place since September 1970, I feel that what has happened is gone. In September 1974, the class of 1978 will find themselves, again, in a totally new environment. The unifying force that was emanating from our class will be gone. The flavor of the school will change. For our class, more than any since the last class to graduate on the Birmingham campus, visiting HH as alumni will be totally foreign. As the administration and the faculty undergo major change, an era draws to a close. For me, it was an era filled with excitement and tension, but this culminating year has seen the epoc slowly drift into a nebulous state. Though I will always feel part of Holland Hall, that Holland Hall will be lost in the realm of time. It is already fading for me, and since I am a senior, maybe that's for the better



## 'The drug is known as DDP . . '

Drug addiction has not been a problem at Holland Hall. Although, ample supplies exist on the campus. Most kids have found it pretty easy to obtain what they need.

There have only been a few extreme cases where the addict has had to have as many as three 'fixes' a day. The most prevalent group of drugies at HH are in phosphoric acid, caffeine, sodium citrate, lactic acid, all dissolved in a liquid base. In this state, the drug is known as DDP. Others can handle the dextrose solution, known as Diet Dr. Pepper.



David Jackson rounds the final corner in the Great Bicycle Race.



Patricia Hallett



Laura Warner Harlow



David Ernest Jackson  
Nancy Lee Jenkins



Charles Augustus Gibbs III  
William Gregory Green

Is that Jim Ryan behind those Foster Grants? Why of course!





Frustrated and rejected, Pete Morley heads for the locker room after being told field hockey was not co-ed



Philip Eugene Jones  
Harold Eugene Kunkel, Jr  
Peter Edwin Lantz

Robert Clyde Lee  
Linda Diane Lowary  
Amanda McLoud

Margaret Byars Martin  
Bradford R. Meyer  
Peter Hamilton Morley



Pete Lantz and Jim Russell gorge at Field Day with Ken Green

Elizabeth Earle Nash

Jan Kent Nespor



Jan Nespor consumes his philosophy studies







Sarah Louise Rizley  
James Alan Russell  
James Richard Ryan, Jr



Leslie Marie Owen  
Charles Randolph Phillips



The Asher family is taking pictures of unsuspecting seniors streaks by the lunchroom

## 'Our off-campus trips were gassed out . . .'

October, 1973 saw the onset of the greatest single material asset in being a senior at HH: senior off-campus privileges. What this means is that if you've got some extra mods, at least two, a car, most seniors met these requirements somehow, and some gas, wait a minute, some gas!, (I'll come back to that), you can leave campus, sign a sign out sheet with a phony destination (or no destination), and often an alias, and always an approximate time, such as ?, and you're off. Senior privileges, usually, meant sleeping late or leaving early, both hampered by early and late classes. During the day, seniors left for lunch or just to leave. But there was one big problem: gas. This was, not only the year of Watergate and Ford, but the year of the great gas shortage, (great?). Anyway, I and I guess most other seniors, left their means of transport anchored to the pavement in front of the school, and their bodies sautéing in the stream of the Barnard commons



Stephen Foster Sumrall

Julianne Tate



Cheryl Anderson's 'Got Love' in her performance during Hallmark '74



Gina Helene Schumon  
Julianne Shade  
Sheryl Kay Skaggs

Craig Busey Smith  
Cheryl Somers  
Susan Lynn Steinberg





Charlotte Mae Thornton  
Roger Dean Thurmond

Jeffrey Miller Thurston  
Fred Sommervil Watson

Margaret Martin is halfway through turning the school upside down



Donald Roger Wehrs  
Martha Angela Wilson  
Elizabeth Ann York

## 'Senior intern is fantastic . . '

First, you get to work in the community or some other good place, doing something you like (or something you think you like!) For me, most of the time is spent playing around in the darkroom at the **World** and playing cards with Johnny Walker. A lot of people do less than that, but then there are the ones that do more.

Beyond the obvious part of the program, there are other advantages too. For one, I don't have to play the commons game, running from one group of people to another, trying to find something to talk about. (This usually ends in a conversation about how there is nothing to talk about!) Lunch at the good old HH this spring didn't concern me, as lunch is no longer a required sport. Teachers seem more friendly, but then they don't have to put up with us any more! And finally, when we do return to school, and we find the juniors in our parking lot, we start a new senior parking lot on the drive in front of the school. Appropriately, this space is reserved for 'visitors'!



CHERYL ANDERSON - KATHLEEN BARRY -

ROCKE CAVERNT • JILL JEWELL • WATT

EDWARD EDWARDS - CHAIR THORN

# WADSWORTH COLLEGE

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

電話 03-5621-1111

STEFAN SCHNEIDER

# EATING DRINKS-CHUCK

TEFF THURSTON-CINA 501

MARGARET MARTIN • JEFF BULL

FUGELHAK-AMENOR MOLOU-31

17. 10. 1950

21

DB LEE - BETH WASH - ROY JOHNSON

RMP - PETE MORLEY - LUCY GARD

N - JIM NESPOR - PHIL JONES

NS - HAROLD KUN

UET JIM ROSS

NDY - RUTH LEE

OF 74  
MARTIN HELSON

WILLIAM WATSON

TES - CHERYL SONGERS

MAN - EL WASH - BILL GREEN

RD - JULIE TATE - SARAH RIZLEY

RYAN - DON WEHRS - SHERYL SONGERS

JOHN WATSON - JOHN BASHLEY - KATHY - BESS SWAN



**Above:** Connie Lockwood displays the correct way to look educated with anything at hand, i.e. Bic pen. **Right:** Steve Herrin imitates his soul brothers.

## JUNIORS PUT IT ALL TOGETHER WHEN IT COUNTED

We had our cliques. The room 219 clique, the commons clique, the art room clique, and book worm clique. We were united, though, when we needed to be. We were able to sell light bulbs in one week and candy bars in two. Our junior year rut included the 4:00 A.M. bedtime, the all-night-drink-along-with-Sanka, and the beautiful dreams of Hofstadter. Our libraries grew after stashing \$1.95 paperbacks on our shelves of (among others **Hamlet**, **The Picture of Dorian Gray**, and **Volpone**.) We all seemed to appear nervous as we found ourselves fidgeting with our new class rings. As January slump hit, we had to admit we were envious of the seniors leaving in March. Spirits kept high, though, with the anxiety of taking over the senior parking lot and knowing that this was the last year we had to make all those BS excuses to Mr. Elmer in order to get out of school.





Mrs. D. A. V.      Mrs. A. B.      Mrs. C. D.      Mrs. E. F.      Mrs. G. H.      Mrs. I. J.      Mrs. K. L.      Mrs. M. N.



After a long contemplation of the unknown, Father plays his role in the parish.

When you see Father, you see the parish.



Harrett Hudson

Debbie Jenkins

Glenn Kahlmann

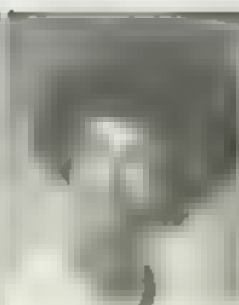
Russell LaCour

Tina L. L. L.

Chris L.

Kathleen L.

William L. L.



Russell LaCour proves that not only ruffies have ridges

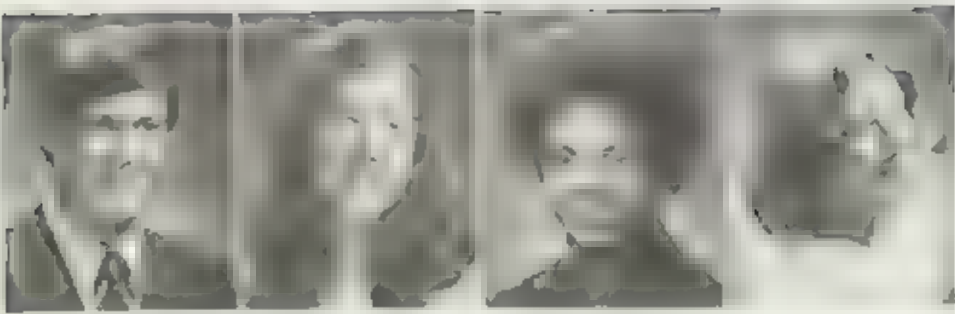


## 'I can't believe spring break finally came . . . '

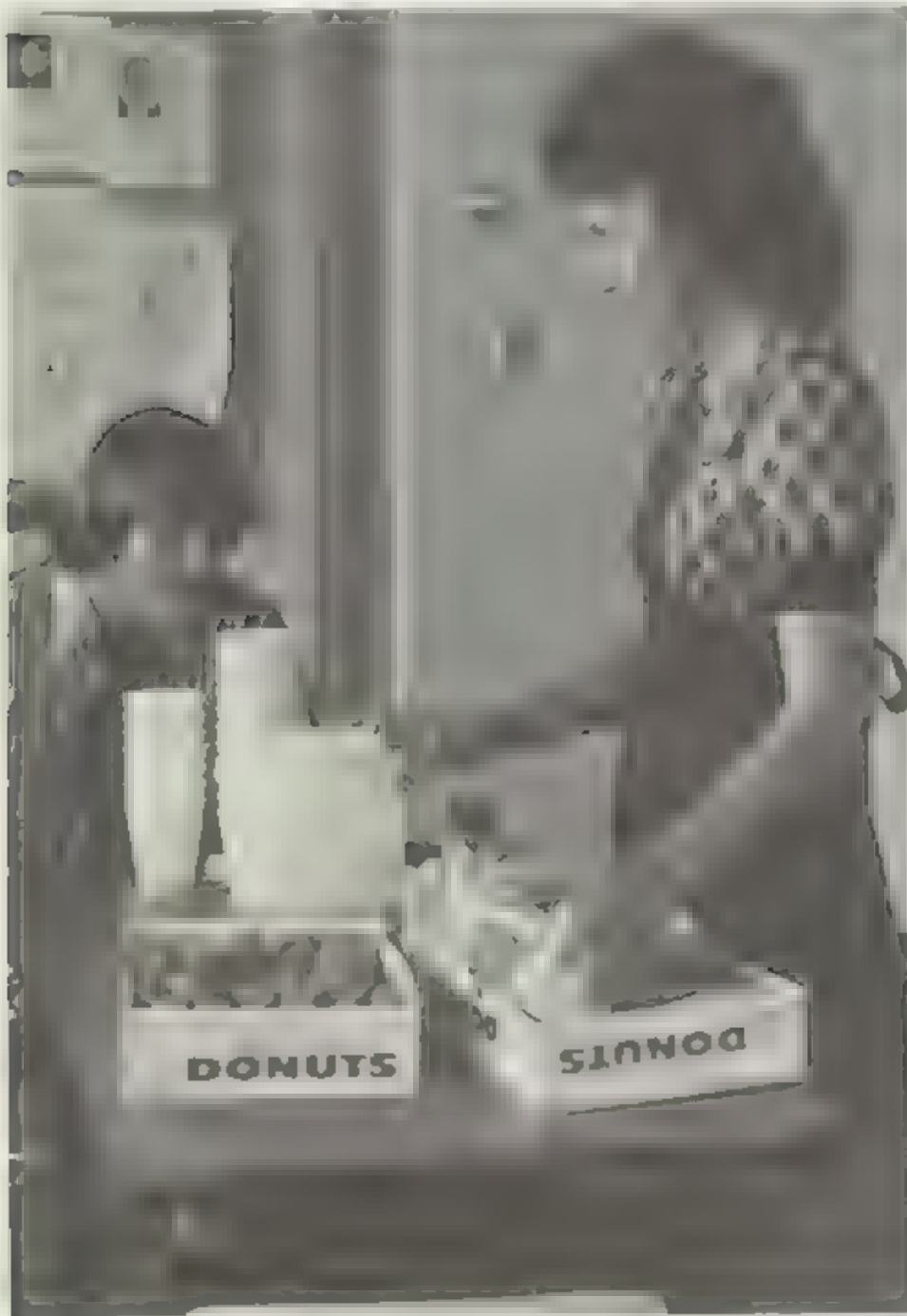
Finally, I can go home, lie down, and relax. I only have one more semester of school and I'm out. Good-bye Hofstadter, good-bye homework, good-bye English papers, and good-bye school. Just think — next year . . . senior privileges, senior parking lot, top dogs, big daddies of the school! It will really be different without the senior class I'll have to admit, I really hate to see them go.

At first, I thought junior year was going to be impossible. I croaked at the sight of all those American Civilization books. And those Canterbury Tales — how ridiculous. To tell the truth, now that I look back, it has been impossible. But for some reason, I've made it through. (And still all in one piece.) Freshmen year is all fun and games, Sophomore year is just like the Freshman, but with a lot more books, and junior year is the biggy of them all! You know — that if you can make it through junior year, you can make it through anything, and I've made it — so far.





Suprise! Suprise! Mrs. Harrison gets a B-day party instead of Functions and David Armstrong gets donuts instead of homework.



**Above:** T<sub>2</sub> m<sub>2</sub> and T<sub>3</sub> m<sub>3</sub> are the first three polymers at Field Day with the first three years. **Below:** T<sub>4</sub> m<sub>4</sub> and T<sub>5</sub> m<sub>5</sub> are the next two polymers quietly in prep.







## 'Junioritis?'

Most of us have passed the "cavity prone years" and all of us have passed sweet sixteen, so where do we stand?

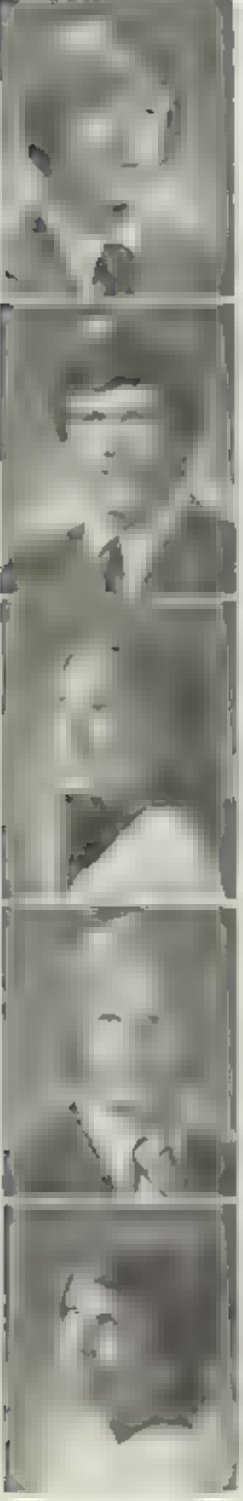
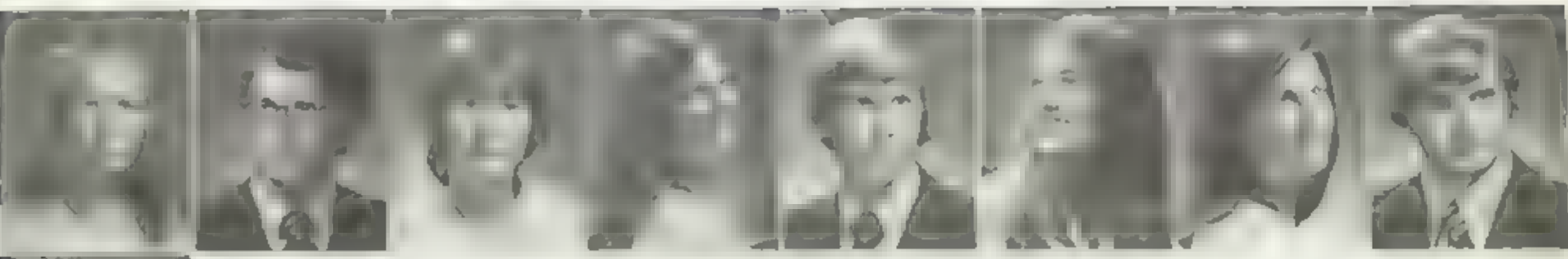
Sure school will be over. Soon all the privileges and hurrah that's associated with being a senior will be ours. But I feel indifference is struggling to reach over the feeling that my senior year should be my best. But I also feel a need to accomplish something. I'd like to look back at my high school years and have a special feeling about Holland. Ha!

Perhaps, my awareness of these problems is enough for now. Just knowing that something should be done is a start, looking at all the work I've done all these years I owe it to myself to relax just a bit before the big guns begin to fire again.

**Above:** Checking out on the way things go in the commons is Paul Clark, Lisa Hudson, and Lesa Magee. **Below:** As the festivities of Field Day end, Anne Read scowls at the amount of trash she has to clean up.



1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. \_\_\_\_\_ 4. \_\_\_\_\_ 5. \_\_\_\_\_ 6. \_\_\_\_\_ 7. \_\_\_\_\_ 8. \_\_\_\_\_  
 9. \_\_\_\_\_ 10. \_\_\_\_\_ 11. \_\_\_\_\_ 12. \_\_\_\_\_ 13. \_\_\_\_\_ 14. \_\_\_\_\_ 15. \_\_\_\_\_ 16. \_\_\_\_\_  
 17. \_\_\_\_\_ 18. \_\_\_\_\_ 19. \_\_\_\_\_ 20. \_\_\_\_\_ 21. \_\_\_\_\_ 22. \_\_\_\_\_ 23. \_\_\_\_\_ 24. \_\_\_\_\_  
 25. \_\_\_\_\_ 26. \_\_\_\_\_ 27. \_\_\_\_\_ 28. \_\_\_\_\_ 29. \_\_\_\_\_ 30. \_\_\_\_\_ 31. \_\_\_\_\_ 32. \_\_\_\_\_



Two members of the wing team were selected for the state team. The wing team was the first to win the state championship.

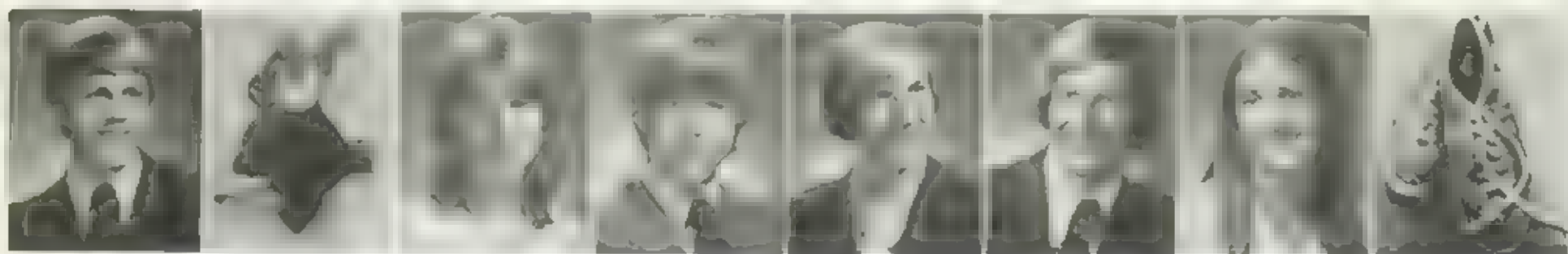


# LIMP CARD FINGERS LEARN NEW TRICKS

The year was one of discoveries for us. New interests arose that we had never imagined. Education became important and occupied some (most?) of our time. Cardfingers, limp from less card playing, saw new action when confronted with THE RESEARCH PAPER. Note cards, bibliography, and rough drafts got those fingers back in shape. Biology proved time consuming, but provided us with the necessary physical skills that enabled us to aid the lunch room ladies (i.e. dissection of pigs for glazed ham, and fruit flies to decorate the salads.) Card playing was fun, but not as much as it used to be. Dances somehow tended to be much more interesting. Instead of playing in the parking lot, our boys noticed their female counterparts. They were somehow more lifelike than pop cons and playing cards; when you talked to them, they could somehow relate to you. Now it finally seemed as though we were in the realm of upperclassmen.



After winning the Stephens Conference game, Lisa Whitten helps out the team with victory.



John Anderson

Kimberly Smith, Ashley Smith

John Smith, John Smith





David Brown and John White humorously watch the freshmen grope the flag off the school flagpole.

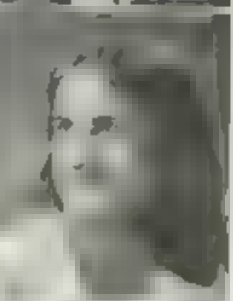
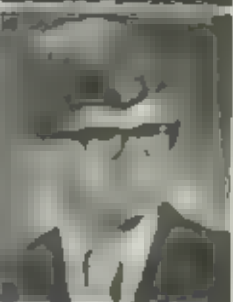
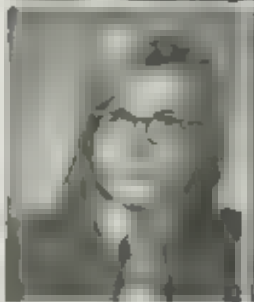
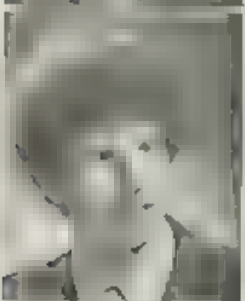


The cheerleaders are ready to cheer for the home team.





**Above** When not taking a break, Ty takes a moment just to think. **Below** Sleeping the way he likes best. The 20-year-old's amorphous mustache he easily washes off.



6. 1991-92  
 10. 1993-94  
 14. 1995-96  
 18. 1997-98  
 22. 1999-00  
 26. 2001-02  
 30. 2003-04



# 'We were too young for unchaperoned parties . . . '

Sophomore year somehow related to the missing link between man and his ape ancestors. You belong yet somehow you don't. Somehow you are a piece of a complex puzzle but getting an exact fit is somehow difficult. You're too young for unchaperoned parties, but too old for daddy's lap; too young for Mitchum Deodorant and too old for Baby Magic. What's a soph to do?

Well, you start out by telling your parents you're going to a chaperoned party when actually you're going to a junior or senior beer blast to which you weren't invited. Beer, that has a nice ring to it. Sophomore year is generally the year for discovering it and we were right in step. Once you walked through the dirty looks and fanned away the cigarette smoke that seems to be only coming in your direction, you probably wouldn't be thrown out. Cigarettes hmmm. We discovered those this year too. It was probably when you were riding in the car with another sophomore which brings us to the fact that the sophomore year is usually the year of THE LICENSE which is really helpful because now your parents don't have to take you to those unchaperoned parties, lessening the chances of being caught.

H. 1  
 V. 2  
 Y. 3

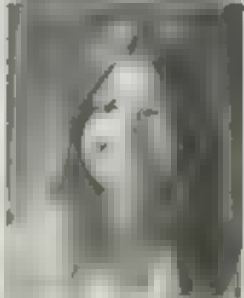


Above: Doing 'The Apple Tree' in visual arts. Below: Askins' junior in the Commons. Below: Left: Student working in the Commons to study.





Returning from Lunch Doris Burke Mike Kustro de  
and Mike Kuferman shake hands each day classes



Above: S. H. T. is the thought of returning to class and the hard to  
know. Below: With few friends some form and a forest from a wonder  
When finds relaxation in the library



Blake Spellman  
Robin Springer  
Lor Stewart

John Taylor  
Scott Todd  
Jane Tyler

James Vander Molen  
Phil We  
John Wi

2000  
P. V. R.  
B. G. J.



Even though there is really not much to laugh at, Rob Glendening, Nancy Makar, and Henry Finch laugh their way through lunch



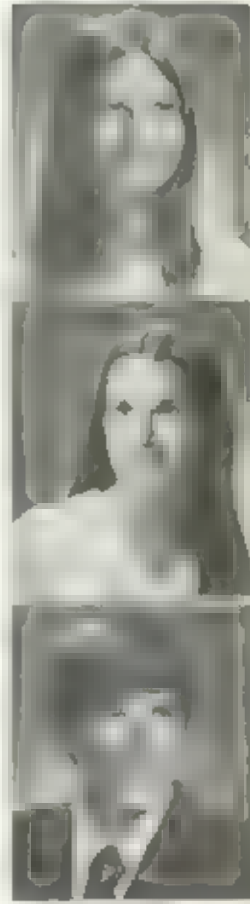
# 'I dreamt of Mrs. Harmon day and night . . .'

The sophomore research was, in general informative, but a pair of free rods were spent in the library digging up old moldy authors. (Preferably American) In preparing our research, Ms. Brazinsky could be compared with a lion. You throw them all kinds of

food, but it is never enough. Students trembling with fear would take their meager papers into Ms.'s office to be rejuvenated daily.

Then came the final day. Everyone crowded into the typing room and typed their fingers off, swearing intermittently whenever their fingers slipped.

The final papers ranged from one and a half pages to twenty-page books. We were exhausted. But of course, we pretended that the entire affair was enjoyable. (Due to writer's cramp we find ourselves unable to continue.)



Joking around with the Vinton Moore play, humor overcame a serious first days of the freshmen year.



## ROOKIES TAKE NW CORNER

When we first came rolling into the Commons, we knew we had it made. No more Mr. Word or Mr. Tunnel — we were home free. Not quite knowing where to position ourselves, we immediately claimed the northwest corner. "Whatta we do?" was an often heard comment. For some, white light meant it was time to play cards, yellow light meant Western Civ was almost over, green light meant a hand delivered detention from Mr. Elmer if you didn't get up and go to class, and red light meant someone had accidentally (?) pulled the fire alarm. Whether you had learned about **A Tale of Two Cities** from Mrs. Chase or how to get two Galaxy Grapes out of the Coke machine for the price of one, the year had been an informative one.

Not exactly excited about the reading material, Alec Hill pauses for a glance.

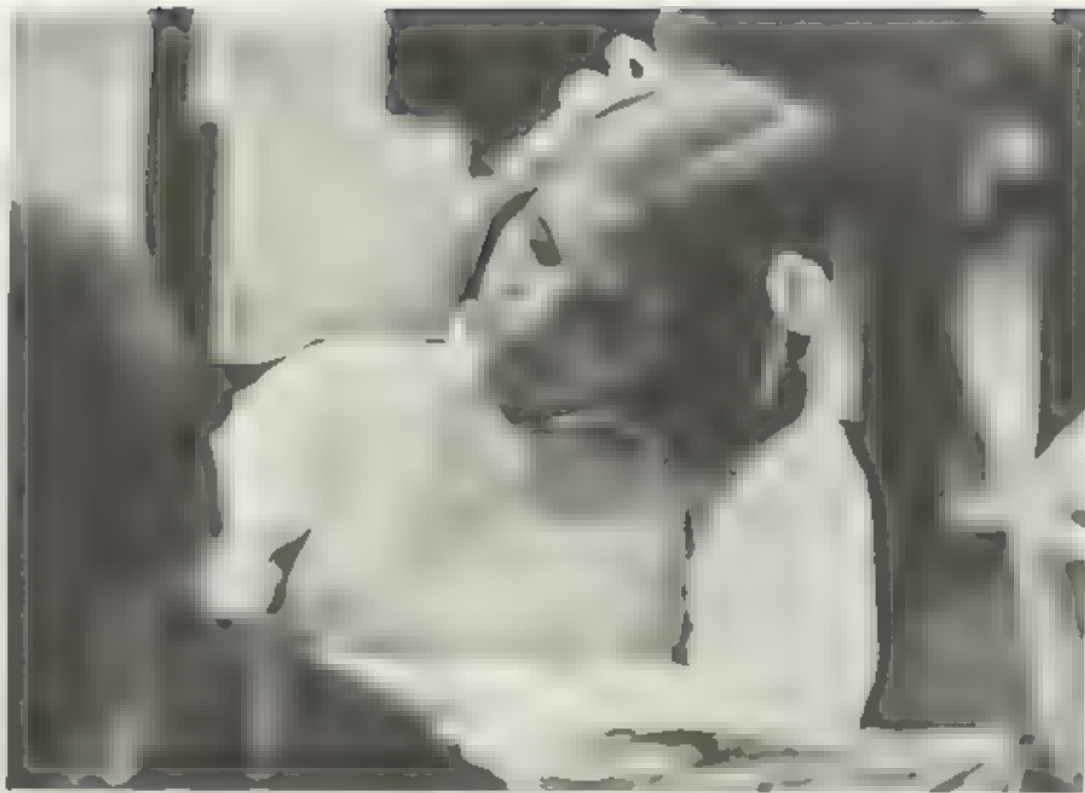




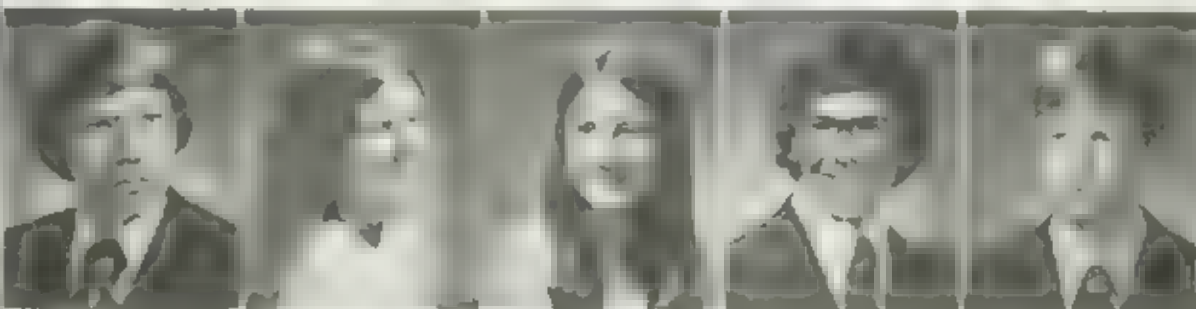


After a long summer vacation, the R. M. V. students, dearest to the school, are back in the classroom.





After petitioning her way to school in honor of Earth Day, Julie Yeonower enjoys her reward of free dress day and more studying.



W... .. J... .. M... ..

Finally, Jessi H... her favorite... seating position beside Todd Harrison.



... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..



## 'Those trials ... how could they?'

Guilty or guilty? That is the question. The dreaded feeling of certain upperclassmen rounding the corner with that subtle inquiry in their eyes, "You haven't had yours yet — it's time for an appointment." Then an obvious reply, "Well really, I've got a class." Next step — Lecture Center — lights off. The spotlight hits your average "wimpy" freshman. How can you plead innocent to being a freshman— You just start moving and even though you'll end up hanging from the railing by your wrists, you have to try — it's all part of the game. I can't wait 'til I'm a senior.

Finally Ken Heide, Carolyn Paddock begin to understand as they work and compare homework problems.





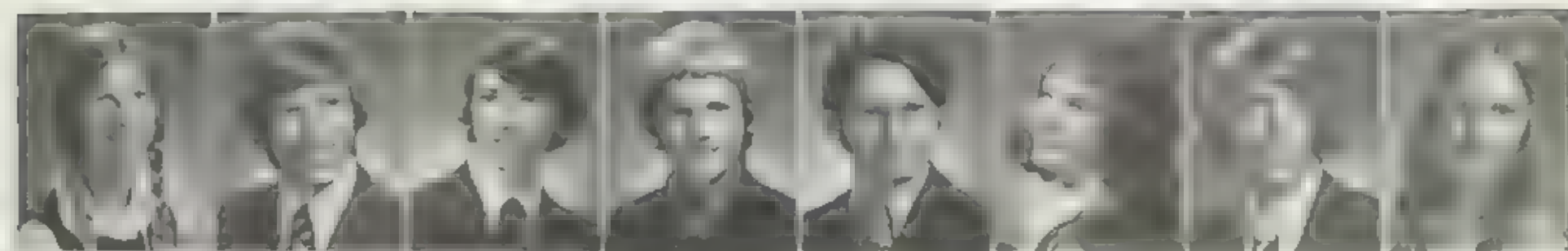
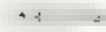
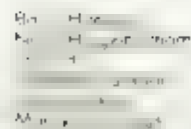
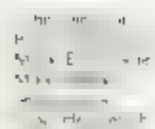
## TOP DOGS LIKE THE TOP

It was nice being the oldest class at the Birmingham Campus. Our year went great for us. We had an undefeated football and soccer team. Movie nights were a huge success and offered an extra activity for the weekend. A new combined course in History and English took us out into the community and IPS gave some an interest in science (but led to frustration for others). In order to get out of our ties and middies, we had free dress days. Z-Day provided us with a break from school. We took field trips around Tulsa, watched a Karate exhibition at school, or just relaxed and played chess. Being "top dogs" at the Middle School had been fun, but now we must return to the bottom of the ladder as we move to the 81st Campus.



As spring weather nears, the fresh air makes studying in books easier, as with Tori Akio.





Bas des doodling John Dames crept to the back of the room a little



'School really  
can get  
pretty wild. . .'

Classes are lively; sometimes heated discussions spring up. The teachers care about you as a person, not just from an academic view. The courses are difficult, but usually very interesting. It does not seem that

I have been here eight years

The big game! We were all so excited we could hardly stand it. Screaming! Yelling! Stomping! Girls' basketball isn't a major event, but we all felt important. Casady didn't stand a chance!

Classes in school are boring. But between classes and after lunch, school becomes worth it — playing, not working, and most of all, not being lonely.

Jim Watkinson watches while John Dingson practices his aim at Field Day







**Below Left:** Marce Lina and Jadee Springer enjoy different personal interests in English class. **Below Right:** Mr. Tunne assists Doug Boswell and Craig MacNaughton with a tape recording in the IPS lab.



## LATIN LINGO BUSIES TROOPS

Being the first class to have team teaching, our seventh grade class was really close. We took our last step towards the 81 street campus by moving into modular scheduling. We took field trips to T.L.Osborn's museum and practiced for our production of **Pippi Longstocking**. If we weren't busy keeping Mr Bippus busy, we were busy with our Latin American textbook readings from Mr. Ward. "Don't wait for me cats" always rang in our ears; it was the signal for us to start with our current event orals. Student Council intervened with free dress days, movie nights, and retreats. Now that the year has ended, we'll always remember those famous final words from Mr. Ward, "See you around the base, troops."



Tim Hammond and Jeff Harrison after the discussion with friends in the lobby



Tim Hammond



1. Scott 2. Vicky 3. Vicky 4. Vicky 5. Vicky 6. Vicky 7. Vicky 8. Vicky 9. Vicky 10. Vicky 11. Vicky 12. Vicky	13. Vicky 14. Vicky 15. Vicky 16. Vicky 17. Vicky 18. Vicky 19. Vicky 20. Vicky 21. Vicky 22. Vicky 23. Vicky 24. Vicky
---	--



Above: During Latin class, Mr. Bippus helps Karen Forsythe translate sentences from her textbook. Below: During P.E. class, Kathy Bamard forces a backhand over the net while playing a challenge match at The Tulsa Tennis Club.







Miss Miller checks the students' work while Susan Strange makes a linoleum block, and Anne Parker sketches.

## 'Slop on . . !

The best time for using the football field is right after a good hard rain. It doesn't make any difference what sport you are playing — that's least important. The fun part is sliding in the mud and landing right in the middle of a nice sloppy puddle. Forget the game — getting sloppy is more fun!



Russell Newman  
Pamela Spence

Johnnie  
Dana Miller

John Roney

Alvin Reid  
Doris Jones

Virginia  
Ann Miller

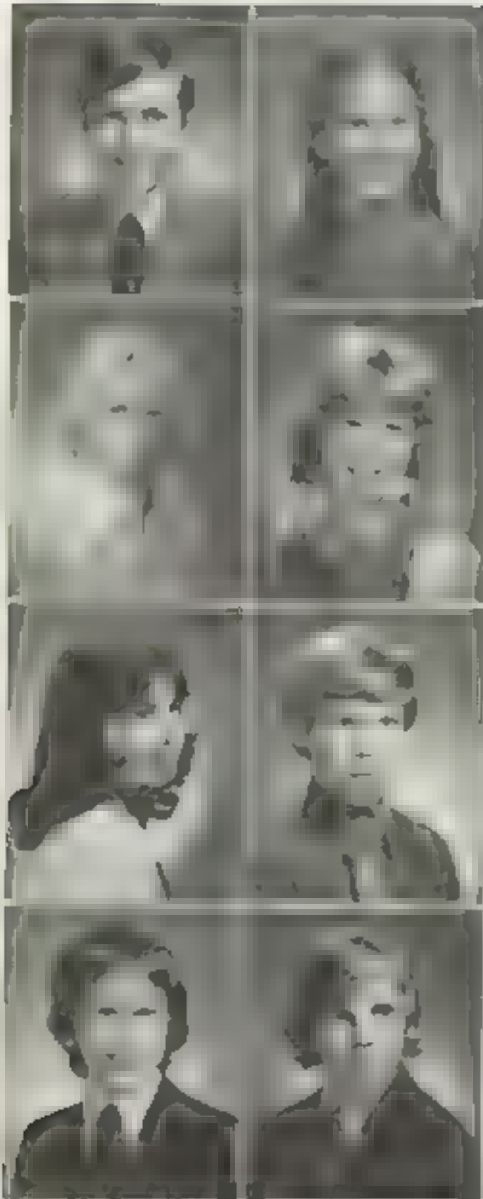
Susan Strange  
Luis White  
Andrew White  
Thomas White  
Susan Wood

## WOMEN'S LIB SHAKES BOYS

Sixth grade went something like fifth, but of course with a few added extras. We took a field trip to the court house only to hear the judge say "court dismissed." There were our unending battles between the Sakawas and Wanatas and Scalpers and Warriors. An unscheduled battle took place in the lunch room as the girls outsmarted the boys by occupying all the tables. Some ate on the floor while others forced themselves to sit with girls. Women's Lib became a major issue as we (the girls) challenged the boys in basketball. (We made up for our loss by doing our sexy "Love Potion No 9" act in Hallmark.) Once united, we tried our basketball skills against Miss Price. Playing an unorthodox game of Polish basketball, we were able to leave our (pencil) mark on her for a day.

Above: Mrs. Jewell and Brooke Caldwell show Jeff Holden that making terrariums requires painstaking seriousness. Below: Laune Lemons passes the word, as Starley Bullard and Cindy Menfield share funny gossip.





Brooke Caldwell assists the blade while assisting Lucy Tuttle in her latest art room endeavors



Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]
Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]	Mr. [Name]



In keeping with the fad of 1974, we turned to nostalgia and had a fifties dress day. The costumes were super neat with quite a variety. There were bobby socks, ankle length skirts, greased back hair, the class jacket, and last but not least, that very special ring on your grandmothers locket chain that you wear night and day because "he" gave it to you

**Below:** Mrs. Thomas congratulates Cathy Kincaid on a well done French assignment  
**Above:** Deep in concentration, Signe Featherston carves a chunk of clay

**Above:** Deep in concentration, Signe Featherston carves a chunk of clay

# CHARLEMAGNE RULES WINNERS

Fifth grade seemed nothing but fun. Break time was an added privilege to our schedules and helped to stave off our mid-morning hunger. For the first time, we were lucky enough to have chapel with the seventh and eighth graders. (Fortunately), Father Cain's programs were quite interesting. We were introduced to (among others) King Tut, the Babylonians, and Charlemagne by Mrs. Walters and her history lectures. Science provided us with interesting experiments, with which we could make messes in the lab. Most were successful (until we put crickets in our terrariums and they unexpectedly ate all the plants.) A field trip to the B'nai Emunah Synagogue widened our knowledge of religions as well as languages when the rabbi tried to teach us Hebrew. Over 5,000 books earned us a first prize in the Book and Art Fair Book Contest. All our hard work and efforts brought us a free pizza party in the end. Despite the fact that we now had to take exams, we enjoyed the up grade from being called lower schoolers to middle schoolers.



Intrigued by the rings of petrified wood, Jill Hamish takes time out of Mrs. Jewell's science class to examine them more closely.



William H. H.  
K. H. H.

P.  
A. H. H.

W. H. H.  
M.

H. H. H.  
A. H. H.

K. H. H.  
H. H. H.

H. H. H.  
H. H. H.

H. H. H.  
T. H. H.

H. H. H.  
H. H. H.



**Above:** Having fun in French class are Sara Stone, Genie Barnard, Monica Lollar, David Sneed, Eric Hughes, Anne Lambert, and Ricky Carpenter. **Below:** During their Field Day rummage sale, Willie Burge, Rick Koontz, Brett Franklin, and David Barry sell their goods to Wilton Ware.



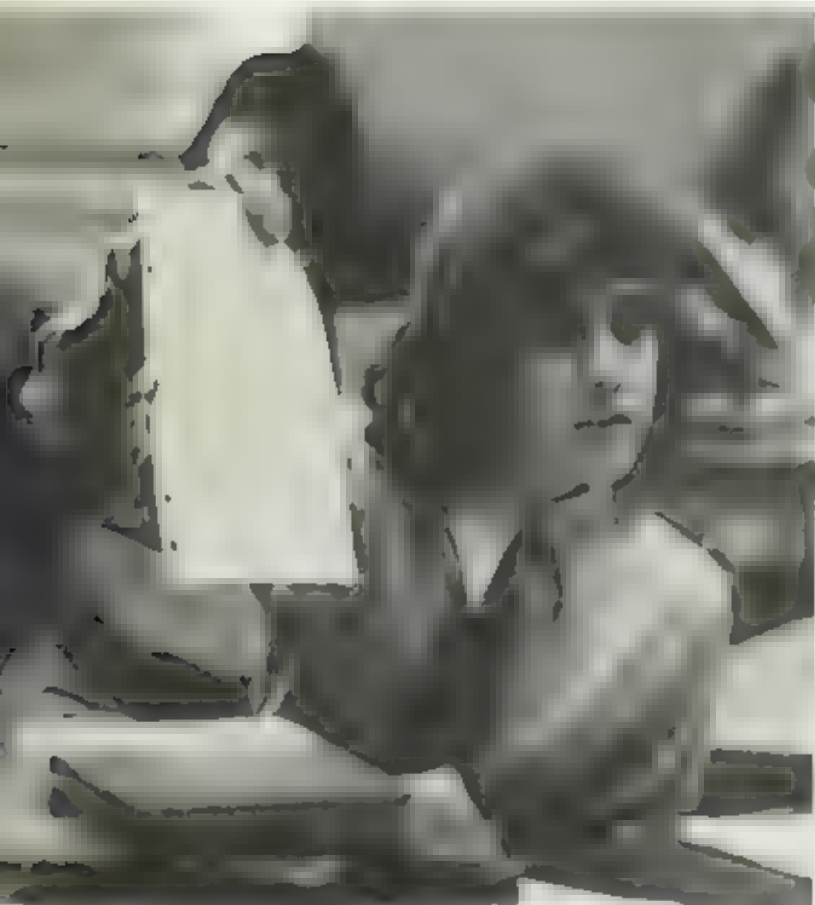


# 'We were stuck with mothers . . .'

Fifth grade is big for us because we finally got break. Break is at 10:30 a.m. when we can go buy food to eat. This year it is kind of different from others. I heard that students used to run it, but now our mothers come to serve us. They have crummy stuff like orange juice and doughnuts. If I ran break, we would have stuff like cakes and candy and ice cream. But we were stuck with mothers.



Above: Randy Nelson gives his version of the problem to Mr. Sniderman as Tom Euron tries to follow. Below: Luc Tomasio seeks a grade for his spelling test.



Luc Tomasio

Eric Weber

Eric Weber

Eric Weber

Eric Weber

# FIELD TRIP THRILLS 4th GRADE

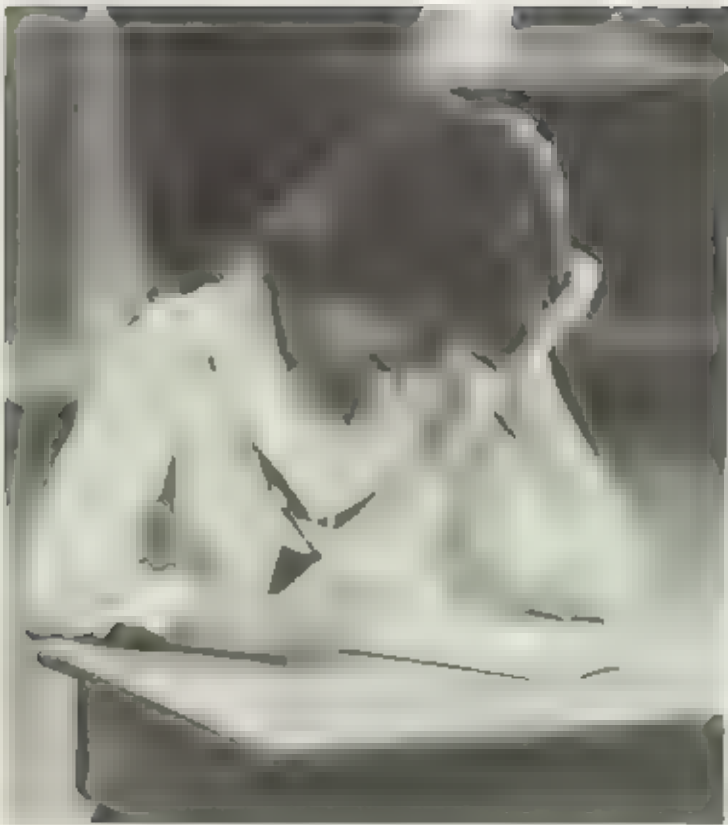
Oh boy! When we went to Mrs. Bost's ranch, it was the funnest time. We went on a picnic and I bought some lemon lime soda. On our way to the place where we had the picnic, I rode in the truck. After dinner, we played freeze tag. It was fun, but I got frozen in the middle of the field.

When we got back, some of us played games and someone stepped on a tarantula. After a while, we went to the Indian dances, everybody was singing "Hurry on Down to Hardy's." When we got home, it was 11:00 P.M. I wished we could do it all over again.



Above: Mrs. Moore helps Anne Wood with her macramé in an art class. Below: Lisa Nienhuis, Lisa Noiley, Jennifer Harrison and Kristin Droege show puppets they made for an original Halloween puppet show.





Lisa Nolley works quietly on a Stanford Achievement Test.



During P.E. class, Sterling Strange and Steve Buford follow Mr. Myers' tennis instruction.



From left to right: Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley, Lisa Nolley.





**Above:** Randy Springer, Jason Singer, and Greg Carmack enjoy playing one of the games in the fourth grade section. **Below:** Pamela Horton molds a Snuppy dog in the art room



## 'Our stuck up World is . . .'

What is going to happen in the year 2000? Our giant gas tanks are almost empty. Gas stations are running out of gas. We are also running out of electrical power. City lights are going out. It is cold in our houses. Kids have to walk to school in the dark because of daylight savings time. I have to and I sure know how it feels.

Along with everything else, there is a paper shortage. If there is a paper shortage, there has to be a tree shortage. Trees are very important to everybody. Without trees, people could not live!

How about pollution? It's pretty bad. My teacher went to Los Angeles and she came back and said when they drove into the city, they thought they were driving into fog but it was really thick, black pollution!

Above all, the world is too crowded. Land is priced higher. Even food prices are going up! The price of meat is going up so high that some families are becoming vegetarians, and some people are even eating snake meat.



From top to bottom: Randy Springer, Jason Singer, Greg Carmack, Pamela Horton, and the other students in the fourth grade section.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in the first column, and the addresses are listed in the second column. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, and 789 Oak St.

Summer David  
T  
it  
p  
f



The team of Tracy Brickner and Cindy Fultord takes the outfield for what they know will be a short inning



## 'May I have your autograph . . . '

Today in math I did a whopper of a problem. This was the answer. 61822886418468468411244632. Then I autographed Charlie's soccer ball

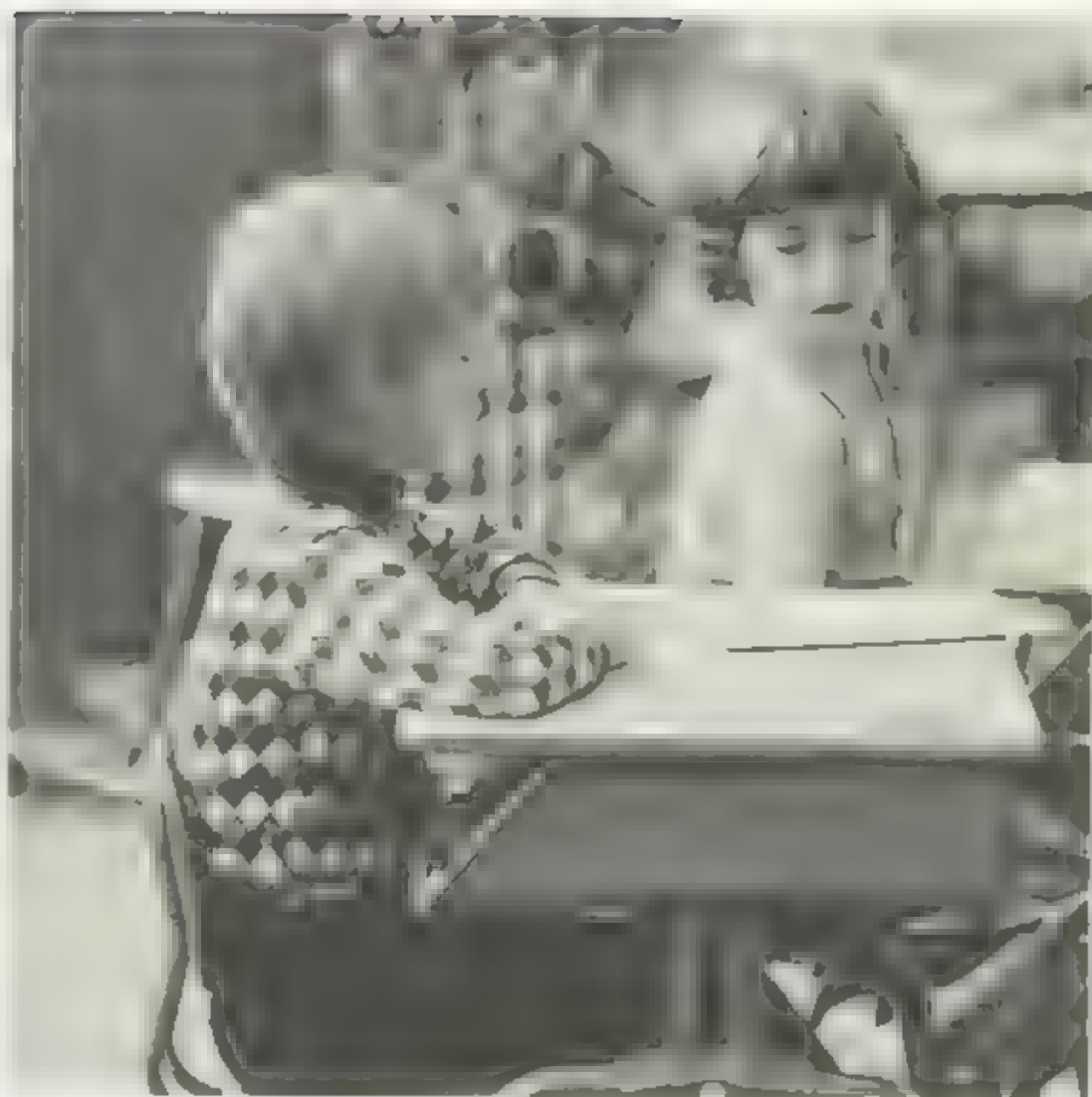
Spring vacation — I will be in Flonda. I will wake up and be so happy because I will be going to my grandma's house. I will get on the plane and have breakfast. And then I may color a picture of below and we will eat lunch on the plane We will be in Flonda and how fun it will be





# BARNEY BOA HIGHLIGHTS YEAR

We were the ones who opened Hallmark with "Oklahoma." We never really knew how to spell it at the end, but that didn't really seem important to us. After visiting the state fair, we decided to have one of our own. We came dressed as farmers and even received ribbons for home-made goodies which we brought. After learning more reading, writing, and arithmetic, we tried our luck at cooking. We had our mothers to lunch after practicing our manners and writing invitations. Fun was had by all, especially during clean up time when pickles were skidded on the floor, sinks overflowed, and only wet towels could be found to dry dishes. We learned about animals as The Mohawk Zoo visited our classrooms with their "Wildlife on Wheels." They brought several animals and gave a flannelboard story on the balance of nature. Our favorite was Barney, a pet boa constrictor, especially when he wrapped himself around the teacher's neck. Money became important to us after we accumulated green and white cards worth one and five cents in our own private bank accounts. After a little practice, we could make our own change by the time Market Day and the Grand Auction took place. By the end of the year, we had learned so much, we wondered what was left for us to learn in third grade



Without trying to be too obvious, Will Winter makes a quick comparison with Patrick Coates over their homework.



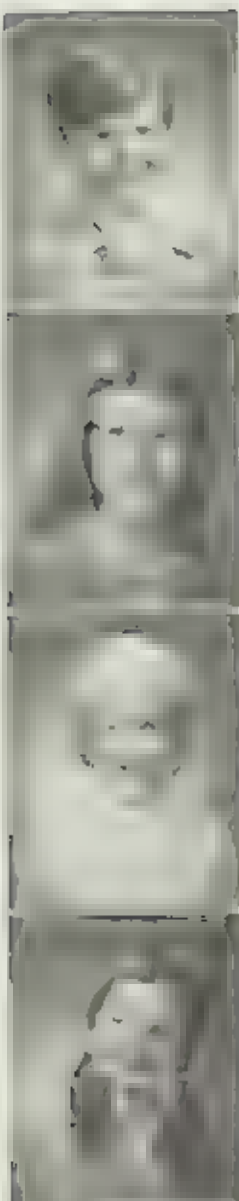
Ashley Barnard  
Amy Bashaw

Jeffrey Byers

Patrick Coates

Gregory Hughes

John



Greg Hughes, Lynda Vargha, and Franca Lohar eagerly wait for Mrs. Kaboth to take them to gym class

# 'I like it when we play pin bombardment . . .'

I like it when we play pin bombardment. It contains a number of pins, (minimum two), and a number of people, (minimum two), and a number of balls, (minimum two). The object of the game is to hit the pin down.

Pin bombardment is one of my favorite. I like to kream peapel with the balls and hit peapel out and ketch peapels balls. And win gamse and play rubgea.

I like it when we play pin bombardment and we have all the good guys, like me.

I like to hit girls in Bome-Brdment. It is fun.

Pinbombardment is a fun game. Once I got hit in the face with a ball and my face turned red as a rose. Once I got Greg Hughes out. I didn't mean to.



Patricia McVey  
Robert Patterson

# DOOR YIELDS 1st PRIZE

First grade was a brand new experience for us. After studying about the Indians we built models of their houses and baked tortillas and cornbread. We saw native costumes when real Indians came to dance. We learned of nature and our environment and why we

shouldn't pollute. Our greatest accomplishment was winning the Christmas door decorating contest. We had a backwards day for reaching our goal of books in the B & A Fair. We have to admit, we did look rather funny wearing our clothes backwards.



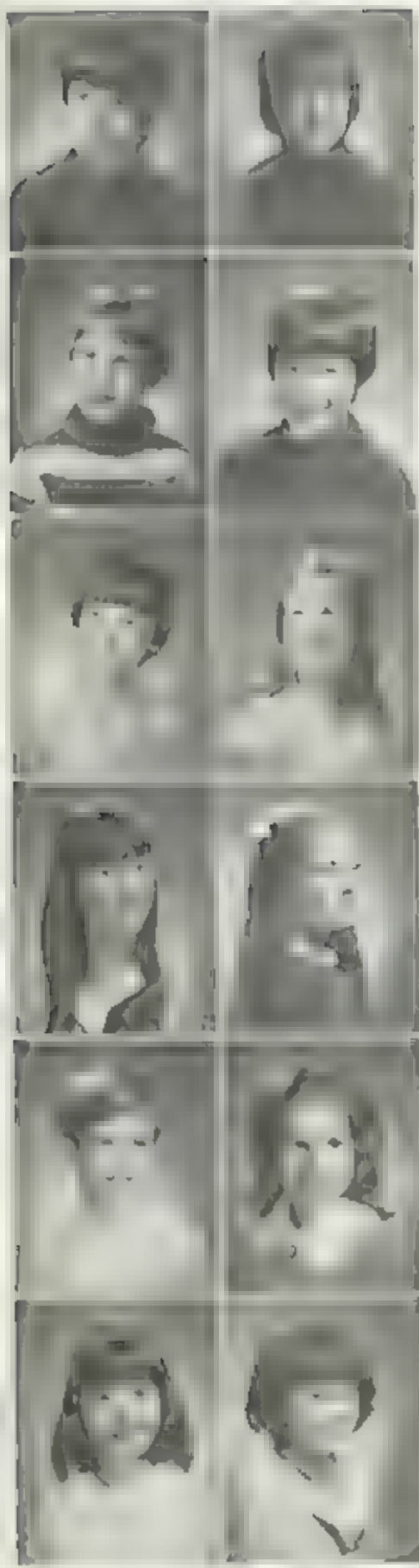
Above: Eric Mills displays his musical genius — Vicky Forbes doesn't seem to notice  
Below: Young chorists perform at the B & A Fair



Eric Mills  
Vicky Forbes  
Young chorists  
perform at the B & A Fair

Eric Mills  
Vicky Forbes  
Young chorists  
perform at the B & A Fair





I like  
3:00 . . .

Asking first graders' favorite time of the day was really funny. We mostly got answers like "3:00 because that's when we get out of school." Sometimes they even gave us answers like "7:00 because that's when the 'Brady Bunch' comes on."



Shannon E. . . . .



Rhea Raptou and Keely Kerlin waltz their way through gym class

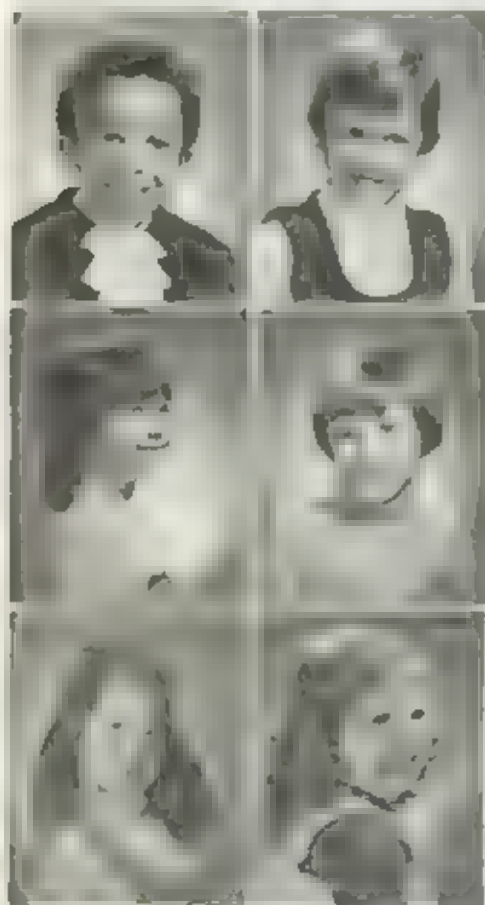


# COOKIES, BLOCKS REPLACE BABY BOTTLES

Where are we going? School?  
Our feelings were mixed about this new activity called Kindergarten. It had its good and bad moments. Cookie break with Kool-Aid always seemed like a good idea and block building was always fun until some bully knocked them down. We never could figure out who that man was building houses and playing games with us, but Mrs. Wood told us it was Mr. Noldt, our headmaster. Kindergarten was really fun . . . but my gosh!! Do we really have twelve more years to go?

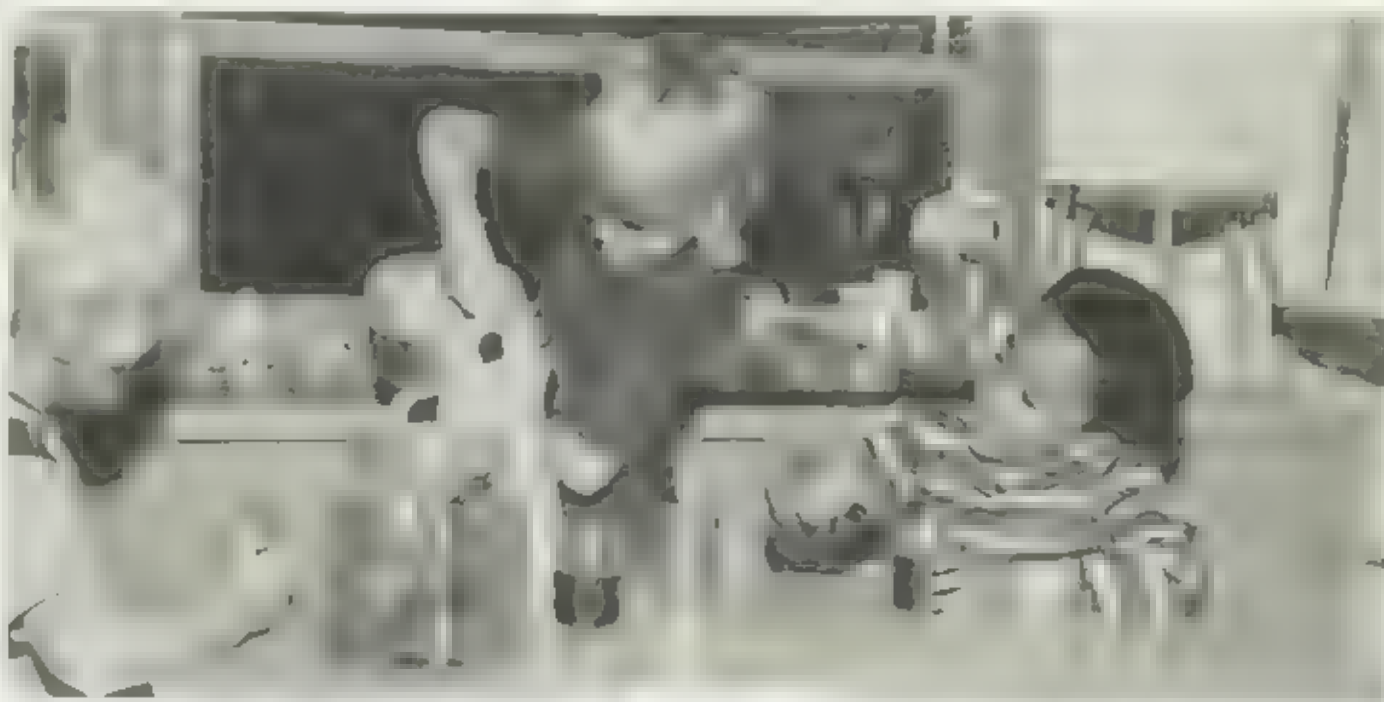


**Above:** Justin Teenor, Jay Simpson, and Brett McDaniel exercise their creativity during a break in classroom activities  
**Below:** Chris Edwards and Danny Alexander admire Greg Lambert's Kool-aid pouring skill



Stephen Coates  
April Cutwell

Kimie Butler  
Stephen Coates  
April Cutwell



'Red gush  
is my best  
color . . .'

The thing I like about kindergarten is throwing my finger paints on people and not getting caught. The red gush running through my fingers reminds me of making mud pies in the rain

Not wanting to hear the same old song again, Sam Miller stops Jocelyn Parker from playing the piano





## 'Memories mean Moore to us . . .'

Herbert B. Moore . . . a name that means many different things to many different people. To some, it means nine years of rapid growth and progress for Holland Hall. His leadership helped make the 1970 transition into the new upper school possible. While maintaining the lower and middle schools on Birmingham, Mr. Moore quickly turned the upper school upside down and rebuilt the system, both in actual physical layout on 81st and in educational concept with the modular schedule. Closer student-faculty relations emerged as Mr. Moore himself sought closer student ties.

To others, Mr. Moore means memories of public speaking in which seniors were "taught" to speak as well as gain a generous taste of his witty personality at the same time. Perhaps to most, he means the start of each school day. Morning announcements a la little bell took on a style that cannot be copied, and probably won't be. The "short meeting after announcements, in the corner" will never leave the school. After asking for "anymore?" and earing the absentees, Mr. Moore's comic wit reminded us to have a good "e" day or that it was "a" day.

Sincerity, laughing smiles, morning puns, good (but often bad) jokes, and dedicated service are all separate meanings of Herbert B. Moore. But as Mr. Moore leaves his nine years of accomplishments to move on to new challenges, one meaning is universal. He will always mean a lot to everybody.



Headmaster Herbert B. Moore



John E. Bochman  
Director of Studies



Raymond F. Bizjack  
Director of Admissions



Judith C. Brazinsky  
Director of Public Relations



Charles H. Brown  
Director of Athletics



**Left** A party among some of the staff of Mr. Mize is that amazing good time show.



J. Thompson Freeman  
Head of Middle School



Roger W Noldt  
Head of Lower School

1.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a polar molecule.  
 2.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a small molecule.  
 3.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a liquid at room temperature.  
 4.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good solvent.  
 5.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat capacity.  
 6.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat conductor.  
 7.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat insulator.  
 8.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat reflector.  
 9.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat absorber.  
 10.  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  is a good heat emitter.

Robert E. Lorton  
Donald H. Newman  
Herbert C. Owen  
Robert E. Patterson  
Michael G. Pedrick  
The Reverend Chilton Powell  
The  
Everett  
Ira E. S.  
Mrs. F.  
Mrs. S. C. Stone  
Mrs. P. Water  
Mrs. Hays Yandel



Gerald D. Bullard  
Director of Development



Rev. Robert G. Cain  
Chaplain



Thomas N Elmer  
Dean of Students



Doyle C. Tunnel  
Dean of Middle School Students

## 'Learning, living . . .'

For what purpose? We will all eventually die. There is no question about that. Most people think that the way one lives will be a determining factor in the way that he dies. But in the end, what difference does it make whether one dies in some twenty room mansion or he dies in the gutter? You're dead no matter how the money counts. What really matters is whether you learn to live. We spend thirteen years of our lives learning about living. Many of us miss some of the hidden meanings that can be drawn from our teachers. At Holland Hall we are fortunate to have the chance to observe our teachers as people rather than just administrators of knowledge. We share experiences on a personal level. We learn through living. It isn't just a job, it's day to day living. There is no better example to learn by than that of a concerned adult who cares about people.

**Above Right:** Helping Pat Hallet correct a rough draft, Mrs. Chase tries to avoid any future use of her red pen. **Right:** Mrs. Harman pauses for the unpleasant task of checking for overdue books.



Craig W. Benton

William L. Bippus

Jerry B. Bippus

Bonnie Bippus

Mary Lee Bost

Douglas L. Bramley

Claudia L. Brown

Sandra Kay Brown



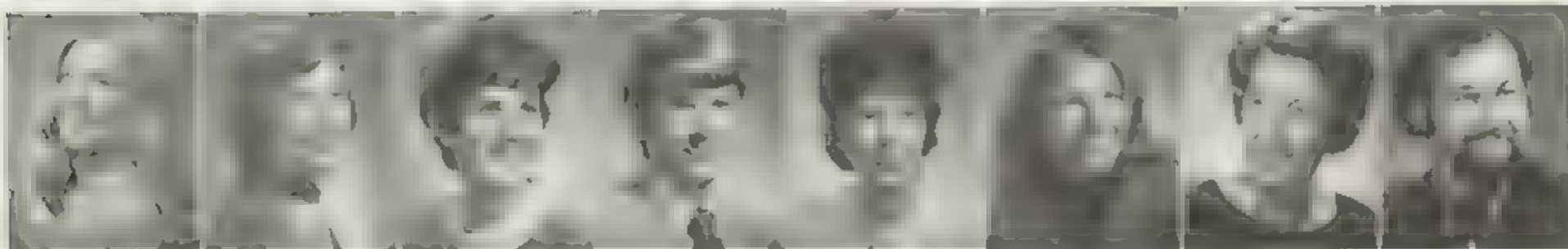
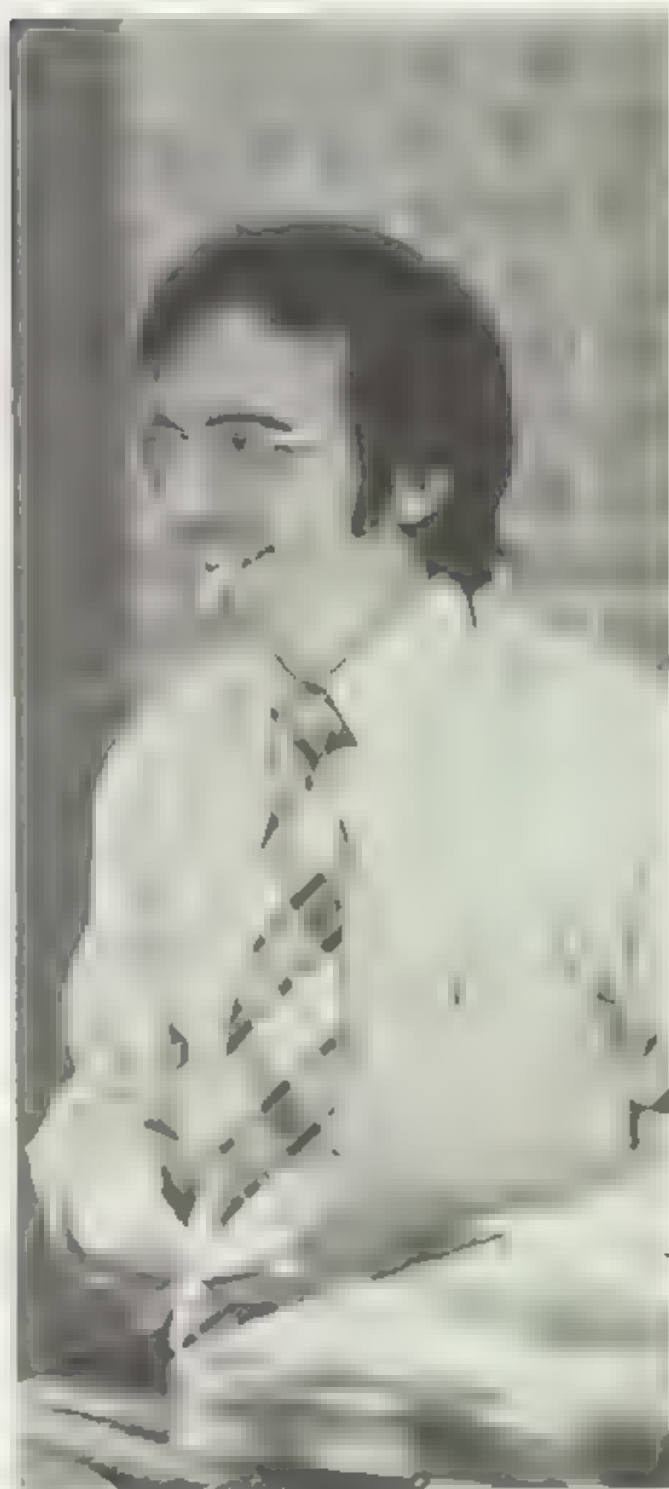


Left: During typing class, Mrs. Milligan points out another mistake as Marty Newman begins to cry. Below: Relaxing on the patio, Mr. Bizjack escapes from his paper work, but not from his warm "derfsh" expression. Below Left: Mr. Sloan refreshes his "Jungle Boogie" techniques with Cheryl Anderson.



## 'He had a smile that shined . . .'

Raymond F. Bizjack (alias Derf) . . . It was a name which represented a listening ear which he so often gave, a smile that shined even through your fears, a mind that gave you a new definition of learning, a closed mouth laugh and side-of-the-mouth "cracks," joking threats to beat up everyone, (that never beat anyone down), new office furniture for those who sat on the desk, the floor, and stood at the door, a heart that was never afraid to share itself with anyone, a "have a bad day" that could make anyday better, an undying sense of humor, and a care and involvement that stretched beyond his immediate surrounding. Hey Little Big Man, thanks



Cynthia Lynn Bryant

Lou Ann Bullard

Linda L. Bunn

William E. Carter

James E. Carter

James E. Carter

Rosemary E. Chase

Clifford W. Clark

# 'Biology a la Hooker . . '

Most everyone has studied his scientific version of the human one time or another at Holland Hall. There were 8:30 a.m. lectures on "The Language of the Bees" and scenic tours

of the DNA molecule guided by that friendly little bald headed man. After dissecting worms, we tried our luck with pigs, which only ended up looking like the worm again. The alphabet could become difficult if you didn't know how to cross AAbb with AbAb, but actually all you really needed to know was the key to the course — A as in able, B as in baker, C as in Charlie, and D as in dog



**Above:** In one of his more interesting lectures, Mr. Bramley explains the fundamentals of walking on the earth. **Upper Right:** Mr. Brown listens curiously as Henry Finch explains his Chemistry problems. **Right:** In hopes of discovering a cure, Diane Davies examines a test tube specimen.



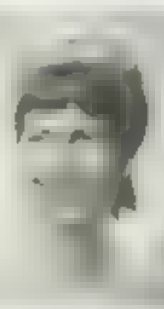
Mary Catherine Clark



Christine A. Dault



Mary H. Eldred



Nancy Foote



Renee C. Frasca



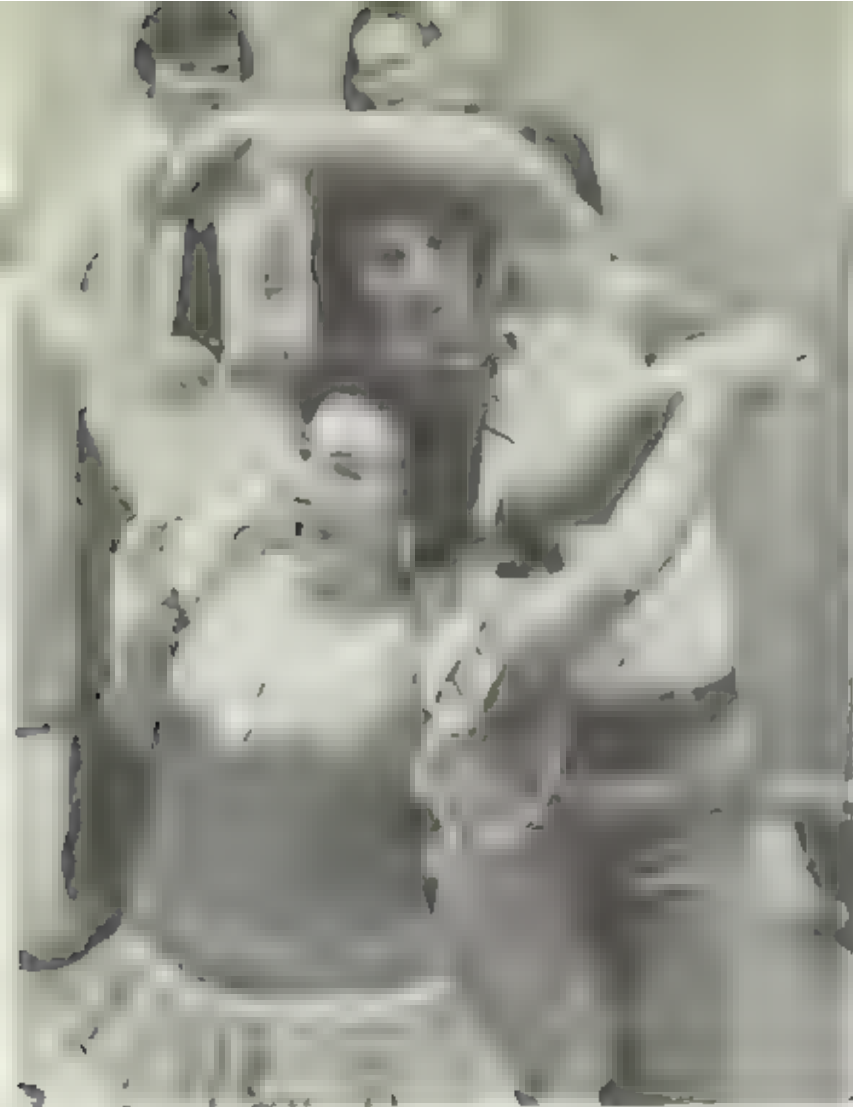
Mary Jo G. Island



Janice D. Green



Elva A. Harmon



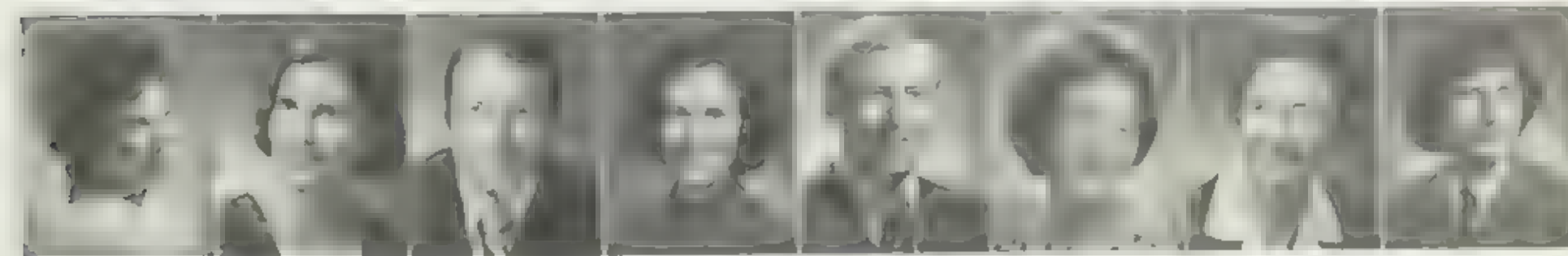
**Left:** Ward Camp teaches Senora Renosa how to boogie. **Below:** Proving that she's no party pooper, Mrs. Mirvani joins in the fun. **Below Left:** Mr. Pouet tries to help some of his students overcome their ineptness.



## 'Language accents . . '

The mastering of a foreign language takes more than a good accent and a large vocabulary. Anyone can buy a **Petite Larousse** or imitate Jose Himenes. But to really master a language, one must understand the

culture of the country. This can be done by reading all those long classics like **The (an) Idiot**, or it can be done by doing weird dances, trying to understand lousy jokes, and playing strange games, all from another culture. This method is my druthers, especially when it gets down to eating foreign food and drinking California wines.





## 'The Stranger The Idiot, The harder the course . . .'

Senior English may seem like all the other water under the dam, but while all that knowledge seemed to flow easily into other classes, it just gets stuck in the rut known as creek house. Mr. Kriekhaus, known as our latter day Tolstoy ably (and sometimes aimlessly), led us through our course. Mr. Kriekhaus assumed the job of the novel European as we read the European novel. The amazing color and complexity in **The Red and the Black** left the Prince Valiant cut on Kriek's head waving back and forth continuously. As interpretations of **The Stranger** became stranger and stranger, the class loosely founded attention began to crumble. Fortunately, we weren't alone in our confusion. As Kriekhaus lowered his head, lifted his arms to his forehead, and uttered the ultimate "hold it, let me backtrack," we knew we were safe.

**Above Right:** The Kriekhaus cut begins to shake again as the class "holds it" to let him "backtrack." **Right Center:** As she tells a thrilling tale, Mrs. Richards captures the attention of Glen Kehlmann and Susan Paddock. **Above (opposite page):** While Diane Davies is distracted to Ms. Brazinsky, Mary Sukkar contemplates the grim fate of writing her English paper. **Right (opposite page):** Teaching the concept of infinity to his Calculus class, Mr. Colkins explains that "when you get far out, you get right on."



Neida Lane

Sue

Wendy

Sharon

Patricia

John

John

Margaret Eva Miller



## 'Some of the sums are simple . . .'

Math is the inverse of the square halfway between the absolute value of what's missing in the rest of the curriculum. The integral part of math is numbers, so as 3-4-5 leads on to 6-7-8, so must the student move on from Algebra to Geometry. If you really know your 1,2,3's, there's always Functions and the mama of them all, Calculus. The Value derived from a rationally complete math course is, of course, the ability to react to the multiples of numbered pages assigned in other courses, of courses!



## 'Understanding is the name of the game . . .'

You find yourself picking through a book looking for all the deep, dark meanings to incorporate into a paper. When total understanding is reached, the paper finally begins. The thesis is developed, structured, and polished. It is taken to the teacher, handled in white kid gloves, and that is the last time it is seen in a nice clean fashion. It is returned in the form of a modern art in red, with coffee stains as added highlights. It has gone through the input, and rejected with a C++. So what is a C++? Is it better than a B-, or equal to a B-? Why can't it just be a B-? How do you average a C++, and what does it prove? That you are an above average mediocre student?



Anna Milligan

Martha M. Moore

Robert P. Murphy

Aron Oliver

Donald L. Paige

Ronald B. Palma

Dexter M. Poulter

## 'You start with a painting of a bull . . .'

on the side of a cave, drawn by early man and end with a woman with an eye where her ear should be, drawn by Picasso. This is what Music and Art History is all about. By the time you finish the Renaissance, you think that if you see one more "Madonna and Child" you will surely be sick. When you study Bosch with rats in armor, and strange, surrealistic monsters eating people, you know you will be sick. You find yourself in heaven listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and you don't know where you are listening to Varese's "Poeme Electronique." Through it all though, you leave with a knowledge that will never escape you. It is one of the most worthwhile courses in the school







**Right:** With the help of clay and a jar, John Scrutton creates a piece of pottery.  
**Above:** Jan Nespor and Melvin Tennant try to outwit Coach Tameny and Raul Mendoza in a during exam basket ball game. **Opposite page:** Ted Sloan is found lurking in a scene by Bosch.



## 'There was a familiar cry . . .'

"Oh darn! It's time for P.E. again." Off we walked, like we were on the way to the dungeon. We got dressed, went to the gym, and stood at attention on the white line for the inspection. If you were not dressed in the correct P.E. uniform, you got a black checkmark. For three mods we listened to the history of physical education. We then burst right into our physical ability test, doing pull ups, push ups, and all sorts of trivia, trying to show our physical prowess. A person never knew how long one semester could last until they were in P.E.

## 'I finally realize that . . .'

after you work really hard at something, almost to the point of hating it, something clicks and you begin to really like it. It's too bad that pottery is the only thing that's clicked for me.



Cheryl Ann Hoyer

John A. Huthorn

James B. Hoyer

Angela H. Hoyer

William A. Hoyer

John A. Hoyer

John A. Hoyer

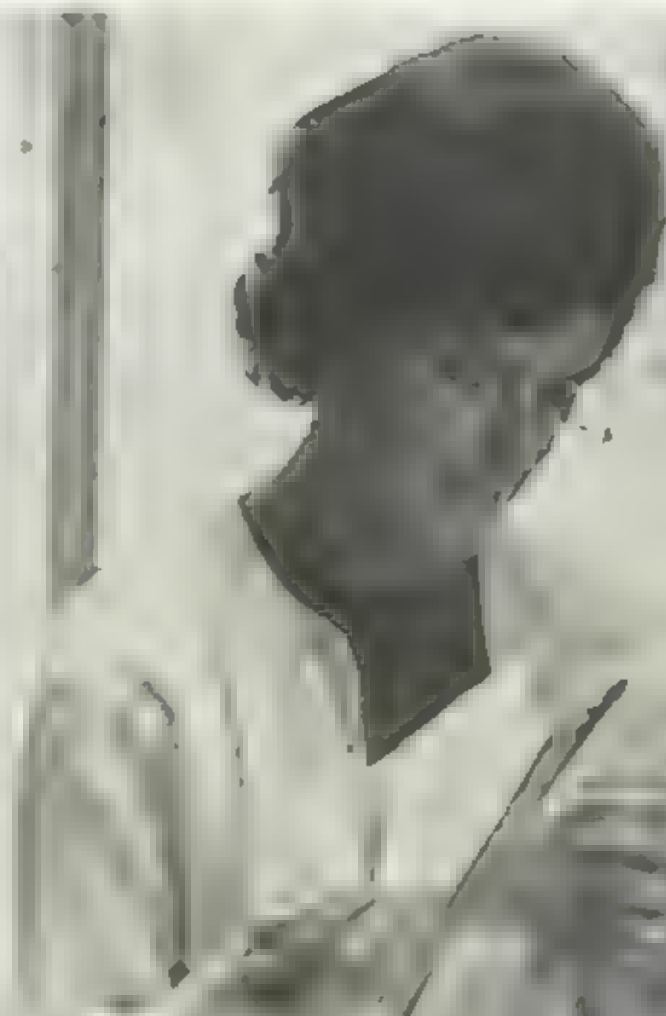
## 'Junk it . . '

Did you ever wonder what happened to all those paperwads that missed the wastebasket? How about those soda cans that never made it back into the com-man's trash, or those spills that kind of linger between the cracks in the wood floor, not to mention the mud from the hills that got tracked up the back stairways? Well, I never thought about it until I was knocking through an English paper after school when along came these guys with mops and pails and ev-

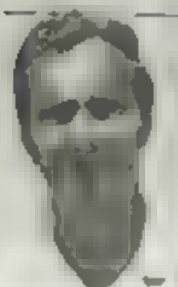
erything out of the McDonald's commercial except the song. (Not to say the maintenance men don't enjoy their work, but they don't sing about it) With closer inspection, the maintenance men's work deserves appreciation. They keep the grass mowed and the furniture together. They handle the temperature of the building and fix the fire alarm. And when they can't recruit students' help, they set up chairs and move tables. For these and other chores, we must give these men a word of praise (or else a raise?)



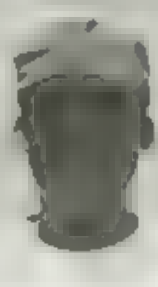
**Above:** After four years, James Graham is finally called in to repair the decaying parkay wood floor. **Left:** Lester Herman heaves lumber into the good ole' pick-up. **Directly Above:** There goes Theo — trackin' along. **Right:** Once again, Mrs. Whiteside sorts the mail for a notice of the overdue windbreakers.



James  
Graham



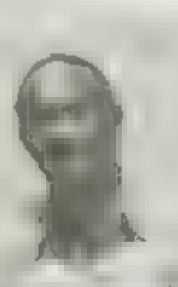
Hubert  
Wickline



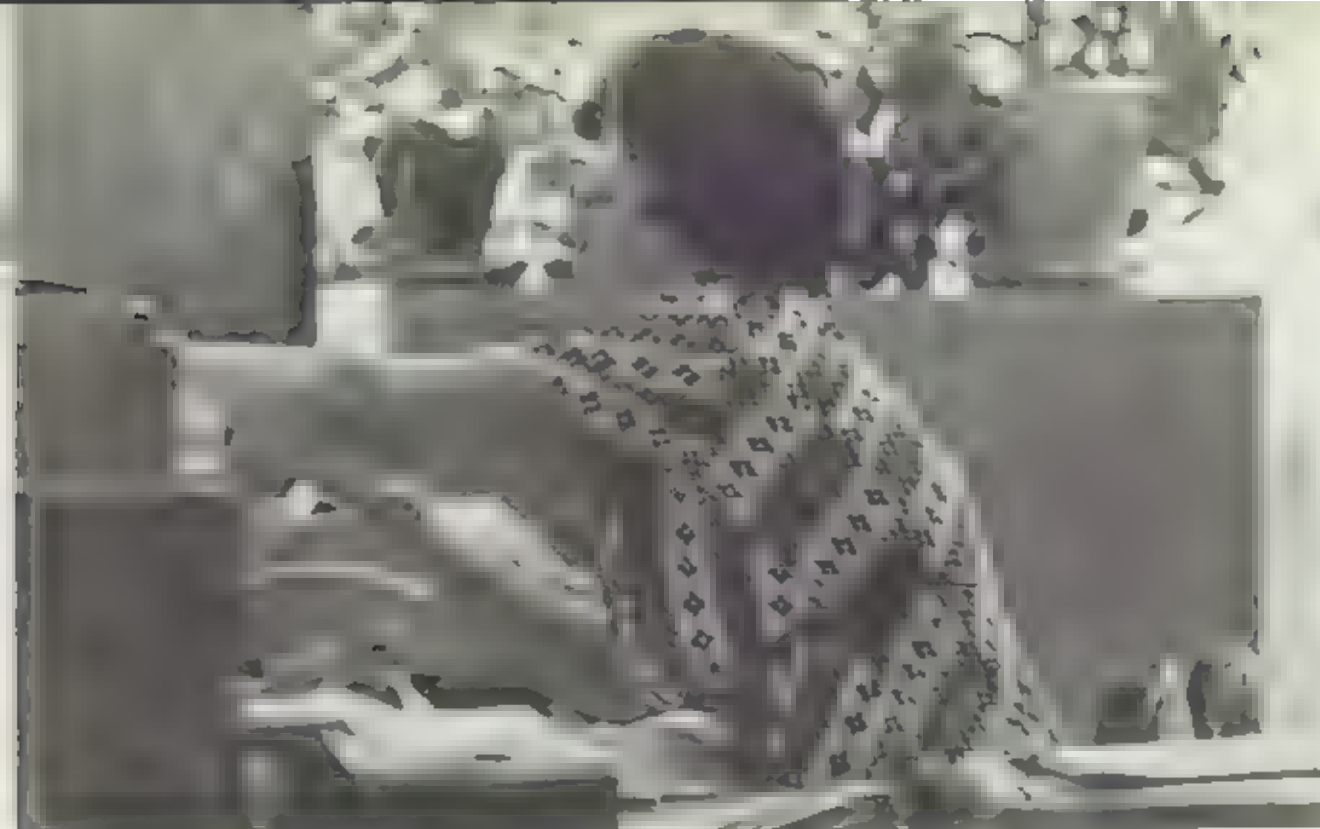
Theodore  
Jackson



Louis  
Moeller



Sherman  
Wickliff



## 'Tape it . . '

Being that we are in the age of automation, it seems we could in some way help the office staff with their duties. Bionic arms wouldn't help; they would crush the typewriters. However, there are endless possibilities for the advantages of tape recordings.

For Mrs. Whiteside and her middle school counterpart, Mrs. Scott, there could be five tapes under the categories of "Holland Hall School, may I help you?", "Is your son ill today, (or just skipping)?" "Yes, I do have aspirins for mail and stamps for headaches," "No, the windbreakers have NOT arrived."

Mrs. Morns and her counterpart, Mrs. Smith, require two tapes. "Yes, the headmaster is in, but he is on the phone," and "Have you heard from your college yet?"

For Mrs. Hurst, Mrs. Kohlbacher, and Mrs. Springer, there could be recordings of "No, I don't want to buy a junior candy bar," "The infirmary has just been closed,"; and, "The reason you have to pay ten cents for copies is because MY fee is ten cents."



**Above:** Rumaging through a stack of papers, Mrs. Hurst makes sure that no one has stolen her junior class candy bar. **Directly Above:** Mrs. Smith says "I want a Whiz Burger, hold the Mayo", don't cry over it, and send it walkin'." **Right:** Elmer Looper examines the wood for termites before loading it in the truck.



Delores  
Hurst

Amy Ann  
Kohlbacher

Patricia  
Morris

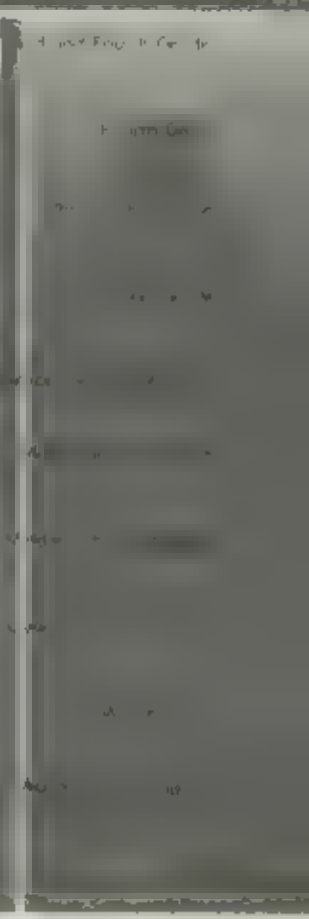
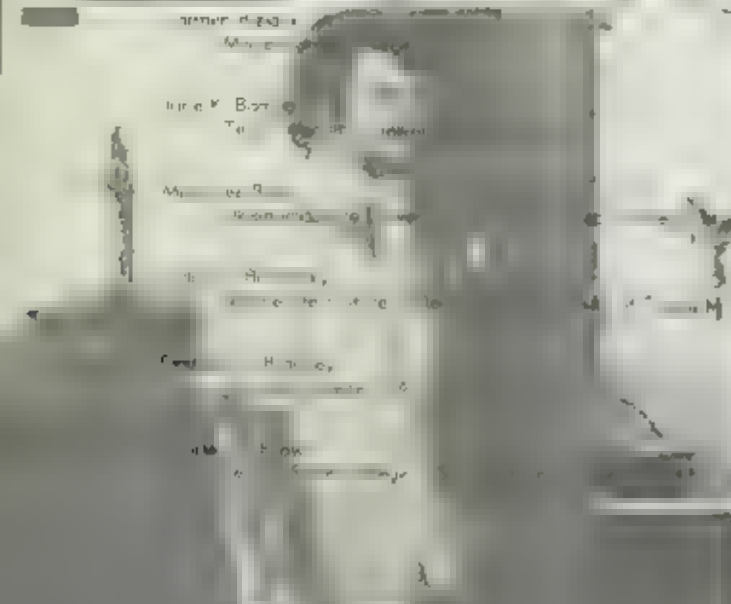
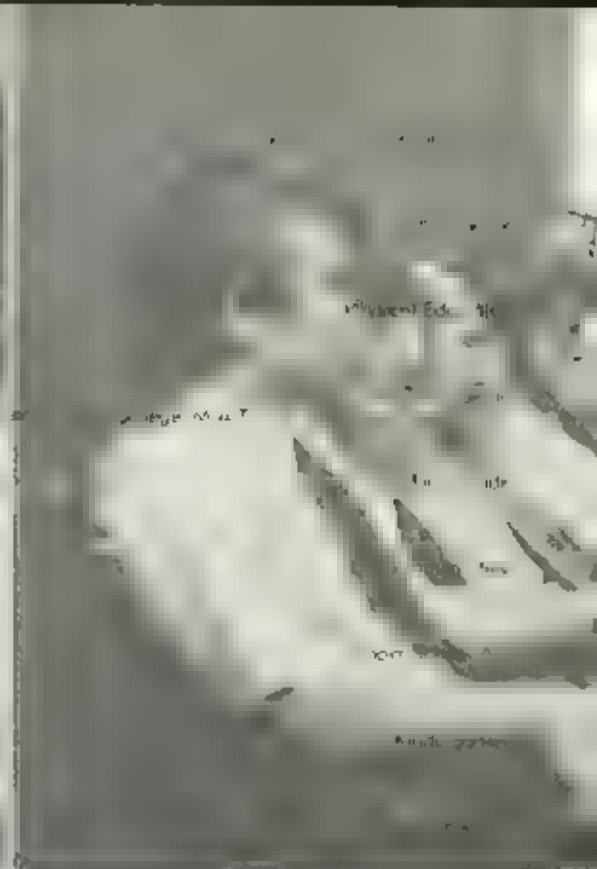
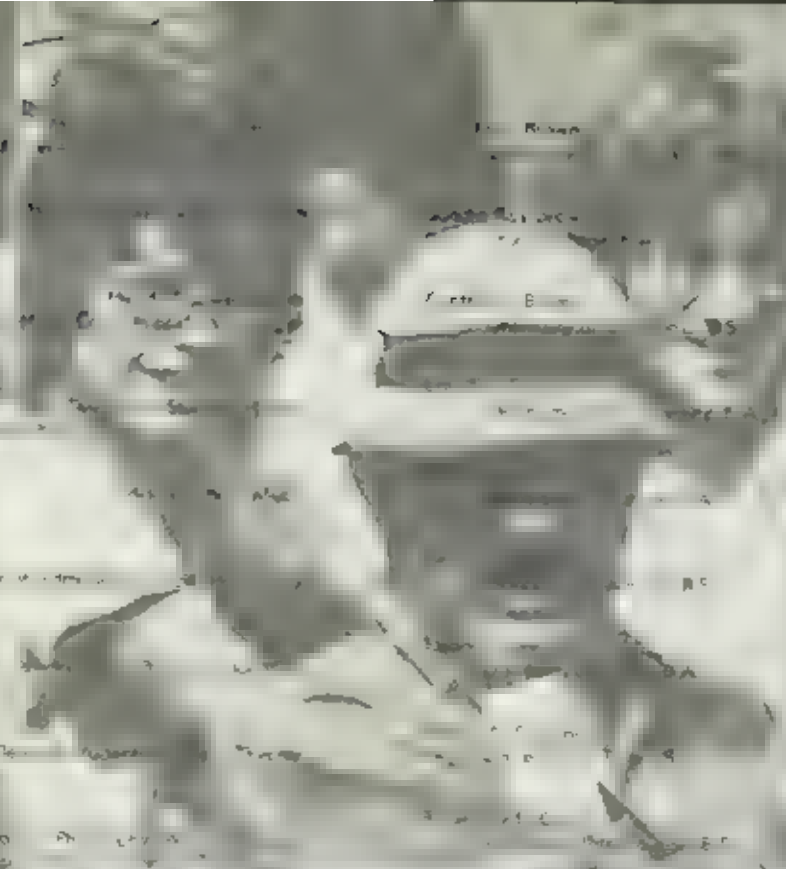
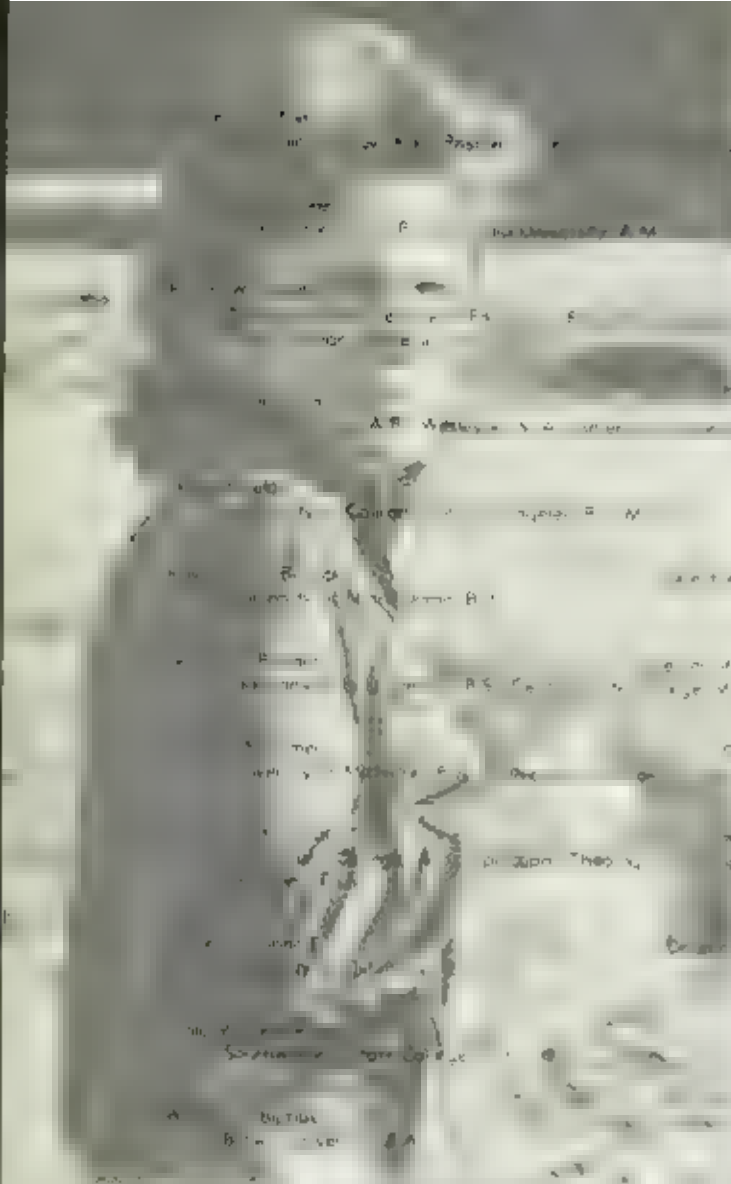
Betty  
Scott

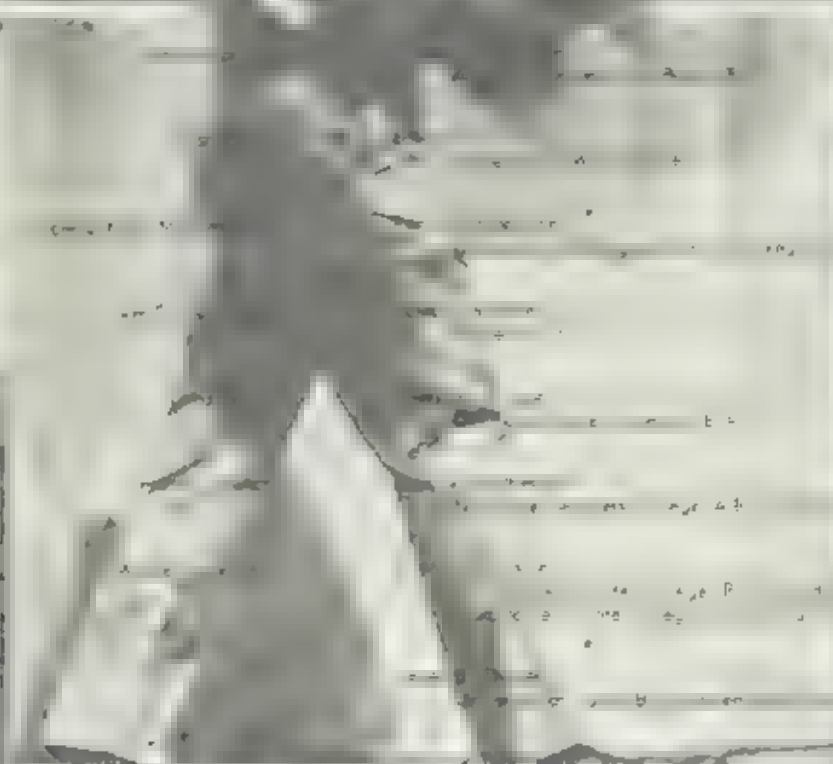
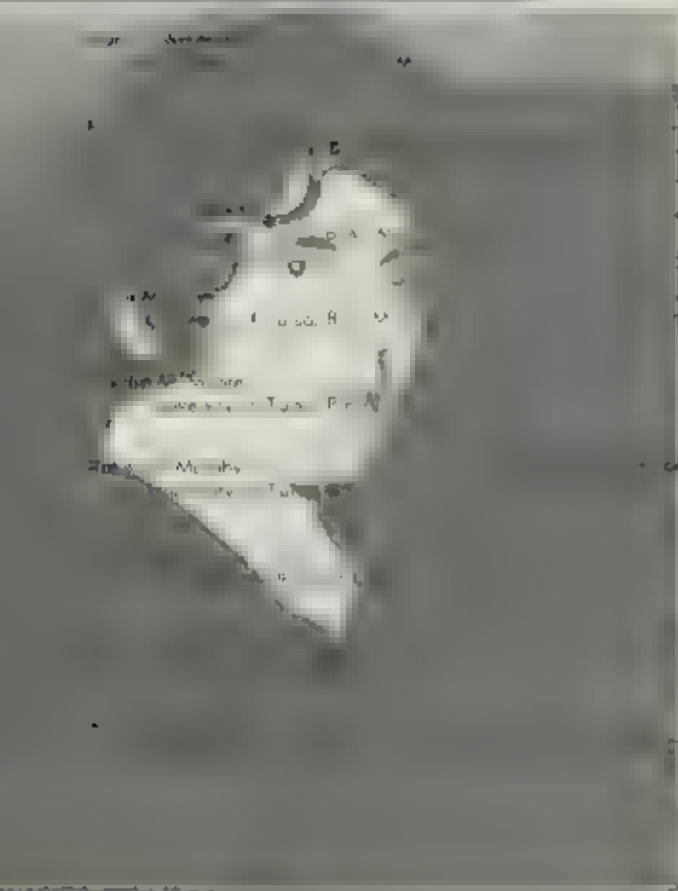
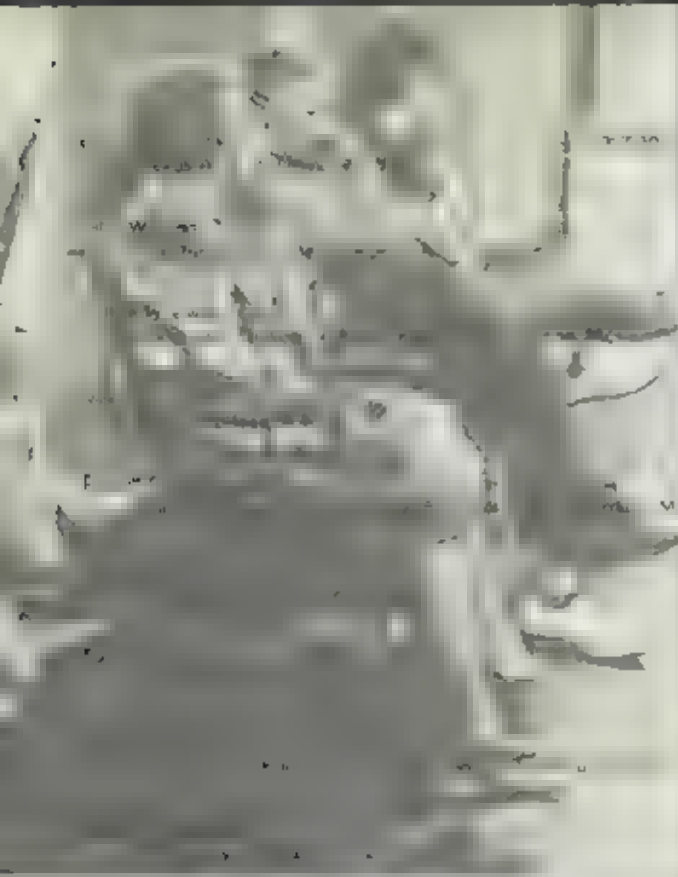
Eleanor  
Smith

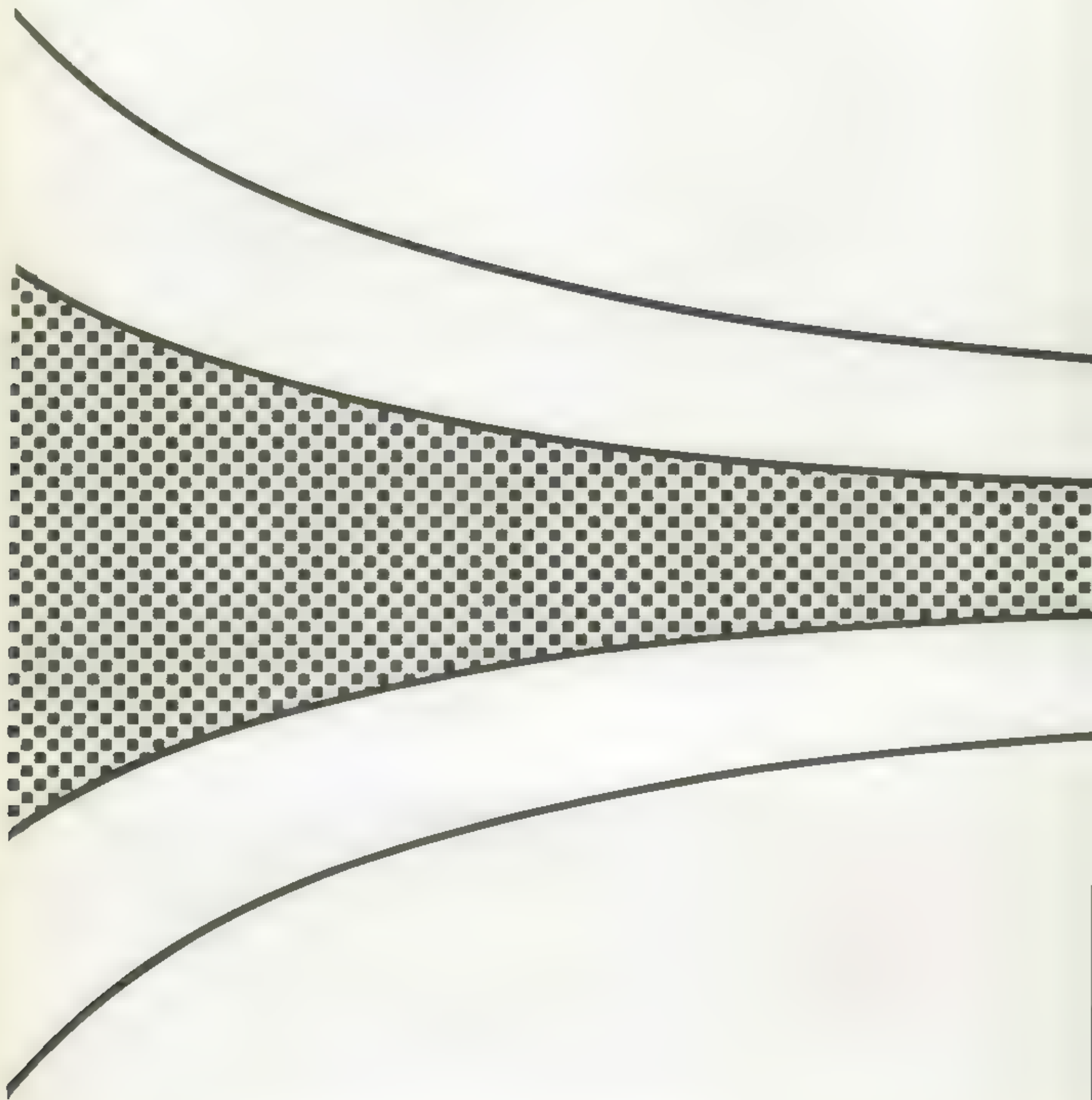
Jeanne  
Springer

Myldred  
Whiteside



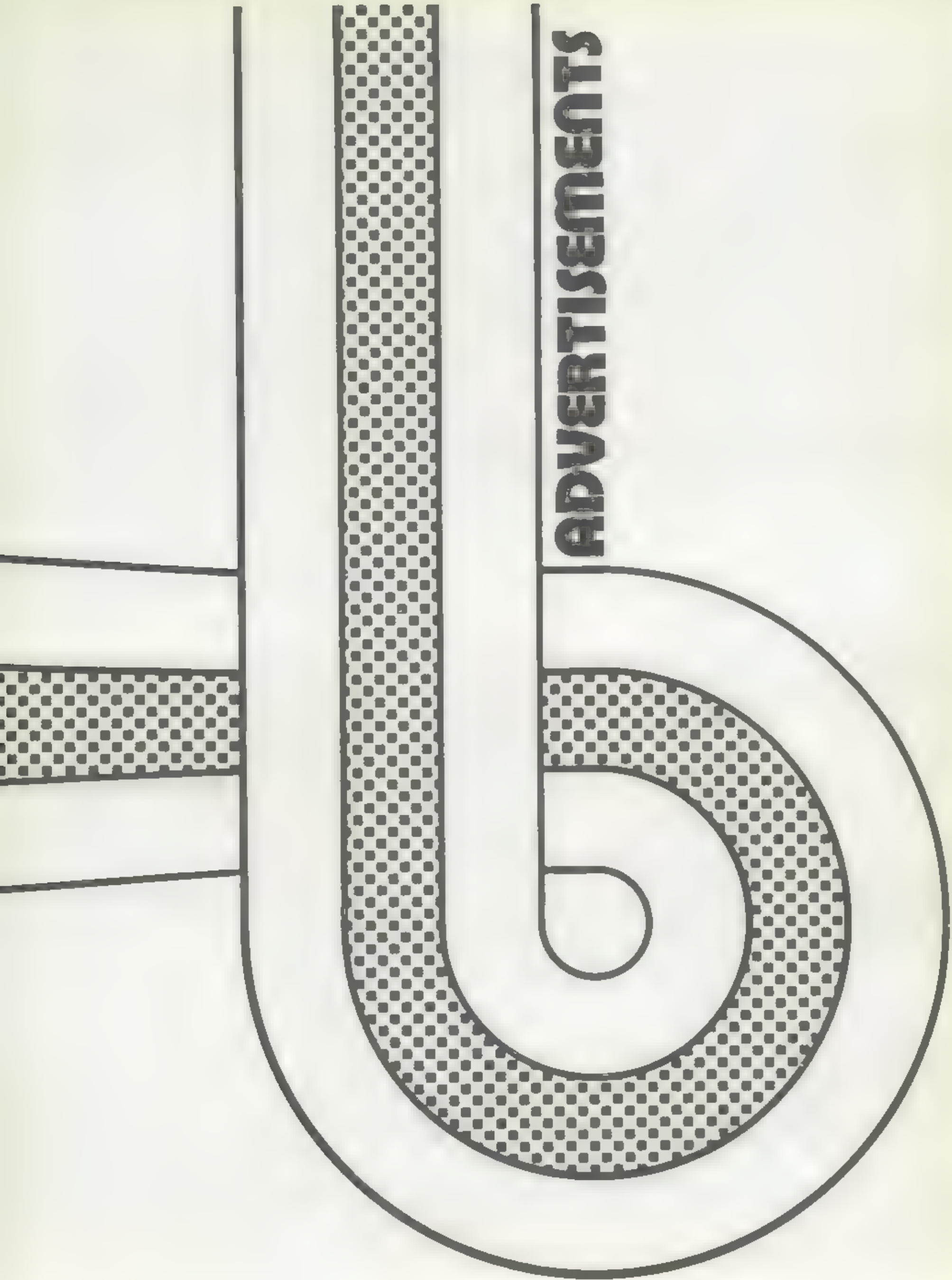








# ADVERTISEMENTS



## Bye Bye Bertie



From the Class of '74

"Let us prove our service by providing it"

### Carl M. Leonard and Son, Inc.

Insurance  
Harvard Center Building  
3010 South Harvard  
743-4446



THE

## PAPER DOLL

2010 UTICA SQUARE • 749 2244

### *Bunnydee Originals*



Imported Clothing  
and Toys for Children  
from England

Newborn — 10 Years

Phone 663-3882

22 SOUTHROADS VILLAGE TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74135

---

It's about time Class of '74.  
We thought you would  
never make it!

**HARLAN** *Insurance*  
AGENTS • BROKERS, INC.

CONGRATULATIONS

---



## Petty's Fine Foods, Inc.

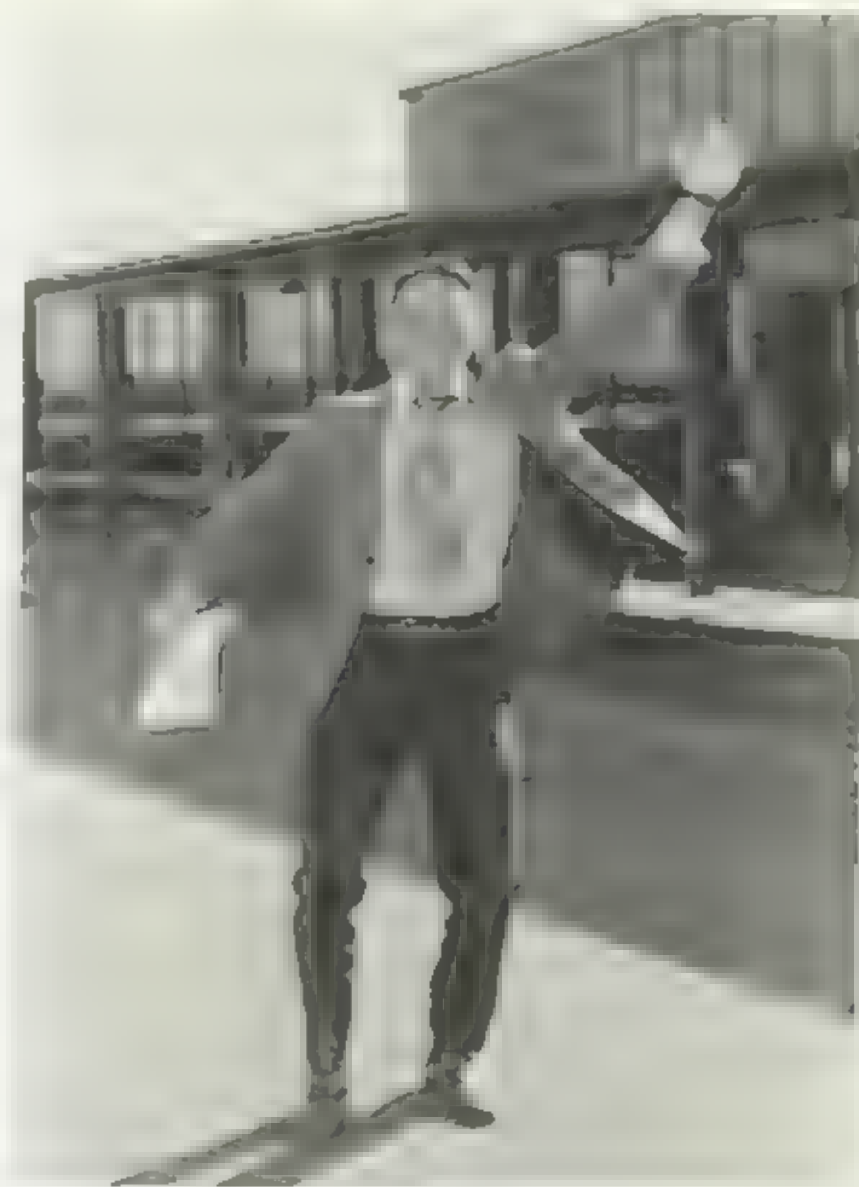
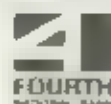
TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74115

**London Square**  
5800 SOUTH LEWIS  
Phone 743-6661

**Utica Square**  
1964 UTICA SQUARE  
Phone 743-6661

FRIENDS OF  
HOLLAND HALL

*The*  
**Action Bank  
of Tulsa**



Next Time — Go Together on an  
MK&O Charter Coach.

- Air Conditioned
- Rest Room Equipped
- Air Suspension Ride
- One Half Regular Fare



A Good Name in Transportation

# Sipes

There  
is a  
difference!

FOR NEW BAL  
7-11-12  
A.M. 11:00 P.M.  
V. 2. 11

---

**Hello,  
Holland  
Hall . . .**

**Raising  
Cool Boys  
is Good  
Public  
Relations.**

**PRI Principals  
recommend:  
David Sims  
Eric Graham  
Bert McCullar**



***PRI*** **PUBLIC RELATIONS INTERNATIONAL, LTD.**

SUITE 310, LVO ENTERPRISE BLDG., | TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74103

---

# *Engler Photo Supply*

## "THE BEST COSTS NO MORE"

Tulsa Owned and Operated Since 1924  
Professional Supplies for  
Photography Lithography Industry

1643 South Boston

583-4567

---

Compliments of



**world-wide  
drilling**

PARKER DRILLING COMPANY  
TULSA, OKLAHOMA



*Mrs. Howard Conheim*

Antique furniture and accessories  
Linens for table, bed, and bath  
Custom-designed bath and closets  
Dr. Erno Laszlo preparations  
Decorative plumbing and hardware

1579 East 21st Street in the Dowell Building

---

717 South Main  
481-4402

*Sales*

**Al's**

*Rentals*

**FORMAL WEAR**  
*For All Occasions*

412 North  
Tulsa

---





THIS NAME  
SURE GETS  
AROUND...

"ONE OF  
THE LVO  
COMPANIES"

You'd expect to see it here  
because we're based in  
Oklahoma company. But  
you'll also see it at the  
offices of Scott Rice, Ross-  
Martin Company and LVO  
Cable, Inc. in Denver,  
Dallas, New York City,  
Wichita, Houston,  
Cleveland, Kansas City,  
St. Louis and  
Oklahoma City.

LVO stands for resources  
and services.

**LVO** Corporation  
LVO Enterprise Building  
6th and Boston  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

GROWTH...  
GROWTH...  
GROWTH...

... From a scrappy little  
pipeline company with  
\$12 million of revenue  
in 1962 to a diversified,  
integrated energy and  
pollution control  
company with sales of  
over \$110 million.  
There's more to come.  
Get a preview. Write  
for our latest report  
to investors.



**mapco**  
INC

1437 S. Boulder • Tulsa, Okla. 74119

COMMON STOCK LISTED  
ON NEW YORK STOCK  
EXCHANGE • SYMBOL

**MDA**



**1724 S. UTICA**

**GLEN NELSON**

**MARVEL NELSON**

**587-8484**

The  
**Nelson** Studio  
and  
Gallery



• *Quality is the difference*

---

Compliments of  
**TULSA FORGE, INC.**  
and  
**ROBERT DUENNER AND CO.**

---

**BEN F. WHITEHILL III**

**DEAN WITTER & CO.**

801 FIRST PLACE  
TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74103



World Wide Service

**Noble F. Smith & Joe R. Thornton**  
**Insurance Agency**

3400 First National Tower  
Tulsa, Oklahoma  
(918) 585-8271





# A better bank for all of Tulsa.

Construction is now  
underway at Second  
and Boston for the new  
50-story NBT Building  
part of the new  
Williams Center

This new building not  
only reflects a pace-  
setting attitude in  
management, but is also  
a reflection of *your*  
contribution to our  
success and growth

Our new building will  
stand as a visual pledge  
of continuing service to  
you. Because you are  
our most valuable asset

## NATIONAL BANK of TULSA

THE PACESETTER® BANK  
MEMBER FDIC

---

Compliments of  
A

Friend

---

**RAGUSE & CO., INC.**

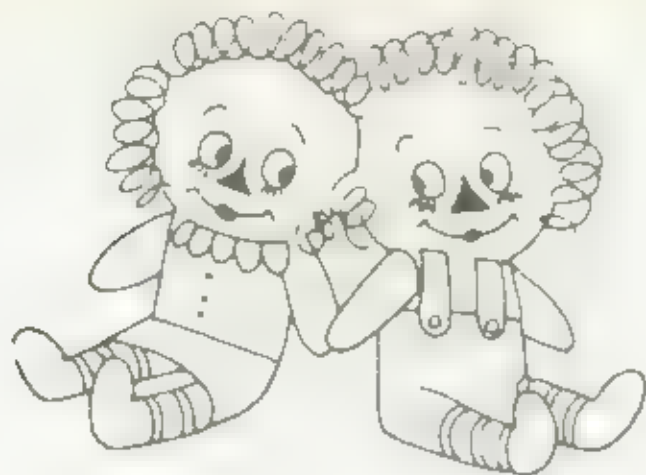
FLUID, GAS AND AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT

---

Compliments of

MR. & MRS. EDGAR R. SANDITEN





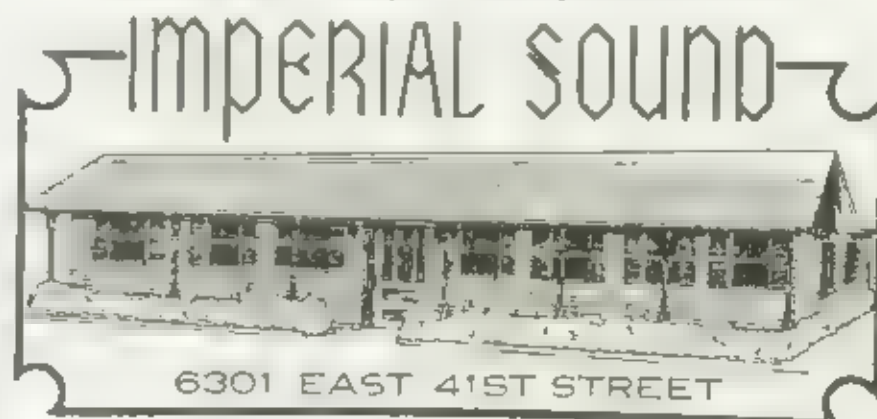
TAKE  
A FRIEND  
TO THE GARDEN  
FOR LUNCH

**THE GARDEN**

on the Patio  
at Utica Square

Compliments of  
A FRIEND

Best wishes from your friendly Marantz dealer



6301 EAST 41ST STREET

Phone 622-6111

Joe M. Schuman, President





# It's the real thing. Coke.

Trade mark ®



---

## Vinson Supply Company

---

Compliments of  
a Friend

Judy Berry  
H H. Class of '69  
Made Phi Gamma Kappa  
at T.U

by Courtesy  
R.W. Berry

---

**Baker's**  
**FLOWERS**

For the Finest Cut Flowers, Plants, and Gifts

BankAmericard  
and Master Charge

SEH Green Stamps  
1829 E. 21st—RI 7-7575



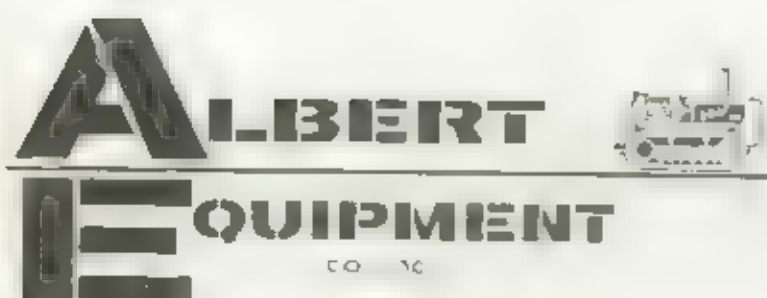


*Those were the days  
my friend*

*The glowing world of Mij offers  
warm tribute to Holland Hall's  
Class of 74. Since her beginning  
Mij has been both a friend and  
a fashion setter to the world of  
Holland Hall. As she has  
watched you come and go,  
it is kinda nice to turn  
back the pages and  
remember  
My Shop — around there*

  
*Miss Jackson's*  
IN TULSA 5 FASHIONABLE UTICA SQUARE





YOUR **CATERPILLAR** DEALER

7794 E 42ND PL • BOX 45688 • TULSA OKLA 74145 • PH 918-627-4500



Ira and Mary  
Sanditen

---

***Join the Pepsi People feelin' free!***  
***Join the Pepsi People feelin' free!***



---

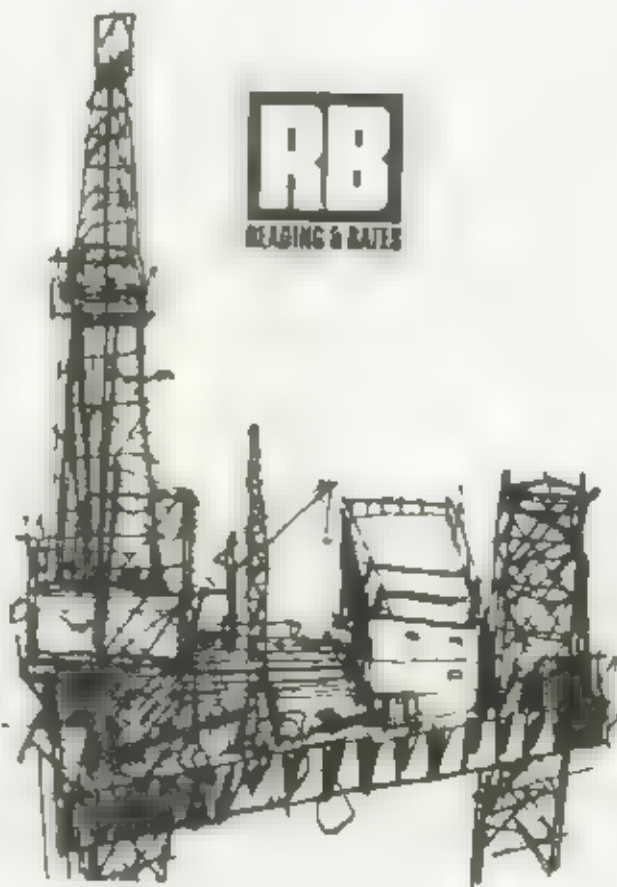
Compliments of  
Mr. and Mrs. James  
Hewgley



**first, choose  
YOUR DREAM...  
THEN SAVE  
for it.**

**Sooner**  
Federal Savings and Loan  
MEMBER FDIC





**READING & BATES  
OFFSHORE DRILLING COMPANY**

TULSA - HOUSTON - LONDON - SINGAPORE





GLORIA  
AND ASSOCIATES  
INTERIORS, LTD

Consultants to guide you in making the most elegant and functional selections of decor from the inside out, specializing in special design, materials and color specifications, and fine furnishings for old home rejuvenation and new home construction

5157 E. 51st St., Suite 101 \* Tulsa, Okla. 74135  
918 664-0990



# The Kingpin.

If you're tied to a desk eight hours a day and you've got the blahs, then look to Riverlanes, the kingpin of all bowling centers in the Southwest.

After a hard day on the job you can enjoy the many facilities offered by Riverlanes, including a sports shop, private club, coffee house and supervised playroom for the bowler's children.

The sports shop will cater to tennis, skiing and bowling equipment and sportswear, featuring all the top brand names.

If you would like to start your own bowling team, give us a call and we'll help you start a winner.

If you're searching for bowling luxury and convenience... look to Riverlanes.



Sherman Willsey  
Manager/Pres.

Brenda Marshall  
Assistant Mgr./Pres.

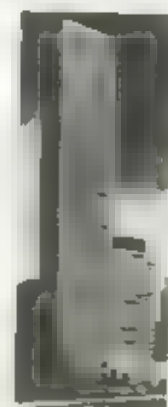
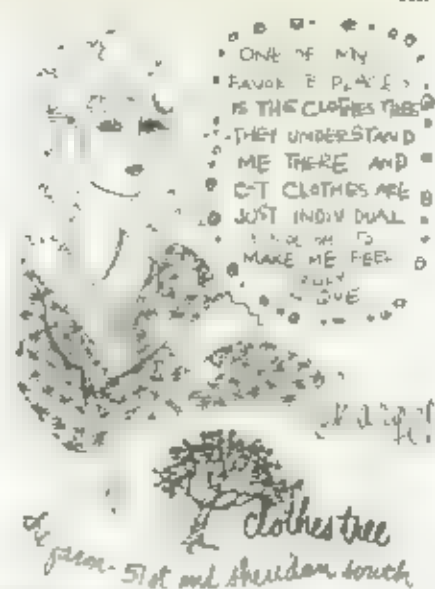
## Riverlanes, Ltd.

P.O. Box 2864 • 8711 S. Lewis  
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101  
936-9888 • 583-5774

Rita J. Moskowitz-Raymond A. Miller, Jr., Owners



Congratulations  
to the  
Graduating  
Seniors



FIRST TULSA

FIRST PERSON  
BANKING

Offers First Dimension services, for your convenience. See  
just one person in one place for almost all your banking needs  
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF TULSA



What is  
that  
Betty?

I don't  
really know.



UNITED BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.

**DETRICK  
REALTORS'**



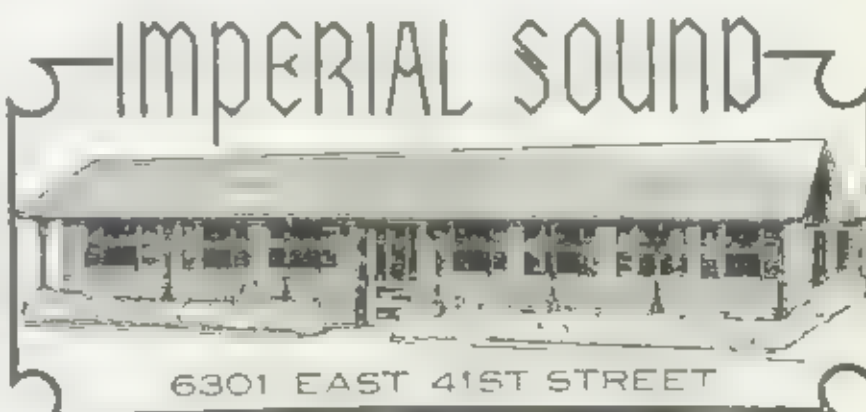
**SPC**  
*Stillings*  
PETROLEUM CORPORATION

sa Oklahoma

COMPLIMENTS  
OF A  
FRIEND



*Best wishes from your home of better sound*

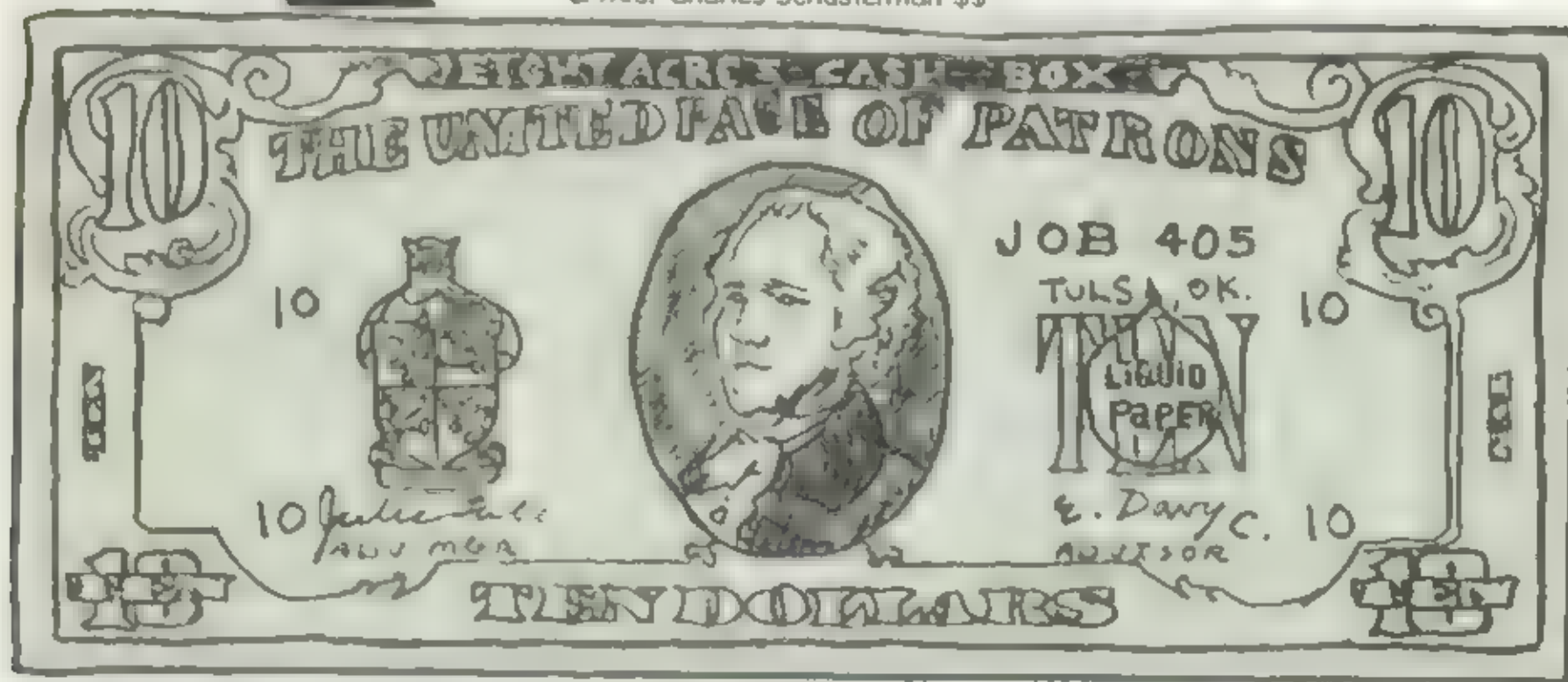


Phone 6-2611

ce M. Schuman, President



Dr. & Mrs. S.Y. Andelman \$\$\$  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Arnold  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. John S. Athens  
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Anthony C. Billings  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. James T. Boswell  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert D. Brock  
 \$\$\$ Mrs. James P. Cobb  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. K.S. Cressman  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Davis  
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. David L. Edwards, Jr.  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Walter B. Gerard  
 \$\$ The Golden Dolphin  
 \$\$\$ Knox Cameras \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Joe P. McLoud  
 \$\$\$ Margaret Singletary  
 \$\$ Design & Interiors  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Charles F. O'Conner  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Oven  
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Emil E. Palik  
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. William Reid  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Thomas H. Richards  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Frank Riesinger  
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. James M. Sanders  
 \$ Mr. & Mrs. Dan Savage  
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Charles Schusterman  
 \$\$



Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Shade \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy M. Shamas \$\$\$  
 Dr. & Mrs. David Shapiro \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. James M. Short \$\$\$  
 Mrs. Anna Simcoe \$\$\$ Mrs. Linnea Slack \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Groeme Sorley \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert Steen Smith \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. James L. Steinberg \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. C.P. Stillwell \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Samuel C. Stone \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Taylor \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Edward Taylor \$\$\$ Mrs. A.J. Tomasino \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. C.E. Thornton \$\$ Mrs. Emily Walker \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. A. Rex Watkinson, Jr. \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Fred S. Watson, Jr. \$\$\$  
 Dr. & Mrs. Roger E. Wehrs \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Hugh S. West \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. W.L. Whalley \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Homer F. Wilcox \$\$\$  
 Mr. & Mrs. Lauren L. York \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ Anonymous

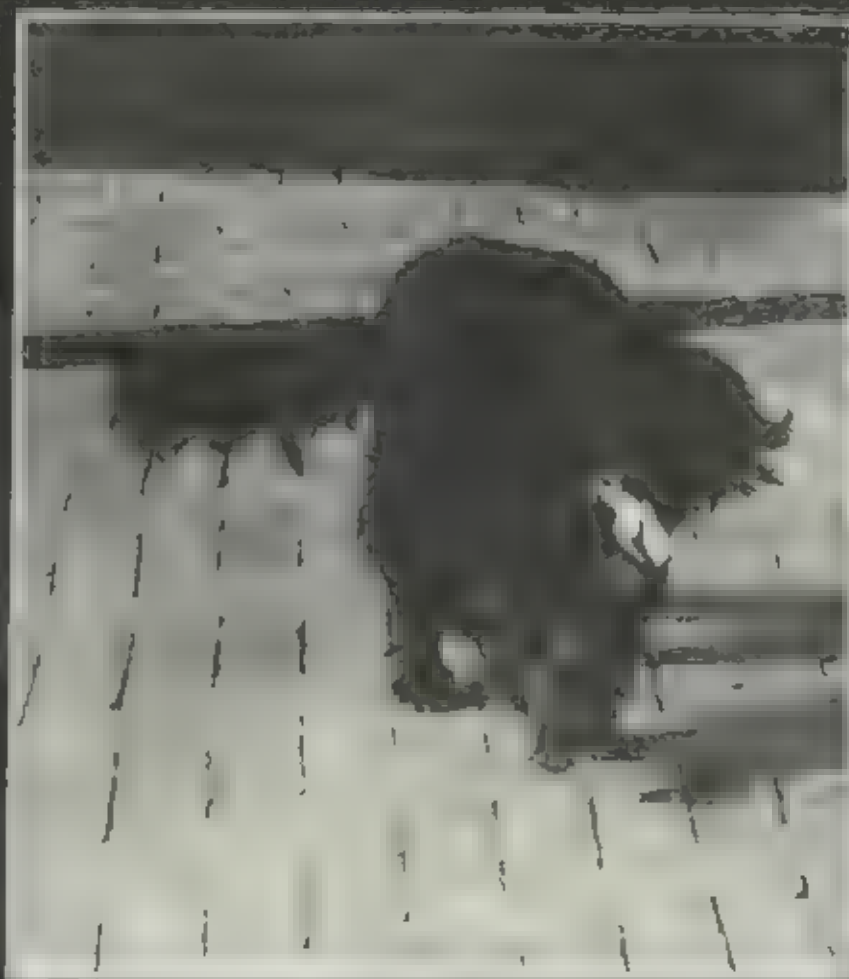
The tornadoes that threatened to destroy our city left, and the repairmen will take care of the rest. New scandals will replace the old. Elections will come and political rearrangement will take place. World leaders will come and die. Peace will stay for a while longer and then leave in tense warfare. We, high school students, will grow into college students, into accepted adulthood with its hassles and its happinesses. The school will replace its lost leadership and grow to new heights with new courage to face an ever changing new world. "Laughing and crying, you know it's the same release." So the song goes. Tears at losses and despair and laughter at success and joy are to be a part of living. A good life must have both. Too much sorrow leaves a person yearning and paralyzed. Too much happiness leaves a soul incomplete and unappreciative. School allows one to look at life in a microcosm, to experience life's luxuries and heartaches at a level, detached from the permanent pains and memories. The cycle of school begins in kindergarten and takes a break after high school is out. But, this primary mouth fed education keeps going with or without your help. It's not anyone's place to tell you to help. The idle are just part of the way things go as are the over anxious



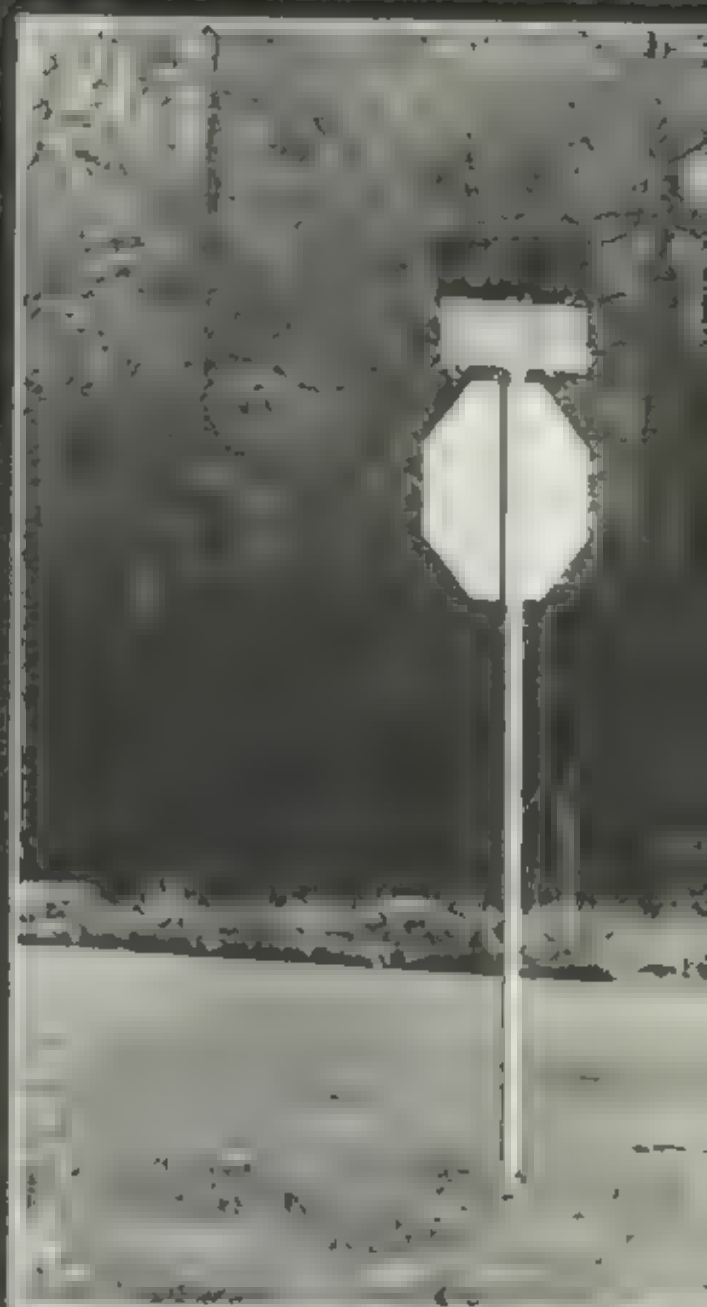
THE X  
DANCE.

it is  
CALLED

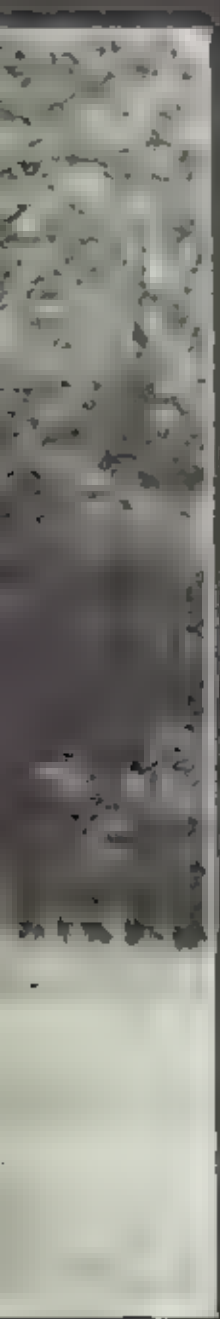
THE  
MILK-SHAKE  
YOUR FANNY  
DANCE



Above: Performance was held on the common wall. Below: Gunther took himself in front of a photographer on the photo-grapher took himself in front of Gunther. Upper Right: The dance woods on the corner of 51st and Vale provide a backdrop for the street full of thousands. Right: Taking advantage of their privileges, some students after school has already begun.







The more things change,  
same. Tite, but true. As

Günther was  
antics providing no  
students. All those storms that have hit soccer  
the last year will be the end of your  
next year will  
bring new ram and many more practices  
Though the landscape around Ely and Yole  
will change quickly the stop sign at the corner  
w...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
Hawthorne... even  
... why...

essential to the fact that they go. Life is not to "Be here now." Everyone has got to go the way things go.





I think that perhaps we are luckier than those generations that had come to maturity before the decade beginning in the autumn of 1963. We had learned as children and teenagers the limitations of power, the dreadful mistake good men are capable of making, that America did not have a monopoly on morality, the terrible absurdity that a warehouse clerk could kill the president of the United States, that 45,000 Americans could die in a war that the government couldn't explain or win, that a senseless burglary might destroy a president. Because we had learned these things early in our lives, we might be more realistic in our expectations of government and life, less vulnerable to delusion over life's disappointments and unfairness. We had learned that there were no simple solutions that we could not easily overcome, that we were not completely without fault. Stripped of illusions, we could move forward, seeking small victories, realizing that the conquest of one problem only creates another. If we do not fall prey to complacency, we could tackle our problems one by one, and be content with the struggle



## INDEX

### Students

**Adams, Vincent C.** 53, 18  
**Adams, Melodie** 147  
**Addison, David M.** 56  
**Adego, P. Mitchell** 35, 92, 93, 99, 113  
**Akin, Laurie A.** 78, 79, 28  
**Alexander, Daniel A.** 150  
**Alexander, Tony E.** 141  
**Aiken, Andrew S.** 49, 64, 124  
**Aiken, Rhoda van der** 88, 118  
**Ames, Peter C.** 52, 24  
**Adelman, Ross B.** 42, 86, 10  
**Anderson, Cheryl L.** 26, 42, 66, 88, 90, 94, 101,  
 108, 154  
**Anderson, Frances E.** 41, 78, 128  
**Appleman, Susan** 12, 87, 88, 113  
**Armstrong, S. David** 17, 48, 49, 64, 93, 113, 115  
**Arnold, Robert H.** 94, 97, 98, 99, 113  
**Arlington, Elizabeth A.** 66, 72, 73, 85, 124  
**Arlington, John L.** III 41, 50, 59, 65, 128  
**Arlington, Katherine M.** 44  
**Arlington, Winifred L.** 138  
**Ashley, Anthony B.** 141  
**Ashley, John R.** 35, 42, 44, 55, 86, 88, 92, 94,  
 101, 107  
**Ashley, Virginia L.** 39, 70, 83, 86, 97, 124  
**Ashworth, Michael S.** 88, 18  
**Baker, Helen D.** 14  
**Baker, Thomas W.** 33, 84, 8  
**Baker, William J.** 8  
**Baker, Arthur G.** 6  
**Baker, Charles F.** 48, 74  
**Baker, Donald E.** 6  
**Baker, Joseph A.** 27, 4, 10, 14  
**Baker, James H.** 52  
**Baker, Frederick V.** 1  
**Baker, Henry J.** 1  
**Baker, John T.** 44  
**Baker, George B.** 6  
**Martin, Albert A.** 78, 79  
**Baird, Kathleen K.** 14, 16, 35, 39, 42, 70, 71, 88,  
 90, 10  
**Barr, Margaret A.** 88, 6  
**Bashaw, Amy M.** 146  
**Bashaw, Catherine N.** 5  
**Bates, Michael D.** 18  
**Beale, Kathryn A.** 26, 48, 46, 7  
**Beasley, Brent T.** 11  
**Bechtel, Amy** 78, 1  
**Bel, Letia J.** 24, 15  
**Beli, Robert D.** 41, 5, 18  
**Benton, Shannon L.** 41, 78, 91, 128  
**Berry, Brenda A.** 41, 78, 29  
**Billings, Brigitte K.** 46  
**Riley, Allison** 88, 1  
**Binding, Ronald R.** 44, 8, 9, 95, 1  
**Bohanon, Robert E.** 119  
**Blackgood, Elizabeth G.** 124  
**Boswell, Douglas D.** 41, 50, 58, 128, 131  
**Brainard, Matthew A.** 41, 58, 65, 28  
**Brannin, Clark S.** 56, 57, 119  
**Brannin, D. Graham** 41, 59, 83, 128  
**Brown, John L.** 26, 35, 42, 45, 66, 67  
**Brechin, John L.** II 49, 64, 96, 98, 10, 4  
**Brennan, Fred A.** 4, 41, 64, 28  
**Brian, John M.** 4  
**Brown, Barbara L.** 50  
**Brown, David A.** 44, 45  
**Harris, Frank A.** 4, 56, 58  
**Brown, Howard A.** 10, 28  
**Brown, Martha** 4  
**Graham, George A.** 3A, 44  
**Brown, George T.** 2  
**Kenneth, Jr.** 1  
**Bruce, David C.** 47, 24  
**Bulford, Sam D.** not rec.  
**Bulford, Stephen H.** 4  
**Bulford, Denise A.** 11  
**Bulford, Jerri L.** 4, 74  
**Bulford, John** 1  
**Bunn, Lucinda C.** 69, 124  
**Burge, Leslie K.** 14  
**Burge, William L.** 38, 139  
**Busby, Kenneth D.** 48  
**Bush, Carol M.** 78, 32  
**Bush, Maria L.** 138  
**Burlary, Louise C.** 13  
**Butler, James J.** III 50  
**Byars, Jeffrey D.** 146  
**Cabel, Lisa M.** 46  
**Caldwell, Brooke A.** 135, 136  
**Caldwell, Karen L.** 88, 119  
**Caldwell, Todd R.** 141  
**Camp, Bryan T.** 8, 41, 58, 128

Camp, Stephen D. 17, 56, 64, 82, 83, 88, 95,  
 113  
 Camp, H. Ward, III 35, 42, 49, 82, 88, 92, 93,  
 92, 157  
 Canby, John B. 42  
 Canby, John W. 7  
 Canby, John W. 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819

**H**

Freeman, Eric T 64, 113  
Freeman, John H 50, 83, 132  
Friedrich, Jane C 75, 79, 88, 125  
Fullard, Cynthia C 145  
Fueller Gregg G 144, 145  
Fuquay, James D 83, 138  
Fuquay John W 50 132  
Gallagher Mary Lou 136  
Gardner Philip G 141  
Garretson, Juko A 125  
Garretson, Lee Ann 97 125  
Gary Lucia L 35, 42, 66, 67, 68, 69, 84, 88, 94,  
95, 103  
Gary W Brewster 125  
Gentry Michelle L 148  
Gerow Ear T 40 138  
Gerow Walter I Jr 41, 50, 59, 129  
Gibbs, Charles A III 47, 42, 58, 83, 93, 101  
104  
**G**  
**I**  
**J**  
**K**  
**L**  
**M**  
Glendening, Robb E 49, 54, 55, 60  
Godard, Lisa M 24, 146  
Goldstein, Lori J 125  
Goldstein, Sara R 142  
Goodman, Melissa S 36  
Goodman, Polly K 46  
Graham, Hugh C III 50, 132  
Graham, Margaret B 136  
Gratkowski, Christine not pic  
Green William G 18, 42, 104  
Guterman Michael E 120 122  
Guy Christopher L 151  
Hale Stephen E not pic  
Hale Suzanne E 24  
Hall Don J 16, 132  
Hallett Patricia 20, 42, 44, 69, 82, 88, 104, 154  
Hammond Timothy E 50, 58, 132  
Harbaugh Seth H 151  
**N**  
**O**  
**P**  
**R**  
**S**  
Harrison Jeffrey A 50, 58, 83, 32, 133  
Harrison Jennifer L 141 142  
Harrison Juliet L 73, 88, 120  
Harrison Richard E 82, 63, 88, 95, 120  
Harrison, W Todd Jr 52, 125, 26  
Hart Tenotthy J 133  
Harvey Scot W 49, 64, 99, 120  
Harwood David L 78, 133  
Harwood Brad W 139  
Haus, James S 17, 56, 60, 113  
Haworth, W Haden III 98, 99, 113  
Haynes Marquette K 133  
Helmenich, Hans C 35, 55, 64, 125  
Helmenich, Jonathan D 41, 50, 58, 129  
Helmenich Matthew G 20, 86, 98, 13  
Henstley Barry S 41, 59, 129  
**T**  
**V**  
**W**  
**X**  
**Z**  
**A**  
Jackson, [unclear] 146  
Jackson Peter W 29, 39, 52, 56, 82, 99, 120  
Janus Peter T 15  
Jenkins Deborah E 16, 68, 69, 82, 88, 90, 146

[illegible]

Martin Sarah E 12  
Martin Margaret B 13, 26, 35, 42, 68, 69, 84  
88, 94, 98, 106, 108  
Mason Philip C 147  
Mason Robert D 41, 50, 59, 64, 130  
Mathews, Wanda L 15  
Medina Patricia 15  
Mendoza Rau C 25, 126, 161  
Merfield Candace E not pic  
Merfield Christopher O 41, 50, 59, 130  
Merfield Cynthia E 35, 136  
Miller T J 4, 41, 42, 43, 44, 16  
Miller E 4  
Miller F 4, 4, 5  
Miller Stacy A 35, 15  
Miller Vernon F 124, 26, 153  
Miller Wesley L 99, 26  
Mills Eric S. 148, 49  
Modrak Catherine A 66, 126  
Modrak David G 15  
Modrak Stephen M 49  
Modrak Victoria M 78, 79, 133  
Moore Brittany 136  
Moore Cathy M 66, 69, 86, 88, 21  
Moore Charles A 35, 145  
Moore Devon L 144, 45  
Moore Elizabeth F 136  
Moore Susan B 70, 88, 26  
Moore W Saxon 35, 145  
Morgan Sydney 149  
Morley Peter H 12, 4, 7, 35, 42, 63, 92, 93  
05, 106  
Morrow Charles 41, 58, 83, 86, 130  
Moskowitz Mitchell B 126  
Moskowitz Sherry R 41, 65, 78, 30  
Mulendore Clint V 45  
Mulendore E C IV 136  
Mulendore Eric V 24, 149  
Nair Brenda A not pic  
Nair Elizabeth E 33, 38, 42, 94, 98, 06  
Neal David B 56, 64, 126  
Neal Eric A 36  
Nelson Michael S. 5, 56, 64  
Nelson Pamela B 78  
Nelson Randolph M 83, 140  
Nelson Timothy B not pic  
Nespor Jan K 42, 56, 06, 16  
Newbury Scott W 139  
Newman Martin L 20, 38, 126, 155  
Newman Russell E 50, 134  
Nickle David E 49, 64, 82, 15  
Nielsen Lisa A 141, 142  
Noble Susan A 36  
Nolan Elizabeth L 88, 121  
Nord Linda L 136  
Nord Peter E 134  
Note Edward W not pic  
Note Mary K 41, 78, 130  
Note William P Jr 96, 2  
Notley Diana M 141, 42  
Notley George B 24, 25, 151  
Notley Nancy A 147  
Norweiler Blake A 65, 39  
Norweiler David E 41, 50, 3  
Norman Amy C 45  
Norton Christen L 24, 49  
Norval Stephen P 36  
Nuckal S, Leanne M. 140  
Null Thomas C 15  
Nunn Wallace D 48, 49, 50, 55, 60, 121  
Nutter Mark E 42  
Nutter Michael E 149  
O'Connor Peggy 115  
Orvid Laila A not pic  
Orvid Tucker O 24  
Osborn D Garth 21, 12  
Owen Margot 36  
Owen Peter H 41, 50, 59, 64, 131  
Owen Leslie M 20, 42, 86, 94, 107  
Owens Gregory D 41, 50, 58, 83, 131  
Owens T Keith 39, 52, 53, 82, 84, 85, 95, 98,  
15, 116  
Pack Lisa L 78, 134  
Paddock Carolyn Y 88, 26, 127  
Paddock Susan B 39, 82, 87, 115, 158  
Palik David A 42  
Palik Donald L 136  
Palik Laura E 41, 78, 13  
Palma Laura M 25, 151  
Parker Barbara A 78, 83, 134  
Parker Jocelyn L 151  
Parker Mary L 145  
Patterson Cip N 27, 66, 70, 90, 122  
Patterson Joe A 42  
Patterson Robert E Jr 147  
Patterson Sabrina D 15  
Patterson Shannon T 136

Somers, Cheryl: 42 86 94 08 115  
 Sorley, Andrea: 143  
 Sorley, Phyllis: 151  
 Sorley, Robert: 37  
 Southard, John A.: 144 145  
 Speed, Henry K.: IV 24 149  
 Spellman, T. Blake: 56 93 123  
 Spivey, James F.: 149  
 Spraker, Robert G., Jr.: 137  
 Springer, Jodie R.: 41 13  
 Springer, Lindsey K.: not pic  
 Springer, Randy A.: 143  
 Springer, Robin L.: 55 60, 123  
 Starr, Jason: 41 50 51 58 59 131  
 Starr, Joel E.: 56 62 63 64 127  
 Steinberg, Gary A.: 52 116  
 Steinberg, Susan L.: 20, 42, 86 87 97 108  
 Stewart, Lay D.: 99 123  
 Strickings, David A.: 137  
 Striffling, Sheila R.: 41 78 131  
 Strimell, Dawn M.: 24, 149  
 Stone, Sara C.: 39 140  
 Stowell, Pamela J.: 20 33, 39 88 127  
 Strange, Sterling P.: 142, 143  
 Strange, Susan I.: 65, 78, 134  
 Studvant, Anne C.: 147  
 Studvant, Catherine A.: 24, 149  
 Sukkar, Cathy M.: 137  
 Sullivan, Mary M.: 72 73 87 117 159  
 Sullivan, David W.: 27  
 Sumali, Stephen F.: 17 35 42, 08  
 Sutherland, Matthew S.: 41 50 59 64 131  
 Swab, Cheryl A.: not pic  
 Swab, Victoria A.: not pic  
 Tate, Juwanne: 39 42 69 84 85 06  
 Taylor, Christopher A.: 15, 99 127  
 Taylor, Mark D.: 64 88 117  
 Taylor, Stephen J.: 123  
 Teener, Charles J.: 24 25 50 15  
 Tennant, Melvin Jr.: 52 64 93 27 16  
 Terry, Candace A.: 88 127  
 Terry, Kyle G.: 49 50 55 60 61 93 117  
 Thornton, Charlotte M.: 12 26 42 68 69 72 73 82 84 85 94 108  
 Thurmond, Roger D.: 42, 49 83 93 94 08  
 Thurston, Jeffrey M.: 21 35 38 42 54 55 86 88 92 93 94 97 06  
 Todd, Scott B.: 122 123  
 Tomasino, Luc-Michel: 40  
 Tripp, Philip A.: 137  
 Tucker, Colin H.: 49  
 Tunnel, Jon M.: 25 149  
 Tuttle, George T.: 24, 149  
 Tuttle, John C.: 143  
 Tuttle, Lucinda A.: 137  
 Tyler, Jane A.: 27 70, 71 88 120, 23  
 VanderMolen, James L.: 17 20 66 86 122, 23  
 VanderMolen, Nancy L.: 17 127  
 Van Tuijl, David S.: not pic  
 Vargha, Lynda D.: 147  
 Vargha, Michael A.: not pic  
 Vaughan, Maria L.: not pic  
 Voith, Donna M.: 88 115, 117  
 Voith, Juwana M.: 78 34  
 Walker, Paul A.: III 127  
 Ward, Curtis B.: 137  
 Ward, Gary R.: 140  
 Ward, Nancy E.: 147  
 Ware, David S.: 48 49 93 117  
 Ware, Wendy S.: 78, 134  
 Warren, Carolyn Jr.: 137  
 Warren, John R.: 143  
 Weska, Mally L.: 49  
 Wattinson, James R.: 41 50 58 130, 131  
 Watson, Fred S.: 42 44 84 08  
 Watson, Leslie M.: 83 37  
 Watson, Robyn A.: 117  
 Weber, Eric B.: 40  
 Weber, Sherry L.: 41 131  
 Wehrs, Donald R.: 42 03 108  
 Wehrs, Suzanne M.: 127  
 West, Philip S.: 64 23  
 Westphal, Andrew J.: 134  
 Wethen, Benjamin D.: 88 117  
 Wetzel, Kurt: 147  
 Weizler, Janet: 86 88 117  
 Whaley, Elizabeth S.: 69 117  
 White, John D.: 119 123  
 White, Lon A.: 41 13  
 White, Tamara L.: 78 34  
 Whithill, M.: 45a 66 69 85 88 1 8 23  
 Wilcox, Anthony J.: 143  
 Wilford, Jennifer L.: 147  
 Wilkams, Charles P. Jr.: 64, 117  
 Wilkams, Kathleen M.: 88, 123  
 Wilkams, Peter B.: 41 50 59 65 131  
 Wilson, Martha A.: 42 83 106  
 Winslow, Jennifer A.: 15  
 Winslow, Louise E.: 43  
 Wunter, Frank C.: 40  
 Winter, W. Lynn H.: 46, 47  
 Winters, John A.: 137  
 Winters, Richard R.: 24  
 Wiskgenuth, Julie R.: 25, 149  
 Wood, Anne M.: 41 143  
 Wood, David K.: 50 134  
 Wood, Glenn L.: 64 127


## Staff

Adwan Adam 59  
 Bachman John E. 52 164  
 Benton Craig W. 95, 58, 164  
 Bippus, William L. Jr. 133 54  
 Bizjack Carmen 95, 154  
 Bizjack Raymond F. 82 152 155 65  
 Bomba Jane K. 54  
 Bust Mary L. 154  
 Brazinsky Judith K. 86 152 59  
 Bramly Douglas L. 56, 156, 56, 64  
 Brown Charles H. 152 156 165  
 Brown, Claudia L. 154  
 Brown Sandra K. 54  
 Bryant Cynthia L. 18 69 72 55  
 Butard Gerald D. 55 153  
 Butard, Lou Ann 155  
 Bunn Linda L. 155  
 Cain G. Robert 95 53 164  
 Callers Dennis L. 56 95, 155 59  
 Carmack Eleanor D. 27 155  
 Caruthers, Nancy A. 55  
 Chase Rosemary L. 20 54 55, 165  
 Clark Clifford W. 155  
 Clark Mary Catherine 156  
 Dault Christine A. 9 69 56  
 Dratz John 52  
 Elmer Thomas N. 44, 93 95 153 164  
 Foote Nancy 156  
 Freegan, J. Thompson #1 153  
 Frisco C. Renee 56  
 Galtland Mary Jo 156  
 Graham James 162  
 Green Janice D. 156  
 Harmon Elva A. 54 56 165  
 Harmon Judy L. 95, 115 157 64  
 Hugginbotham Josephine M. 157  
 Hooker Edward W. 157  
 Ivans John W. 57  
 Jackson Theodore 62  
 Jewell, Bertye Jo 135 15 65  
 Kaboth, Margaret W. 57  
 Kohlbaicher Amy A. 163  
 Kneibhaus Robert C. 84 57 58  
 Lane Heidi 158  
 Lawton Sue T. 158  
 Leach Margaret 27 95, 58  
 Leeper Elmer 163  
 Moninger Barbara J. 40 158  
 Moazener Jean C. 58  
 McCullough Kenneth B. 34 59 158  
 Middleton Stephanie E. 58  
 Miller Margaret E. 134 58  
 Molligan Anna 155, 159  
 Mueller Louis 162  
 Moore Herbert B. 2 44 45 52 153  
 Moore Martha M. 159  
 Morris Patricia 163  
 Murphy Robert P. 60 159  
 Naldi Roger W. 53  
 Oliver Jean 159  
 Paige Donald L. 86, 59  
 Papp Ronald B. 159

Poulet Didier M 57 159 165  
Quarterman, Virginia 60  
Richards Marcia R 96 97 98 60  
Ralls David M 38 60  
Rushmore Solite H 60  
Scott Betty 163  
Shenora, Francine M 157 60  
Slack Edward C 97 154 60  
Smith Eleanor 63  
Sniderman Kar M 160 60  
Springer Joanne 163  
Stickney Peter H 34 58 60  
Strasser Cheryl A 6  
Sutherland Joan N 6  
Tammey G Michael 12 16  
Thayer James B 161 64  
Thomass, Christianne 37 16  
Tunnel Doyle C 34 31 153 16  
Waters, Marjane P 61  
Ward Frank B 58 65 16  
Whiteside Myrdred 162 163  
Wickoff Sherman 162  
Woods Diane D 16



NEW  
SUGAR  
FREE  
Coca-Cola



12 F. '77

LIQUID  
FABRIC

Thanks also to Die  
Melonie B shop, E  
Joel Starr, Brewster  
Glen Nelson, Frank  
Service International  
Saralu and Charlie,  
Tulsa Tribune, Al  
Carmack, Lloyd To  
own little ways.

[illegible]





dear yimmie,

this whole page is mine, and if anyone else tries to write on it i'll cry. i'm awfully glad that i know you, and i'm not even afraid of you anymore! you are comfort able to be around, because of your wit, charm, intelligence, poise, and also because you are the only person who is a comfortable height for me and doesn't try to be charles atlas (i don't care if he is dead.) anyway, from you i will put up with ~~guns~~ and stuff and will even embrace the National Rifle Association (did i get that right?) did you know i never even meant to make you mad?

well, now that i've taken up almost the whole page (and i certainly tried hard, didn't i?) i guess i should stop so - thank-you for being here and making it a super year don't forget me so that when you grow up to be rich & famous & can paper your walls in hundred dollar bills, i can say that i knew you when

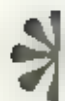
Love,

Leslie

p.s. swear on a stack of Nat. Lemps (or bibles if you want) that all of the above is true. Isn't that a breeze?







• Winston-Salem  
**HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
♦ North Carolina

LLOYD C. TOMBERLIN, TULSA, OKLAHOMA



Please, no more jokes, please,  
 I'm in pain, please, ...  
 It will never work to annoy  
 how you can enter a school the  
 same way as someone and just  
 really get to know & enjoy  
 them till a year or  
 two later. When a  
 great guy and some-  
 one I can't help  
 but believe  
 I.T.T. is  
 in trouble  
 when you get  
 out of school.  
 Be a good  
 little  
 capitalist.  
 I'm going  
 to meet  
 you when  
 you're  
 young,  
 David  
 Nickle

OK - Here goes - I have no idea what to say to you except  
 that you are super NICE, AND SUPER FUNNY!! If it wasn't  
 for you, our TRIG CLASS WOULD BE REALLY BE BORING! YOU REALLY  
 ARE A DAY BRIGHTENER. BEST OF LUCK ALWAYS! Love,  
 Peggy



James (lovable) Durham

Good another place  
to sign my name!

A blank page even.

Thanks

Love  
Maggie

P.S.

Aren't you impressed - I didn't  
say anything about how  
short you are, your weird  
car, or your strangely  
proportioned house?

I'm glad

Maggie

James -  
I don't exactly  
know where to begin. You  
are one of the neatest guys I know  
so I'm very happy that we've become  
close in the last 2 years. I'll never  
forget all the fun times we've shared and am  
looking forward to even better times this year. Thank  
you for our special friendship and for being apart from me.  
Take care,  
Love,  
Connie  
25

the way you spend  
may your life definitely  
not rest of your life melt. Keep  
on watching those candles  
or doing those gopher impressions.  
Remember we are not morons.  
Idiots maybe but not morons.  
What can you say when  
your mind is totally warped  
anyway Bullface  
(Sue said with the  
antennae)



